

I'd like to find

the napkin with
the scribbled poem
better than this,
the one in the
style of Yeats

the four bananas that
should have been
on my shopping list
but stayed displayed
in the produce section

the one solitary
recipe that would
have told me
how to bake
a Hummingbird cake

the file in my computer
with the plot outline
that, once written,
would have outsold
Grisham's latest oeuvre.

the seven minutes
of clear thought
I had while lying
on grass in the park
looking up at sky

the two thoughts
that slipped away
while I was on hold
making an appointment
for an eye exam

the rejoinder that
would have made you
see my point had I not
thought of it five
days too late

the conversation that
if recreated in dialogue
with cuter characters
would put George Clooney's
latest in shade

that moment your
cheek was near
and turned toward
me and I could
have kissed it.