



Image from In the Land of Elsewhere

Olivia Soule

Elsewhere

When you and I first started, I had a nightmare.  
God was mad at me for betraying the seasons.  
His anger was intense and terrifying,  
And it colored my coffee uneasily

the next morning. It had to do with you,  
like an omen of future time wasted,  
but I ignored the night of terror. Though we've  
    spent a lot of time  
breathing the same space, we are foreign

to each other. I have lost track of the time  
since we touched, or looked at each other. It feels  
like a long time, when there's a spot  
inside that needs to be touched. The last  
time you looked at me, the look in your eyes

was an apology. These remote nights  
I'm a traveler reaching for you  
from some faraway country. There are not  
enough hours in the day for you to reach

out to me. If it weren't for you, that part  
foreign to you would be foreign to me  
too. Slowly becoming foreign again  
I will kiss your blindness when you return.

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Olivia Soule has published work in the *Haight Ashbury Literary Journal*,  
*Pudding Magazine*, and *Q/A Quarterly*, and has also participated in poetry  
readings at the Beat Museum and Bird & Beckett Books % Records in  
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