

POCKET POEM

IF THIS COMES CREASED AND
creaseD again and soiled
as if I'd opened it a thousand times
to see if what I'd written here was right
it's All because I looked for you too long
it put it in your pocket. MIDNIGHT says
the little gifts of conciness come wrapped
by nervous fingers. WHAT I wanted this
to say was that I want to be so close
that when you find it, it is
warm from me.

-Ted ROUSER.