



# The Poetry Of Persuasion

Somehow, I knew  
it would be like this:  
a few moments stolen  
before the vermillion sunset,  
a bottle of Barolo shared  
with the great poet, knowing  
it wasn't the loveless marriage I feared, but not to not  
the late afternoon light,  
the curve of the waitress' face,  
my own face softened  
by weeks in Tuscany,  
surrendering what's to come.

There would be parking tickets,  
bills to pay, an inbox  
with 14,000 meaningless spam,  
laundry, taxes, pigeons roosting  
on the roof. There would be dahlias  
surprisingly blooming in the back garden  
and some strange plant that looks  
like an artichoke, but isn't.

There would be love,  
and then there wouldn't.  
There would be the absurd chorus  
of power tools on a sunny Saturday,  
then delicate birdsong.

All of it, all of it,  
is mine.

Which is why I rise early  
in the pre-dawn  
before anyone, or anything  
can tell me otherwise,  
and I send this wish  
out on quiet consonants,  
across rooftops,  
the mountains in the distance,  
pink with hope and honor.

Let me be able for this.  
Let me say yes, or say no,  
but let me say it now:  
whatever comes in, light or dark,  
I give myself up  
to the joy  
of every tiny thing.

# SOMEHOW

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