

REBECCA HAZELTON

THE MIND REVISES. THE MIND TAKES AWAY.

When I think of you I erase most of what you say and replace
it with a courtly love poem in the style of one of the lesser knights
following King Arthur around; it's you, sans stutter or stammer,
precise like a piano's hammer—but gentle, gentle—
you'd be a soft-pedal kind of guy. Last time we talked wasn't anything
I wanted to hear because I was tired, you were tired, and there were
no bulbs in the fixtures that hadn't at least contemplated going out.
I have contemplated going out into the silken night in my best
silken kimono and doing nightly things with silken bodies,
but I have not, mostly. When I think of the last ten years, I revise
us into a story of Saul to Paul—meeting you was one bright fall
off a horse and I woke up converted. I get to be a glowing cloud
of good intentions, not the sullen backslider you know.
And sometimes your hat is black and your spurs prick my ass.
Sometimes you are a white hat who sunsets away and we never
consummate our unspoken hot for one another. Why, I cannot say.