

Jan 8, 2016

was mapping me. I recall a certain period
of melancholy before I returned to my wife,
Bethany and I had been that good together,
I having made so many wrong turns
in my life, she only wanting to help me

make them right. Yet I couldn't stop longing for,
of all things, the fights Diane and I once had
about the urgency of finding our way,
and the seductive thought of ending up
beside some forgotten field among cows

on a dwindling road that didn't even exist
on the ragged copy of the known world
she held in her lap. Which was, minus the cows,
just where we were one week after I unplugged
the GPS, and we sat quietly at the roadside

spent by our argument, she suddenly turning
to smile in her helplessness, and I smiling back,
because we'd arrived nowhere at last,
the two of us back together again, getting lost.

See revised conclusion!