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Moving On

John Grey

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Moving On

by John Grey

Even with the clothes long packed
I'm still squeezing stuff inside
this suitcase. Maybe it's the view
from here. Maybe it's the names
of neighbors, the taste of coffee
with friends.

How many times have I introduced
myself, announced, "And this
is my wife, Gale." How many places
have seemed as temporary as
maps sketched on a black-board.

My stomach's cramping up though
it should be used to this by now.
Once every year or two we move.
We follow the job like it's the
alpha bird on a migration.

We hope we leave something of
ourselves behind each time
though we don't know that.
We write letters, we telephone
at first, but then we meet
new people we will someday
write to or call.

