

Mary Clark

One Way Love

I came out of the place
alone, after eating alone,
just because I wanted to.
I wasn't lonely. I was
anything but lonely.
And I hit that street happy.
Happy in that slightly
sad way I'm happy
when I'm alone and
missing the people
I love. I'm thinking
about them tonight.
And tonight I'll go home
and I won't let myself
call any of them up.
I'll sit in my room
alone, no TV,
no poems, nothing.
And when I'm good
and sad in that
happy kind of way,
I'll go out driving
past all their dark
apartments. I'll look up
at the windows of the rooms
where each of them
will be sleeping—not
thinking of me—but I'll
be thinking of them and
I won't let myself
wake them. I won't
let myself.