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by Laurel Kallen

I loved you before I loved you
and my love became a cup of

coffee in the morning and a
small death we carry within us

in the day, words not true in the
moment though still true somehow

underneath the moment, beside
the moment. There should be new words for that over-

lap. We should each take on a new
name like Sarai becoming Sarah

when Abram became Abraham.
I bought you pajamas yesterday

like you asked me to. I bought you
a unicycle you will

never ride. I'm not sure what
to buy you next. In Costa Rica

we ran to the restaurant in
rain that was a waterfall. I

borrowed your poncho with its pocket
for my credit card and the key

to our room. The chairs and tables were of thick
bamboo. Masks on the walls.

A table of girls behind us. The blonde
one we'd seen drunk on the beach earlier

asks you for a light.