

The Ring Beside My Bed
Jeff Landgraf

I awoke and turned to catch the time
And I saw the ring.
My new lovers ring on the bench beside my bed.
The decorated silver band and the cut edges of its rounded blue stone,
All that proved the night was real,
And not just the figment of an exhausted mind.
My heart marveled that something so solid,
Could be left,
Set against the feelings of fear and hope.
I wondered if we could ever be able
To match the rhythm of our days
Or to enjoy the flavor of our anger, or boredom, or hurt,
The way we enjoyed the flavor of our kisses.
My heart marveled at the memory of her soft skin,
Of her lips,
Of the shape of her body moving with my own.
My heart marveled at the memory of her heart beating into my chest.
I took the ring in my hand and marveled at its familiar feel,
Even as I looked at it truly for the very first time.
Wondering what unknown forces had chosen its pattern,
And cut its lines.
I rubbed my finger around the inside of the band,
And imagining the long thin fingers which had smoothed it,
Raised the ring to my lips.