

## 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.