

Chimera
Sarah Street

We began in a state
of perpetual badinage
reveling in the feathery space
of shallow observation
confabulation
repartee
tabulation—
placing each other in
silly little boxes
marked with our names
and scribbling
annotations

And I started to believe that I
truly knew you
Deeper than a neighbor
an acquaintance
a contemplation
or the girl who sits next to you
in European history

I conceived some deceptive faith that
the cluttered bubbings shared with me
were secret
and I was special
and we were linked in some
sinewy steel bond transporting
electricity between our wrists
reading your glances
and your touches
as the inner-workings of your mind

perhaps
I was misguided though
you're not at fault
it's just that it only occurred to me
now
that you're a pretty bad guy
and no longer do easy
uncomplicated words formulate
and flow
when I see you

I wish I left things
as they were.