

for your evenings

dean womeldorf

history, soph.

when dawn came
do you remember
how happy rainfall seemed

days have gone by
since our meeting
when tolstoy danced for you
and wrote sonnets for your evenings

in the corner of your bookcase now
where you put them
they are dusty there and they need you
they are alone there

they watched when you laughed
and swore at me
when you turned me out
they cried

but they are dusty there and they need you
they are alone there