

An Observation for Marja

a lover leaves you clutching
smoking letters
and dialing the number
of his disconnected phone

he leaves you the city
full of haunted restaurants
with the fine vistas done

he leaves you perfume
you will empty in the sink —
the name of a good wine or two

a lover leaves you
sunk in *temps perdu*

he leaves
or else you do

MARIANNE BLUGER