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Your Divorce

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YOUR DIVORCE

Brendan Jordan

You overruled my sympathies: if we then slept
my saffron pillows might have saved you the
embarrassment: or me the pail of tapwater I poured to
wash the muddy footprints away: we did not once
agree: we took the long route home and longer
errands at the office: I am still
awaiting the psalter you mail-ordered: did I tell
you? did you ever think of broken seashells?
did pot roast re-visit your tongue later, when
you ate squashes cooked some other way? When the long
drive to Maine thrilled you still: when towers over these
savage plains sparkled: but I hated the telephone
wires: the Chevrolets idled daily at dawn: if I could have
graffitied every driveway: you could have
followed me to the last fencerows when I left
town: neither summer would have bled so
slow into the next: your new kitchenette
would have sparked with blue flowers
I would have sent: the letters too: we
would have one day met in a gravel lot overlooking
the Pacific: we would have known the
botched nights of wine and candle were the
spoiled dreams of children: alone amongst
cattails in March: it still snows: I try to follow the gaps
left by crashing foxes or children dragging
sleds: you brought me once to the home
where your grandmother was prepared for her long
trip in a dark rowboat: when I offered to amend
your vision I offered lilacs: sunhats
tilted against sweet lemonade: those
miles of country roads where childhood friends
return nightly to their rope swings