

## Two Poems by Richard King Perkins II

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### Intersection

We're separated  
by decades and circumstance—  
these moments are not real,  
how could they be?  
Our chosen wait for us  
    (intended)  
    (standbys)  
    (placeholders.)

A string quartet purrs;  
the contented are always deaf  
within themselves  
and our customary lives  
flicker like the last gasps  
of heat lightning  
passing beyond the mesa.

I like the practicality derived  
from your negative valance,  
watching as your lips pull upward  
when I state that love  
first entered our world  
from a dimension of experience  
we were not meant to intersect.

## **Slightly Gone World**

It's not a dream  
but a slightly gone world  
covered in frozen mist.

The sounds of imprecision  
astonish the sky's wintry chamber  
where I wait dissolving  
beneath a bowl of tambourine bells.

This must be the way it wasn't meant to be  
or it wouldn't be so—  
this vacancy of snow where your car once slept.  
I look for you in the old meeting place  
but it pouts at me emptily.

Now you're stranded on a bridge in St. Louis  
with no money and no credit cards  
and your passenger side window broken out.  
I'm in the evergreen woods laced white  
where someone once wrote a song about you;  
how your eyes extinguished sensibility,  
how your eyes painted light into every corner of  
darkness.

**Richard King Perkins II** is a state-sponsored advocate for residents in long-term care facilities. He lives in Crystal Lake, IL, USA with his wife, Vickie and daughter, Sage. He is a three-time Pushcart nominee and a Best of the Net nominee whose work has appeared in more than a thousand publications.