

What Shall We Say When We Meet Again?

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What shall we say when we meet again?
We were young once
And thought time was forever.

Nineteen sixty-nine. I thought another year
Or two, we'd still love
Each other when we'd meet again.

What shall we say when we meet again?
You'd found Margaret, married her.
I kept waiting a few more years until we'd meet again.

What shall we say when we meet again?
You divorced. I married, expecting a child later
That year you visited, and we met again.

What shall we say when we meet again?
You'd grown gray, a clearer success.
I kept my head, worked harder, when we met again.

What shall we say when we meet again,
Now that you're ash blown into the water,
Now that we'd never meet in life again?
Never shall we meet again.

Bad Dream, Good Dream

You sit straight up on the narrow bed,
the bad dream re-chasing itself behind
open eyes, down those artery tubes pooped
with fat and pumping up the pressure
of fifty years chasing one good dream
after another. You sense the sly one, fox
spirit, silver-tipped tail, her shining mouth
glimmering, chasing you chasing her.

Round and round, desire runs from girlhood
through thickets of thought, muscled loops,
into the middle of life in the dark woods.
And now the woods burn and smoke, take over.
Still, mistress fox pads ahead, behind, beside,
wearying familiar, till you consider:
what is the good, what is the bad dream,
where are you, riding the fox?

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