

## LONG DISTANCE

Time stretches out between visits  
like a dusty road in midsummer

And I am a Cormack McCarthy character  
walking away from a broke down car

With nothing but wildflowers  
and empty horizons for company

He loves me. He loves me not.

Because honeybees and rocket ships  
are creatures of motion

We count down the days

T minus 21

T minus 10

T minus 7

T minus 2

Days ebb in tick-tock rhythms of waiting

What we don't repair, we repeat

So we try to repair our childhoods  
while we wait

just a little bit of poison  
just another breath of water  
just a little longer  
just a little more

I hold onto the hours  
of your voice on the phone  
find comfort in its tenor of oak and olive green

I pace my apartment  
with the lazy diligence of a fly  
carving its square dance on the air

living room, writing room, kitchen

bedroom, kitchen, writing room, living room

Hello.

It's me again.

I'm still waiting.

We move past small talk to all talk  
every moment mourns its slowness

Trapped in a desert  
of infinitely recurring symbolism

At the airport, time takes its place  
at the back of the line

I think of the distant future  
I think of the next day  
I think of 5 more minutes please  
I think of how good it will feel

Until finally,  
the seatbelt sign turns off with a bing

and we all stand up

like restless babies

crowding the aisle

hurry up I think  
hurry up you text

I emerge from the plane  
how bright petals burst from succulents  
to sudden the air with surprise color

There's still the long walk from the gate

the moving sidewalk, the escalator,

the pit stop, the baggage claim

And then,

at last

you are in my arms  
crushing my mouth  
with your mouth  
hands tangled in hair  
tall and short  
bent or reaching  
finally embracing

And time

resets itself