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Lisa Shatzky

Remembered

The other day on the bus
I saw you, at an angle,
you were staring out the window
your bony fingers rolling a cigarette
blue eyes unwavering like blue heat
under a slow crackling wildfire
as we passed a dead raccoon
stretched by the side of the road.
I saw you
and for a moment I forgot my name
and what year it was and fell in love
with everyone on the bus,
the boys with hoodies
making noises at the back,
the elderly woman fumbling and dropping
her bags, even the bus driver with smoker's cough
spitting something undefined
out the window.
I wanted to grab your hands
and tell you I still loved the rain
and found reasons to run barefoot
in puddles on the road.
That I missed our long winded philosophizing
in the park over the works of Jung and Rilke
called or uncalled God is here
you'd quote Jung's words to me
making me laugh
at the atheist you claimed to be.

Funny, the things we remember:
a perpetual wisp of hair in the eyes,
eating in slow motion,
a winter rose.
Some things still haven't found
a way into words.
When our eyes met from across the bus
I knew it wasn't you
but who you might have been
had you lived another ten years.
But by then the bus was a temple
the dead raccoon a poem
on how love stretches us
into positions we never
quite get out of,
and called or uncalled,
you are always here.

Lisa Shatzky's poetry has been published in chapbooks, anthologies, journals, and magazines across Canada and the U.S. She lives on Bowen Island in BC.