

# rebecca baggett

## I MISS YOU IN THE MOUNTAINS

There are things I would like to say  
on this bad connection: how strange  
to be without you for ten days, how oddly  
it renews me to live alone and mostly  
silent, how the slow minutes trickle  
like caramel from a spoon, and how glorious  
and maddening it can be to fill them  
with what is only for myself.

I want to tell you about the half-moon that floated  
over the mountain mid-afternoon, about the leaves  
on the maple I watch through the window  
over the small desk where I work, how they begin  
to flare at their tips, then burst into flame. How luxurious  
and lonely it feels to sleep alone, and how often  
I wake in the night and the strangeness of my dreams,  
and how I sleep too long.

But I have interrupted you in the middle  
of your busy afternoon, and you can hear  
only every other sentence, and if I shift  
to the left or the right the connection crackles  
and flickers, so we exchange a few mundane  
sentences about the weather and I return  
to the chair and the desk and the blank  
sheet of paper.