

Plan, Meet Enemy

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I had a plan, you know.

I'd worked it out in advance,
scouring the details,
stalking the arrangements.
You'd believe my pretense —
it's a surprise vacation,
a trip just for us to get out of our tiny studio
away from our tiny town
free from our not-so-tiny problems,
for now.

We'd have spent the night in a room made bigger by not being ours
We'd have explored the city, the past, each other
We'd have reservations for a fancy-but-not-too-fancy dinner
We'd have gone for a walk down the 16th Street Mall
to see the Christmas lights you love so much

The proposal, the cliché:
bended knee
amongst the trees
the shining replacement stars all around us.

Not here,
the one ceiling light
burning too brightly.
Not after a long drive
from a long day at work
after an hour of violent tending
to an old, seeping wound.

Not now.

But now,
now the fight is over,
and we're in our home,
and you're brushing your hair,
and you're smiling at me,
and your hair is draped over your shoulder,
and your ring weighs heavy in my pocket.