

V.B. Price

FORGOTTEN SPY

Watching you go,
I understand my secrets,
why nobody knows who I am altogether,
why nobody could
make sense of all the parts,
why I am so stealthy, stone faced, uncatchable;
I understand how much of me now
is all about not being you,
not being my image of you
caught in the image you have of yourself
while dressing so smartly, tying your ties
in the mirror of all their eyes;

watching you go
dream dancing to “Oklahoma,”
snoozing off in your Harley Davidson chair,
jolting up, off and on, to a happy strain,
croaking out “Oh What a Beautiful Morning”
unrestrained,
all the misery of our life,
the hood of your scars and sorrows,
the hood of their eyes,
unable to mute for a moment
your welcoming of the world;

watching you go,
I water my garden
in the twilight, watering with you
ghost not gone,
watching water rise in the beds
as you have done on endless late afternoons,
our common bond
an impatience not unlike devotion;

watching you go,
I feel your shyness

closed as stone,
not anger, not punishment to fit
no one’s crime,
just your terror of embarrassment–
it’s not your fault,
even if I knew the pain
of hugging shiny armor on a sunny day;
plumping your pillows, holding you up to take a pee,
tenting the covers over your feet,
I wait all day for your smile,
not for your approval, but
for the reason you suffered all the glare,
all the possible humiliation
with such pride before their eyes
–I wait for your undisguised pleasure in being
a happy old Scrooge McDuck
sharing all his incredible stuff.