**Navigation 101**

Teach me how to find you, dear,  
teach me the lessons  
you have yet to teach anyone. First  
start with the basics: arm me  
with a street-map, bold red marker from 'Where I am'   
tracing hallways, turning corners,  
eventually resting, panting slightly,  
at the cross which marks your spot.   
Give me a map  
big enough to mark you,  
and then me. I might still get lost,  
1cm to 300m too big a scale

to navigate the labyrinth between us.  
Give me time. Give me  
more clues— if this was a library  
which shelf would I find you at, absorbed?  
Would you rather curl up with one book, or

nudge several out at once, then settle beside

with your hoard?

At the cinema, my eyes  
adjusting to the darkness: should I scan the aisles first,  
or split the sea of seats in the middle

with my probing periscope?  
As I get better, award me with a remote sensor—  
program it to detect the frequency of your thoughts, so,  
walking down a corridor, if it should  
beep with a frenzy  
I could pause, to  
lean my ear on the muffled wall. Tune my ear:  
straighten my bent ‘F’-sharp, soften my harsh 'A'  
that I might not spoil your music. Finally:  
if I have learnt well (but never enough)  
permit me to enter, to  
whisk the pages off   
your score, and then,  
with the empty page,   
ink a bar that scrawls out of the page borders  
to make a music only we can find.