

Together

Brian Gross

Together we were broke together, parents divorced together, pennies in our pockets and hours for all the minutes we didn't have together. Together we sat in your car at somewhere's midnight, figuring we'd figure something out if we sat there long enough.

Together we looked in your eyes, at my snarled smile, and together we look away.

And then there wasn't another together for months. Maybe a year from what I hear or from how you tell it. Then I saw you in the snow, only moments ago, said hello, out of breath, with a friend, and you said "we should catch up." And when you spoke, you said together.