

JEFFREY BEAN

## The Voyeur's Prayers

The nights you're not there are the nights  
I am best at wanting: when I leave my house  
without leaving my house, when my face's light  
looms as calm as the moon's, my shadow still as moss.

What is it I want to see, watching your empty room,  
your empty bed, your empty dresses flung down  
on the floor? They remember where you've moved,  
describe the shapes of you everywhere you've been,

but not as well as I can. Is it just the wanting  
I want? The words I find to wish you would appear  
more fervent than any prayer  
I've said with my sorry mouth since the beginning?

Now the moon's high, and we both watch your chair.  
You are and are not sitting there.