To The Friend Who Will Think This Poem Is Not About Him

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When they told me that I could perceive the extraordinary in the ordinary, I didn’t realize this included you, and that we would begin as two people catching lightning bugs at age nine, darting over your back lawn with blue Mason jars, shrieking

There! There!

All the time trying hard to grasp what was right in front of our faces, and that we would end as two people cruising college parties at age nineteen, pointing out members of the opposite sex, whispering

There. There.

And I never realized that somewhere in between I would find something extra in the way you smiled or laughed, something surprising, startling, that would make me want more than just talking.

But even when I put a little extra into my own smile, a little extra into the glance I give you when we laugh, I’ve found that you keep returning to the me you knew when we were nine, instead of nineteen, and that you have me set on shelf where you keep the ordinary, caught in an old blue Mason jar, flickering

Here. Here.

Danielle Hughson has declined commenting. Her piece, however, speaks for itself. (editor’s note)