

BILLY COLLINS

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*Drawing You from Memory*

I seem to have forgotten several features  
crucial to the doing of this,  
for instance, how your lower lip  
meets your upper lip besides just being below it,  
and what happens at the end of the nose  
how much does it shade the plane of your cheek,  
and would even a bit of nostril be visible from this angle?  
Chinese eyes, you call them  
which could be the difficulty I have  
in showing the flash of light in your iris,  
and being so far away from you for so long,  
I cannot remember what direction  
it flows, the deep river of your hair.

But all of this will come together  
the minute I see you again at the station,  
my notebook and pens packed away,  
your face smiling as I cup it in my hands,  
or frowning later when we are home  
and you are berating me in the kitchen  
waving the pages in my face  
demanding to know the name of this latest little whore.