



twenty years ago, the red leaves skittered in. His bill, unsettled;  
his, the last  
table; me, his waiter in the wicket of traffic passing in two  
directions; rain

freckling the papers I'd gone to fetch for him. Last night, the  
folio scent,  
the Avon pulp of that paperback Storey book pressed to my face.

His wishes are the same: a good obituary, a cigarette, the sun on  
his bare feet.