

Michael Waters

The Stories In The Light

stopping on the green
 uniform of the schoolgirl
 crossing Fifth Avenue—

her fingers smoothing the skirt
 against gusts, against thighs
 while holding her hat to her hair—

begin to come true those evenings
 after the skirt has been folded,
 the legs bathed and forgotten:

now your lover inherits a past
 fashioned from such pure moments,
lovely before you knew her,

before the light began traveling
 and gathered you together,
 because such stories at best

are false, cut-out silhouettes,
 because the past changes
 each time traffic stalls,

because the light one particular
 autumn afternoon struck me
 and I have never seen it again,

but I have this task:
 to consider the source of stories,
 to allow that skinny schoolgirl

to blossom into someone's lover,
 maybe yours, maybe mine,
 though even now she is sleeping.