

## Clare Bowditch

### "I Thought You Were God"

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Storeman, your eyes are watery white.  
"Another long long night?" and you say  
"Be careful riding that boy's bike in the dark."  
"Don't worry, I'm not going far."

I was very very young and terribly in love  
and not yet knowing that love alone may not be enough  
to counter all the silly things I thought.  
I thought you were God.

The night sky is peeling back her sheets.  
The linen is lavender and underneath it I ride your bike.  
The bike bar's cutting into my crotch.  
I stand up and power-pedal on.

I was very very young and terribly in love,  
not yet knowing that love alone may not be enough  
to counter all the stupid things I thought.  
I thought you were God.

And I, I believed in you.

We still talk, we still talk quite a lot  
since the alarming discovery  
that you were never God  
and we still laugh,  
but the laughter's more sincere,  
'cause it's speckled with your tears.

You were so young and terribly in love,  
and not yet knowing that love alone may not be enough  
to undo all the secret things I thought.

I thought you were God.

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