

Strides

Stephanie Adamo

the lone bowl of cereal
gave me clearance to leave his apartment
early in the morning,
before he ever woke up.

i walked south past the paddock
and you came to mind.
i thought
you and i,
we could have had horses.

we could have gotten up early together
and ridden in the sunrise
but you would probably always
have had work to do,
as you do now.
some things never change.

most things never stay.

my strides are long
i used to try to match yours
i used to stand on my toes
just to kiss you

and you stand so tall and so proud of yourself
i think you enjoy getting up early in the morning
just to see your shadow stretch on for miles.

i think i hated it for the same reason.

and i think i enjoy it now
because i miss wearing heels
and the rhythm of your long-legged strides.