

TIMOTHY LIU

*Getting There*

with a man who carries roses, a bundle of cut  
stems drying in his fist. No words exchanged,  
only looks that quickly volley back and forth,  
then seated side by side on this Port Authority  
bus heading for Hoboken, knees touching  
when I ask, "How are them roses holding up?"

He asks if I would like to have one, then adds,  
"Something for your girlfriend." This single  
long-stem beauty already starting to fall apart  
as I lift it up to my face, the bus first veering  
this way, that way, soon the entire length  
of our thighs pressing hard against each other  
as we ride in silence the rest of the way home.