

The Breakup

out into the rain
we glide along wet pavement
puddles reflecting our upturned faces
in the paleness of the single streetlight

under the grey roof of clouds
we hear the distant moan of a saxophone
and i remember the half-empty beer glasses
squatting in pools of their own sweat
while the air cringes away from the
halfeaten cheese ball in its crumpled waxpaper wrapper
you don't say a word
your eyes are dark as the puddles
but don't reflect

past the last taxi
its tires whisper on wet, the sound of speech
in a room where only echoes answer
i slink out of streetlight range
into halls of shadow looming large
your reflection is that of a dead thing--
a vampire perhaps--as the night's chill claws
rake my unguarded back

— Rhiannon Keldarion