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## Eating Alone

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## EATING ALONE

This good woman comes home, her breath  
visible in the emptiness of the house.  
She lights a fire, a cigarette,  
cups it in her hands as supper warms.  
She needs two hands to cover hers,  
she tells herself  
always. The smoke rises above the house,  
disperses, and stands at the windows.  
Even in the chilly air, even with the thin  
transparency of smoke, with the untouchable  
frustration of nothing, we see her face  
down on the bed crying until supper is ready.  
Her visions are too large for her to handle  
alone. They throw her face down and make tears  
march out of her eyes. It isn't fair.  
This is a good woman. Strong and proud and private.  
More smoke. Her breath invisible at the table,  
she imagines the phone ringing, the wine  
half gone in the other glass. Fog comes in  
along the river like an amazing highway.  
The smoke rises to greet this other smoke  
coming into camp with hands full of beads.  
She wants to leave, she is going, the dark  
cover of fog. She thinks of the weariness  
stacked up inside her after eating alone.