I Try To Be Out

one afternoon
standing on the sidewalk
in my socks and apron

a tall guy ran by
and turned back to say

I have a beautiful smile
which only made it bigger

and since
i've watched him from my window
some days around 8

and i try to be out
except now that it's cold
and the bed calls longer

and so it's a trade-off
staying in to write a poem about him

or suiting up to orchestrate
another chance meeting

and i wonder if
by trying to find him

i step into the marionette show
and tangle the strings from heaven

trying to make the arms
of the right people
come around each other

but it's hard to wait
alone in your house
on cold mornings

wishing you could
hold a guy
who liked your smile.

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