

MARIE HOWE

WHAT BELONGS TO US

Not the memorized phone numbers.

The carefully rehearsed short cuts home.

Not the summer shimmering like pavement, when Lucia
pushed Billy off the rabbit house and broke his arm

or our tiny footprints in the black files.

Not the list of kings from Charlemagne to Henry

not the boxes under our beds

or Tommy's wedding day when it was so hot and Mark
played the flute
and we waved at him waving from the small round window
in the loft

the great gangs of people stepping one by one into the cold
water.

I have, of course, a photograph
you and I getting up from a couch.

Full height, I stand almost two inches taller than you
but the photograph doesn't show that
just the two of us in motion
not looking at each other, smiling.

Not even the way we said things, leaning against the kitchen
counter.

Not the cabin where I burned my arm and you said, oh,
you're the type
that even if it hurt, you wouldn't say.

Not even the blisters. Look.