

The Wedge.

You came.
I stayed the longest
watching everyone leave.
Home to many and hated by few,
people leaked from this place,
losing pressure like a cut tire.
Then I blinked—
suddenly empty.

You came and because of you
my roommate packed everything.
His dad drove, Raleigh to Upland,
to see his son home safely.
My roommate took his flags from the wall,
Puerto Rico first; Israel next to Germany,
Spain, USA, and Belize.
The reds, blues, and golds left
three white walls, two black couches;
two years erased.

You came and demanded
my girlfriend fly away.
We sat in the Rav-4,
goodbye awkwardness
hanging in the air
before she opened the door
for the long flight home.
I-465 brought me back
from west side to east,
conveyor belt of slow numbness,
a tear for every inch
of 1650 miles wedged
between Indy and Spokane.

Now, because you came,
on this concrete porch
too short to block rain,
I'll sit. Wind whips
across Central Indiana,
the Bradford Pear tree flails,
surrenders itself to the waves
like I should have on spring break.
I'll come to *my* porch
because now I share a room
with my 15-year-old brother,
no desk to call my own.

But, we worship
not confined to a building.
You thought isolation would end us.
In tyranny you've hidden our future,
but, scourge, hear these words:
We are under care of this future's keeper.
He may not evict you immediately.
While you *might* seem winning,
you are shortsighted. Victory
our birthright, we will *not* sell for stew.
Yahweh shook the earth long ago
and will do so again.