

Last Night I Had Such Good Dreams

I woke myself up laughing, and today I went down
 to the lake and sat for an hour listening to ice
shift and break into endless shards, its creaking ceaseless,
 and I did not think of you much, or of how I am
not as good as you were at making French toast, or rice
 even, how I cooked a huge batch to last me the week
and remembered too late how you used to rinse the grains
 to keep them from sticking, so I wound up with eight cups
of thick goop, and said to myself *some Asian you are*,
 and when I forgave myself for fucking up the rice,
I wondered whose voice that was—yours or mine or the great
 collective mouth that hums through the cloud and thinks it knows
best how I should grieve, says *get over it already*,
 and just for a while this evening, after I came back
from that vast expanse of water, those brittle crystals
 splintering and coming to rest on the shore, I thought
I had—gotten over it, or you, as I gazed up
 at the full moon rising through the trees and wondered how
another month had passed, and I said out loud to that
 satellite—that desolate rock that does nothing but
orbit and reflect light and drive the tides—I *said look*
 how far I have come, I am still here, I have survived
the worst of it, I woke up laughing last night, when was
 the last time that happened, and when the moon answered back
with its wild silence I realized too late I was
 never talking to the moon at all, that when I speak
to an empty place, I am always speaking to you.

-- Jennifer Perrine

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-- *Jennifer Perrine*