

1986

## Seams

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## Seams

Now, I begin to wake  
To the memory of my small, bare feet  
Running down many stony steps  
And across the hot, black driveway to your car.  
You parked it next to mother's, his and hers  
Parked left to right, under pines, and maples.  
You smelled of office smells,  
Of carbon, grease and dust, tobacco smoke, and trucks,  
Five o'clock stubble  
Itchy against a little girl's face.

I have missed those things.  
I did not mean to misplace you all this time,  
I had forgotten those years  
When I knew you, loved you.  
This year it will be ten years  
Since I last saw you, spoke with you.  
I was twelve; I kissed you goodnight  
One evening in late November.  
The next day, I woke up, but you did not.  
What a long time you've been sleeping.

Jennie Dawes