

Identity Property of One
by Daniel B. Johnson

Naked, asleep, I could have been anyone,
you said, lying in the center of your bed,

smoky, half-drunk, and borne aloft
by a swell of sheets. You went through my pockets

twice— pants, jacket, backpack, and shirt, inside and out,
and counted my money: seventeen bucks.

Reeking of gin, I could have been anyone.
When you found no ring, no needles, no summons,

no stash, you studied my body by streetlight,
for scars, scabs, tattoos, love-bites, who knows what else.

Naked, asleep, I could have been anyone.
Sweatered, fidgety, and sipping tea, you sat awake

at the side of your bed, clasped in your palm
you wouldn't say what.