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Meeting

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Two Poems

Casey Fuller

Meeting

after Wisława Szymborska

It happened. Of course it happened. It didn't have to.
It could have happened. An inch. A yard. An altered verb.
A change in tense. It didn't have to. But it happened.

No one knew how to properly place a hand behind
the ear of your neck the way you like and look you
in the eye. No one saw random three-hour car rides

as a source of great power. By yourself. With friends.
Drinking wine. Eating lamb gyro at midnight for dinner.
Sending stupendously witty texts from wherever you are.

I was in luck: the boy who loved you always needed
new shoes and talked about his coworker a little too much.
You were in luck: the kid Seth froze with fear. We were in luck:

the pizza delivery guy wouldn't risk it and fucked his life
with sadness. As a result, therefore, because, despite, a boy,
a girl, a car, a bar. A bus within a hairsbreadth. The accident

with the gun. So you're here? Dizzy from a stolen smoke,
showing me strange places where people still push bottle caps
into tree bark by the river, the bin in your back yard overflowing

with recycling because they just throw it away at your work.
A hole in a thrifted shirt and we could have slipped through.
I couldn't be more surprised. I couldn't be more dismayed.

Listen, how your heart beats inside me.