

from *Finding Our Lives Full of People* by Tom Kryss & D.R. Wagner

### **There Is Nothing Left to Do but Hold Your Hand**

There is nothing left to do but hold your hand.

I cannot tell what you are thinking. I do not know what, if anything, reaches you from the tips of my fingers. I examine the polish you painted your fingernails with, as if you already knew where you were tending and that the color might distinguish you as someone who knew her mind; even as that mind enters and leaves in the furious silence. They do not know, those who care for you now. They

cannot know, how could they?, unless I have told them, of the stubbornness, the strength, the smile, the pity for animals, the sleeping with the lights on, which I dared not touch, in recent weeks. I dare hold your hand which seems unaged, pure, miraculously it is untouched by time; and it is easy to imagine it returning in my hand with all reproaches and assurances, and I think of long lines of flowers they brought from the earth.

— *Tom Kryss*

## **Finding Our Lives Full of People**

Watching the crowds as they emerged from the underground.  
Eating an apple in a deserted station when a woman came up  
and sat down beside you.

Working the crosswords, pencil poised in deep thought, broken,  
when a child ran across the concourse chasing a sparrow.

Learning from the ticketmaster that his sister lives in the same  
town in Poland, that the cost of produce in the local outdoors  
market remains reasonable to a certain extent.

Boarding the train with a suitcase and bumping into yourself  
in a mirror.

Bending down to pick up scattered papers and finding another  
hand at your side and the words “can I be of assistance?”

Stretching a dollar out of the pocket and giving it to a man  
with a sad story.

Settling in by the window, stretching out, and having another  
take a definite liking to the seat to your right.

Knowing that the conversation will be concerned with things  
that float by on the surface, and accepting that with a certain  
inalienable grace.

Observing the girl as she fades off to sleep and the mountains  
roll by just beyond her hair.

Touching her reflection, spreading your fingers over it  
and keeping them there.

— *Tom Kryss*

## **Finding Our Lives Full of People**

The sunlight on dust motes.  
A hatch of gnats, suspended  
In the coming of the evening,  
Made to look like a mysterious  
Jewel by the same light that  
Pulls hawks to a late circling  
Above the river.

All the doors and windows open,  
As if Summer were an endless  
Affair. In and out they come.

Finding our lives full of people.  
The room is full. The room is empty.  
We kiss one another, hold our bodies  
As outstanding trophies, collections  
Garnered from the sweetness  
Of moving through window after window,  
Door after door, sleeping and waking,  
Touching one another, knowing the night  
Sky ripe with stars, having songs  
About all these things, singing them.

Finding our lives full of people.  
Watching one and then the other.  
Leaving and returning through room  
After room. Losing sight of them, regaining it.  
Leaving all but memory.  
The memory leaving.

Finding our lives full of people.  
Making palaces filled with the wind  
Of their constant movement.  
Living in these palaces,  
Day after day, forever.

— *D.R. Wagner*

## Looking for the Stars

Looking for the stars, the edge  
Of the sky folds back and I can  
See them dressing for the evening.  
They are delicious in their colors.  
They are informal in their constellations.

I wait down at the end of the street  
For you to appear. You said to meet  
You here for reasons that still  
Remain unclear. Maybe it's just  
Fantasy. I first see your reflection  
In the rain puddles. The night is warm.

We walk for hours to explain  
Our lives to one another. It doesn't  
Do any good. There are entire trains  
Highballing through our bloodstreams.  
We can only watch the Mars lights  
Spinning. You tell me to trust you.  
I hold you with my eyes, point to the stars.

— *D.R. Wagner*