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## The Vernal Pool

## **Title**

another poem about long distance relationships

## **Permalink**

https://escholarship.org/uc/item/7qz6t8xk

## **Journal**

The Vernal Pool, 5(1)

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## **Publication Date**

2018

#### DOI

10.5070/V351041786

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# another poem about long-distance relationships By Maria Nguyen-Cruz

It would be nice to be held by you but for now I must hold you in the phone in my pocket or the laptop on my desk.

Hearing your voice on the phone or seeing you on my computer screen, act as a tune up and keep me going through the week.

Until the shuffling of books into bags is in my ears for the last time this week, then I can rush to my car, wait for the green light, and speed onto the highway.

Even if I wish that it wasn't me driving my car for hours on end,
I know that after enduring the mundane task what awaits me at the finish line is a reward that is so coveted but escapes the grasp of so many, that songs and poems have been written, candies crafted, and holidays celebrated in its honor.

We refer to it as a kiss.

I know that I've kissed you before, but can I try again, and again?

At least until I must go back to the starting line, and wait to start the race again.

One day, we'll change and we won't count days, then hours, or minutes.

Dollars, pennies, and quarters spent on gas. Instead, we'll be doing a victory lap.