

Clearing the Air

Peter J. King

There is a time between knowledge
and self-consciousness —
something like a plateau,
giving me perspective, or providing
wind-swept shelter...
I don't know. But sometimes,
when I can't admit yet what
I know is so, I gain a weightlessness;
I rise, and rising anchors me
to sorrow, buoyant and detached
from self-absorption.
Afterwards I sit and act the poet.

I'm not sure what I meant to say.
Outside, the rain's so fine I
have to focus somewhere in between
to see it fall.
It doesn't fall, it floats, and
somewhere in between
my sight is fading.
The letter that I meant to write
is swept away, dissolving in
the rain that fills the spaces
in between our meeting and this
lack of contact.
Perhaps that's what I meant to say;
that in between our meeting and this
lack of contact floated
something almost there,
too fine to see unless we
looked for it.
Perhaps that's why my cheeks are damp;
perhaps that's what I meant to say.