

Edwin Davis
Starts and Stops

Here I am, sitting,
in the puddles of your memory,
hoping that one day,
soon,
I will grow big enough
to become a lake,
an ocean,
and then,
perhaps,
a man again,
perpendicular to the riptide,
finding my way out.

I rolled my first cigarette.
When was the last time
you counted your own fingers
just to make sure?

I crack my knuckles.
Pass pens through the spaces between them.
Always, darling, always -

There is a sadness I cannot place.
There are still parts of me I am discovering.
There are so many places I can run to.

Here I am wondering
if this is what it means to be
a person. To be here.