

EILEEN MYLES

# Transitions

*For Rocco*

sometimes  
I'm driving  
and I pressed  
the button  
to see who  
called &  
suddenly I'm  
taking pictures.  
Big dark  
ones. He says  
it's not about  
where you sit  
to make a  
film  
but I wasn't  
taking a  
picture  
I was driving  
it's black &

there's all  
these lights  
I'm strong  
it's night  
& I've  
driven very  
far

I keep hearing  
the music  
of the weekend  
he says  
it's not about  
whether she & I  
resume

it's how it goes  
on  
with me.

In my car  
so long ago  
I loved someone  
who read me a poem  
on the phone  
about the car  
of the day

you mean the  
one I'm driving  
and the fact that  
she left it  
on the phone  
and that was new  
she said I was overreacting  
and that was too much  
and we sent our messages  
in light  
and ack she hated  
trees  
I thought she's so  
young cause  
I like nature  
now and her trunk  
wrapped around  
me one day  
he licks my  
arm my boy  
& driving home I thought  
if he dies  
I will see his paw  
in the sky  
I am seeing it now  
and she's always  
home  
going hwuh  
and she said

I love our little  
meeting I said  
*little*

don't denigrate  
my need to support

my need to say  
that you *can*

I'm glad I'm  
home it's wide  
out there  
we spoke about scaf-  
folding  
him fitting the  
frame to the  
eye  
she's grown  
I wanted to say  
we laughed about  
tang  
and later on the  
toilet  
thought  
about tango  
and joan  
L Tango Larkin  
what's not technology  
what's not seeing  
an arm to say  
I hold the  
line I hold  
the day  
I watch the snowflake  
melting

## No Rain

And then  
I heard  
the sound  
of rain  
that's the  
air-conditioning  
but what  
makes  
me  
want  
the rain  
in here.  
That's *you*  
says  
Chris  
being con-  
nected  
but no  
I hoped  
the darkness  
*meant*  
something.  
I put  
the heat  
on before  
I left  
so I  
could  
come  
in to  
something  
warm  
not cold  
bereft.  
But it  
wasn't that.  
Just  
grey cold

drunken  
grey  
a day  
full of  
sticks and  
plans and  
flowers  
for you.  
I want  
to wrap  
them  
in bamboo  
or clay  
I want  
to hang  
them on your  
door  
opening  
the marvelous  
concrete  
truths  
of what  
you're doing  
now with  
your hands  
and ideas  
I have  
a secret  
for you  
the rain  
is falling  
through  
a screen  
I see  
many of  
us  
I hear  
a roar  
what's that  
I asked  
Chris.

THE MASSACHUSETTS REVIEW

That's the  
future  
he said.  
It's  
true

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# Girlfriend

a ball of light  
comes up  
a street  
meets a park,  
enters.  
A translucent  
statue  
stands inside  
one that holds  
the day &  
explains  
love to the world  
even in the  
dark  
the roaring sun  
embraces the  
girl  
inhabits  
and entrances  
her. It's  
the way  
you know me,  
I know you.  
The ball  
streams past  
but leaves her  
light  
shovels its  
glory everywhere  
jars & cars  
out paces  
the stars  
the world  
is flooded  
with  
you. That  
good.

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