

ADRIANNE KALFOPOULOU

## I Could Want

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His hand, the smile that eludes me.  
I could want a childhood that never happened.  
I nudge the cat asleep at my feet,  
her shape cushioned. I am envious of cushions,  
expectant mothers, the curve that protects,  
his clutching of my entire back  
in love. I could want a future of love.  
I could want to protect my daughter  
with the fierce cushionings I did not have. I could  
go about feeding live souls, the cat, the parrot.  
I could manage the half expectation  
of his wants, without wanting more. I could want  
that he want more, and know he cannot  
manage more. She has an expression in her eyes,  
her gaze elsewhere, wanting. I could tell her  
of my failed desires, I could assure her  
of the effort that ropes in boats  
when open sea scatters them. I could want  
to never stop reaching toward her,  
her own boat unanchored beyond what I can  
cushion or reach. There's so much I want to tell her.  
I could want what I don't have to give, give  
what I don't have.