

2. IN PRAISE OF THE REAGAN ERA

If we could go backward—
start with our darkness: two bodies in bed,
two separate galaxies, cold and unknown.

If we could go from bed to table—
plates still warm—an evening unbroken,
tears safe in their ducts, all venom swallowed,

work our way through the toast flying
into your hand and you placing it back,
precisely, on the plate.

Back through decades, to the initial lapse,
head turned away, through the glance at the floor
back to the little love song we used to sing

gathering in the back of my throat,
to a door flung open—fields of new grass—
where I'd walk out with my future behind me.