

Wherever



Once, to be
 someone, I had
 to be some-
 where—outside
 an inn deep
 in the woods, looking
 up at the night sky;
 or on a crowded
 noonday New York
 street, full of noise
 and light, the press
 of crowds.... I loved
 those places and drank
 in the coolness
 of the trees and stars,
 the heavy pulse
 of chaos on the street.

But now

where I need
 to be is beside
 you, my hand lain
 lightly in your lap,
 your head wedged
 up along
 my shoulder, as we
 look out at what-
 ever is there—WALK
 sign flashing its
 green man, butterfly
 resting on the iron
 chair. Even to
 sit without you (though
 I miss you), knowing you
 are sitting there,
 wherever
 you are, is enough.



Eric Gudas

Eric Gudas is the author of a chapbook, *Beautiful Monster* (Swan Scythe Press, 2003). His poems, essays, and literary interviews have appeared in such publications as *The American Poetry Review*, *Crazyhouse*, *The Iowa Review*, and *Poetry Flash*, and in the anthology *Mark My Words: Five Emerging Poets* (Momotombo Press, 2001). He and his wife Alyssa Sherwood, an animator, live in Pasadena, California.

