

opening the front door at six
with a bag full of lettuce and ice-cream,
these I remember well.

I never imagined that I would be alone like this
although I practiced being blind as a child,
arms outstretched, a priestess in my flannel gown;
feeling the wallpaper as I climbed the stairs to bed,
anticipating perhaps that my retinas,
transparent as egg sacs, would thin and nearly
break some twenty years later.

I always thought I'd care for you
when you were old. I think I said I would.
Instead, you didn't so much age
as slowly disappear; creeping away
like someone who doesn't know
how to ask for a divorce.

QUATRE CENTS COUPS

after Truffaut

Juggling white eggs
in your thin brown hands,
you bark at me and I sink
into it, ducking
out of range,
playful as a dog.
Little flags,
like brittle autumn leaves,
fly up in my brain
saying jeez.