

Poetry Porch: Poetry

Somehow I arrived

By Marge Piercy

If we had never met
I would have blundered on
trying like a mouse
on a wheel to go some
place I longed to be
but toiling in place.

If we had never joined
lives together, I'd never
have guessed I could love
so intensively and long
or that someone could
actually love this me.

Collisions, scrambles up
Rockies of trash and dis-
carded promises, empty
bottles labeled hope,
corpses of love that
died of starvation—

I left it all for you
and never looked back.
My past was golden in one
way, that it eventually
through trouble and
trauma, led me to you.