This is my goodbye,
(said with drunken words
refined with a sober eye)
to how this will never be.
Tired of a footnote at a sentence end,
better to play it safe
stumbling down these darkened street
lights flickering this out.
I’ve become a writer without words
that can never say enough,
but goodbye seems pretty damn clear
on this cursive
walk home from you.

But wait! I’m so very wrong,
what a fool
to exit stage left
instead of right
away I walk
no cursive now,
it straightens out with sobered
time to turn around
where I’ll use that black night
blocking streetlights
to refill my pen,
write the right directions and
map the way back to you,
because I’ll swear this
ink will never dry
for good.