

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.