

WHAT I REMEMBER

The voice of the sweet woman who came
from across the road, telling me
you were sitting right beside her,
then handing you her cell phone.

My panic as I searched for you
in the dark afterward, rounding the turn
you missed to discover the blue
hysterics of the police lights.

The ambulance's room, oddly quiet,
where you looked up under blankets
to assure me you were fine, though
you had never seemed so fragile.

The forgotten kitchen chair I passed
on the way back to my car
to follow you, which the woman
must have carried to the road's edge

so you could sit with the phone,
asking my name over and over,
as if you couldn't believe
it belonged to you.