

## IN PARTICULAR

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*Bea Opengart*

Minstrel, mockingbird, husband  
running from a patient wife,  
I live alone. Mornings  
I open the door thinking nothing

in particular—cooler weather,  
the paper isn't lying in the rain—  
and see you slouched  
against the railing, your only luggage

the green felt hat. I ask  
what you want, you say *to stay here*.  
When we meet again, by chance,  
in the company of friends,

we speak briefly. Beside you  
your son clamors for attention,  
the dog nuzzles your feet. Your wife  
glances from empty glass to clock.

Two years is no time  
in a life I know little of—  
what you tell me, walking or crouching  
beside my car in the dirt lot.

On windy days grit catches  
in my eyes and I see you  
through the glaze that washes them.  
I see you as I want to.

Love has nothing to do with it.  
I can't keep my hands  
from your face, your mouth  
on mine, hard, as I expected.