

## **This Gift From God Must Be Good For Something**

to sit by my window day after day  
and have easy conversation

with the muse  
behind the veil

is to be lucky in a way  
many would envy

but my capitalist mind wonders  
what's the good in

taking a picture of the inside of my heart  
and showing it around like a missing child

it seems the point of poetry  
is to show you

how my invisible interior  
might feel like yours

making life a giant game of memory  
where you match the picture

of your thing  
in a sea of not-your-thing

being a human animal is funny  
we are entranced by the simplest tricks

we love when someone sees us  
as we are on the inside

when they do  
we feel utter relief at being found

our phones sell us on  
our difference

suggest that distance  
is our only safety

but a poem closes that gap  
bringing like things together

and the mind lights up  
seeing the match

and puts us into pairs  
in a pile off to the side

