



## *SHOULDER TO SHOULDER*

we grow older.  
Positioned this way,  
sharing a vantage point,  
we can't see each other,  
must orient by oscillations in the rhythm  
of our breaths, the heats of our separate skins.  
Such a shimmer, a shiver  
of the most basic knowledge.  
But when we turn, we can't see  
each other, only age  
engraved on a stranger's face.  
Who is this sharing our bed,  
our creased pillow, our space?  
And this delicate etching everywhere—  
how did it get there?  
As if angels had left their indelible scribbles  
on our essential being. Notes we've never read—  
we've been so busy watching sunsets  
over Nosara, Laguna Beach, Puerto Escondido,  
crossing Lago de Atitlán in frail *lanchas*,  
the dun waters of Rio de La Plata in hydrofoils,  
sipping Malbec in Buenos Aires,  
worshipping the African queens who glide through  
our bank in Atlanta, packing, unpacking, lighting candles,  
calling children, making friends, making,  
in our own long, luxurious, inconsequent  
way, home.