

# New Poetry by Marty Krasney: “Where We Are Now”



FEEL THE GRAVITY / *image by Amalie Flynn*

## WHERE WE ARE NOW

Neruda wrote: *You are mine; rest your dreams in my dream.*  
I wish that I could write that to you. I love you that much.  
More. But because I do, I couldn't. Couldn't possibly.

We are approaching 80; the end is coming more and more into  
sight—  
we've begun to feel it in our bones, our throats, even in our  
thoughts—  
and women like you don't rest their dreams in men's dreams,  
even in macho men's, like the great Neruda's. If they ever  
did.

You and I have had marriages that ended, spouses we watched  
die.

We have grandchildren, pensions, headaches, joint pains, and  
regrets

Books we started and will never finish, sweaters we haven't  
worn for years.

Life promised so much and has given so much. If not  
everything.

Some of what we've done endures, some disintegrated to ashes,  
to dust.

You are my star, incandescent, lighting up the inevitable  
horizon.

As we complete the journey and feel the gravity of the black  
hole,

what can I offer you now, ask of you, try to provide?  
Come in just a little closer and hold me even more tightly.  
Walk alongside me, my love. Let's lean on each other, lean  
together.  
Wrap yourself around me and rest your warm old head on my old  
head.  
Help me to remember. Help me to forget