

Linger

Is that you on the boardwalk of Santa Cruz?
With hair now white but still the same length, because —
That's where I think you'd be and what you'd look like.

Is that you, hands in the sand, waves of warm water?
Some secluded beach only you know about, because —
That's where you imagined you'd be now.

Is that you, reflecting off the fountain's blue tiles?
Sitting in the shade under the mall's overpass,
Because that's what you'd do to keep cool.
Do your coins make a sound when they hit the water?

Is that you hidden behind the grapevines,
Hidden somewhere behind the curtains of overgrown trees?
I'm longing for the day that it is.

Is that you, that doesn't call,
That hasn't sent a message, or a messenger,
Or even a courier to drop off a letter?
I feel hopeless, because —
I can't send one to you.

Is that you, 6 feet deep, or however deep the ocean is?
Because those ashes that I watched get spread in the water,
They didn't look like you