Once, to be someone, I had to be somewhere—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 whatever 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 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.