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There, Too

Albert Goldbarth

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There, Too

by Albert Goldbarth

I'm not the dapper man in the lambswool overcoat.
I'm not the woman unfolding the mail, lost
in a lozenge of light by the vase of roses and ferns.
I'm not the man with the cocky swagger
and fresh dirt under his fingernails.
I'm the triangle—that's right, I'm the triangle

that they make, the way it's made every day
in movies and cheapie self-destructo novels:
steamily, greasily, and I protest this
smutting of my self. I was there

with the square and the circle, originally,
when shape was something pure
and transcendental—long before
the border^o-smudging confusion of human affairs.

Whenever you're with another person
—even with who you think of
as *the* other person—I tell you

that the mind and the heart are too bountiful for fidelity,
and I'm there, too.

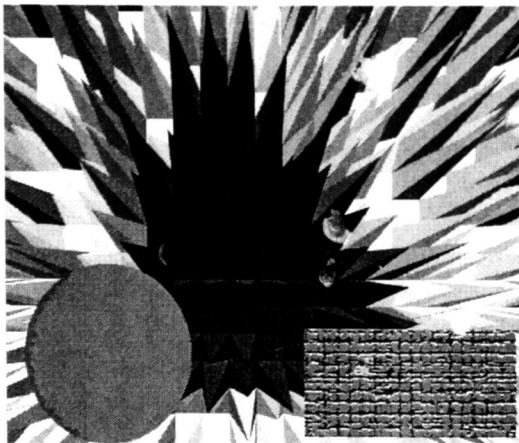


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