

April 2016

Goodbye

Jami Hodgins

Follow this and additional works at: <https://digitalcommons.winthrop.edu/anthology>



Part of the [Poetry Commons](#)

Recommended Citation

Hodgins, Jami (2016) "Goodbye," *The Anthology*. Vol. 2016, Article 26.

Available at: <https://digitalcommons.winthrop.edu/anthology/vol2016/iss1/26>

This Poetry is brought to you for free and open access by Digital Commons @ Winthrop University. It has been accepted for inclusion in The Anthology by an authorized editor of Digital Commons @ Winthrop University. For more information, please contact digitalcommons@mailbox.winthrop.edu.

Goodbye *Jami Hodgins*

You were like a book that I checked out from the library of the world:
At first, I was mesmerized by your cover;
after reading the synopsis on the inside flap, I knew I wanted to have you—
 so I checked you out, aware of the return date
 stamped on the little manila slot on the inside of the back cover,
 which I soon chose to forget.

When I took you home, I intended to put you somewhere
“systematic,” where you would blend in with my other mundane habits.
(A desk? A shelf? A pedestal?)

But instead I placed you on my bedside table,
 because I experienced some
 Inexplicable Comfort, knowing that you were there
 and I could open you at my leisure
 and escape the world that was enclosing around me.

I put you there so that I could have you near
 when I wished to stroke your spine and breathe in the scent of your pages
 or curl up in bed with you and revisit my favorite chapters.

I didn't want to return you;
I wanted to engrave my name on the blank space
 of the paper-covered cardboard behind the flap of your front cover.
I wanted to put you in my bag and carry you around,
 so that no matter where I was, I could always get lost in you.

I wanted to know all of your nuances.
 I wanted to annotate you, marking up your every page with fragments of myself.
 I wanted to diagram your every sentence and dissect your binary oppositions.
 I wanted to intimately know and befriend every character within you—
flat/round, static/dynamic—

You were neither classic nor contemporary.
You were not romantic or Naturalistic or Existential.
You gave me the distinct feeling that I had read you before,
 although I knew I hadn't.
And I wanted to discover the source of that unprecedented nostalgia—

But you were overdue.
(And by the way, your kiss left a bittersweet taste in my mouth.)