

A WHILE AGO

by Debbie Corwith

A while ago, you were leaning against the car
And your loafers scuffed the parking lot sand.
Night was surrounding your darkly hidden face.
That was a while ago, when you stared out at the dull, empty lake,
Yet, even I felt your penetrating glance
From far down the beach.

A while ago, you seemed different to me,
Sitting there, apart from the rest on the sofa,
Holding a beer can tightly, as if a last hope,
But non-chalantly gazing at the T.V.
I noticed you, and sat across from you in the dim light,
Wondering if you cared about anything.

But that was a while ago, when I played the role for a night.
My body and soul cried out for attention,
And yearned to provoke fate.
You only fiddled with the pillow beside you
Wishing it weren't an inanimate object.
But that was a while ago.

A while ago the lines on your forehead were unseen,
As was the serenely lost look of a little boy.
Your eyes still searched perhaps a light-year further,
But you saw my puzzled face more, and happy smiles,
The more you let me touch your heart.
And, that was a while ago.