It is unlikely that we will see you
today, as most of us have passed on

into sleep, or dinner, or that thing
we do with our thumb and forefinger

when each of us is looking the other
in the eye. So to speak. It is also unlikely

that we will see you tomorrow, which is cause
for no celebration but perhaps a drink—wine

would be proper, I suppose. Let me first open
the appointment book and register

your disappointment over our failure
to meet—what’s the term?—our limits. Of course,

I could turn the entire thing over to you, and ask
what trust we should place in one so convinced

that by a series of endless decisions
we will arrive somewhere, find the milk

heating on the stove, the newspaper hanging
from the dog’s mouth, all distant spaces

no longer in retreat. Watch this—you see?
Double joints let us do that.