

Hindsight

Richard Buckner

Ours to never learn the beginning of it all,
Keeping you alone; almost-overheard voices that had gone
As far as they could go were ready to return,
Waiting for the call sooner than they'd know,

Missing by a night.

Did you hear it in the wind?

I couldn't make it down, cloudy, in the lights
Fading out and, folded in a letter that I found,
Remembered just in time: forgetting to forgive
Never turning back around,

Stretching at the seams, pulling back the hood,
Forever as a gaze you didn't really mean,
Stricken as we stood broken, as we made time for make-believe,
Stealing when we should, what we couldn't give away.