

Wyoming

You recognized the land, and I recognized you. And I recognized the shape of a silo. I recognized light, and you recognized shadow, and you knew shadows were never longer. You knew winter, and I thought of snow, and you thought of snow coming down sideways. And you knew stories, and I knew your voice. I knew laughing. And I looked for trees, and you said there were none. You said no water. And I disagreed and I fell asleep and you were driving. And I dreamed, I remembered, and you did not remember dreaming. You were a boy and you were not a boy and you were beside me. I saw grass, I saw sky. You saw Wyoming.