

Mapping

Here you are, thirty years later,
on my front porch.

My husband grilled the salmon,
yours — the one who used to be
mine — brought wine. You tossed
a farmer's market salad,

I made peach pie. August heat's heavy
in the air. Crickets chirp, cicadas sing,
the night glows with fireflies,
and I'm a little buzzed.

Maybe that's why, when you
raise your t-shirt to show me
the place your breast once was,
I want to trace, with my finger,
the barely healed incision that travels,
like a narrow road over
the flat plain of your chest.

Gillian Nevers