

I am writing poems for life

for sue watching her talk on the phone
november 1, 2005

my life really
sitting between moments
on the way here to there
a coffee house
a trailer parked parallel
because I found a space
in a city I don't know
sometimes on the road
from my pocket I pull a pad
with small squares
and while the light is red
I jot the first line
or the center line
hardly ever the last line
because this
what I'm writing
once there is one word
it flies on its own
and I am driving this trailer
following it
with my memories
imaginings
lots of my friends, teachers
my folks
no one who has wronged me
everyone I have ever loved really
back there
urging me on

james stone goodman