

Wilderness House Literary Review 8/4

Katie Simpson
Somewhere

Somewhere,
we have already met.
There,
you know my small eyes
and large heart.
I dusted off my shame,
and you held it,
softly,
in the light.

Somewhere,
I know the feel of your
fingers,
how your hair sticks in
the morning,
and the ways your voice
rasps
my name.

Somewhere
we had our first fight: I
cried and you
left.
We returned with
apologies:
your tongue on my
skin,
my hands gentle on
your heart.

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Somewhere
you know never to say
forever
but promise me tomorrow
every night.

Somewhere
I've held you when your
father passed
and you understand why I
struggle
to visit my mother.

Somewhere, we are
better
because our hands
interlace.

Somewhere
all this has passed.

But we are not
there

...
yet.