

Catharine Lucas

LUCKILY

(February, 2001)

Luckily I can sometimes weep—
Luckily I have my remedies:
Most nights I can go to sleep
to your muted CD melodies.

Luckily the movies change.
The libraries are never out of books,
Luckily I've reached an age
When I care no longer "how it looks"—

Luckily I paid the shrink
Enough those years to wear my rage as grace
To stick my elbows out and think:
You'll have to stand the sight of my True Face

Luckily I know now, how to shout:
Heart in throat, I make a lion's roar.
Luckily the *There, theres* don't run out—
Luckily there's chocolate in the drawer—

Luckily no one can hear me boom,
Bawling in my stationary car.
Don't know what's happening in your room—
your broken door no longer stands ajar.

Luckily we're grownups here
Determined that the friendship will survive
Luckily I still can call you "Dear"
Because I know you're leaving in July.

