

Spring 1999

Twilight on Boston

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Recommended Citation

Borgmann, Kendra (1999) "Twilight on Boston," *CutBank*: Vol. 1 : Iss. 51 , Article 13.

Available at: <https://scholarworks.umt.edu/cutbank/vol1/iss51/13>

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TWILIGHT ON BOSTON

The decision had just turned to night
when my free hand flew up to double grip the umbrella
and I found myself suddenly engaged in a sword fight with the wind;
a battle I would never choose
and lacked the strategy for.

I stepped on a blinking red puddle,
the neon sign repeating
pop in a for a drink, or something close to that.
I eased past.

An overcoat asked for the time
and it was Fall forward, or was it Fall back?
A brick wall fell away on my left
leaving me high-wired with my dancing parasol.

Pop in for a drink—

the quick promise of *pop!*

(A safe and speedy egress not included.)

In short, I could have liked it here.

Instead of referring to the couple of high rises
as the two thumbs-up mountains,

I could have entered them,

gliding in on the arm of a swashbuckler
for an elevated dinner of prawns and Perrier

(or just popped in for a drink)

and from that dispassionate height gazed down
at the dark swath of water carrying boat lights.

Up in the uppity tower, say, the 31st floor,

oh, the black sky would press

against the obsidian glass. Inside,

we would twirl, despite the fact people are starving,

the music, the temperature, on smooth, stainless steel controls,

twirl, impervious as greenhouse flowers

in the floor to ceiling windows; we would whirl,

somewhere hovered in our scented cup of air

with sheets of rain spilling down

the long, clear walls.