You took your sandwich

without comment

cry foul

or mayonnaise

You took your sandwich

without a word

not looking me in the eye

because beneath the brim of my hat

I could not

feasibly

be building worlds in which

we stalked deer

with bows and arrows

sharpened sticks

our backs touching

in the darkness of the forest

as we slept next to a fire we

coaxed,

called out of timber and twigs

your suit and tie

forgotten

Your PH.D now only

letters that we had long ago

swallowed

your vaunted language

replaced with simpler

syllables

Now

we speak in short

staccato

words

full of meaning the way

small tomatoes

are full