

The Date

First daylight encounter, C&A
 side door. Unforeseen midmorning-
 red hair takes my breath. You
 carry the blue overnight
 through soldiered gates, watch my
 folded sweaters rumped, X-rayed.
 In the Abercorn it's braised celery,
 salmon croquette, to impress—
what I always have. And after,
 The Midnight Lounge: slow
 afternoon of murmured contact amid
 ceiling stars, cloistered tables, vodka.
 By teatime your eyes will follow
 the Dublin train southbound. To a dot.
 Next day an unannounced device
 goes off there amongst lunching
 weekend shoppers. Where were you
 when you heard? In the weeks
 that follow, my washbasin-mirror
 image jolts, repeatedly—lipsticking,
 not reckoning on unattached handbags.