

As Sure As I'm Sitting Here · *Jim Gauer*

At the end of another day, at what can only be thought of as  
The end of another day, when the day in fact  
Is over as we know it, and I know it,  
And you know it, and this  
Is not the first, I sometimes get a sense  
Of my own existence, as though I too  
Were alive, as though I too could be thought of as living  
To the end of another day, a day I can look at as filled  
With the existence of things  
That I looked at, a day in a life of moments  
Of looking, at a man with a briefcase, at a bird  
On a warehouse roof.  
At the end of another day it seems altogether possible for me  
To have boarded a bus in the morning, to have known  
What a bus is, to have taken a seat  
As people on buses do, sure of myself, sure  
Of existence, to have looked  
Out a window and seen  
What was out there and known  
What it was: a face  
Looking back at me, as sure  
As I'm sitting here, or surer than that.  
If I saw a young woman there on the corner, I know  
That I saw her. I know that was her.  
If I looked at a woman, if I stared into space  
At what can only be thought of as  
My own vacant view of things, the vacant  
Gave way to her, all around her as I looked  
Her absence stepped back with the same eyes  
I had, and it knew what I knew, but I  
Saw her first.  
If I sat on a bus seat, if she stood on the corner, if  
The ground that she walked on seemed to

Kneel down under her, kissing itself, kissing its existence  
As the ground that she walked on, well then that  
Is what happened, and I know it,  
And you know it, but I knew it first.  
As another day ends, as the bird that I looked at glides  
Back toward an absence its wings form  
The thought of, I too can be said to  
Know what I know: her face for a day in this world  
Existed, her face existed and those were her eyes  
That acknowledged me, as sure as I'm sitting here, or surer,  
Much surer, than that.