

Restricted Parking

Category: Poems

written by Daniel Becker | February 24, 2012

Daniel Becker

In silhouette, in pantomime, in slow motion,
she's dropping him off, but instead of

a see-you-later kiss, they slap palms, high fives,
except they miss—

twice the sound of one hand clapping—
and there they go again: arms raised, hands poised,

holding then un-holding their applause
as they deliver unto one another. Meanwhile,

that's my space they linger over.
A kiss is just a kiss, but this

is a circuit to complete, an orbit to repeat,
a moment that needs time

the way a couplet needs to rhyme.
Parting is to parking as sweet sorrow is to sour,

and more so—trust me—if they're here tomorrow.

About the poet:

Daniel Becker practices and teaches internal medicine at the University of Virginia School of Medicine where, he says, "I am one of the few faculty who can't complain about parking. I have a primo space."

About the poem:

"I have a soft spot for wives dropping husbands off, husbands dropping wives off and partners dropping partners off, and for that moment of separation, so ripe with promise."

Poetry editors:

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