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To Arlette

Timothy Craig
College of DuPage

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TO ARLETTE

Even sadder to me now
than my mother's piano
studies is the garden at Emilio's,

Though you sit with me here in
a skirt of woven delphiniums,

Impounded by faces emptying in
the heat from the gray sleeves of the beech,
its wept leaves grave and aimless.

Though you have twice mistaken
the name of a Bolivian mineral water
for a term of endearment

& the glass hand of the wind-
bell caresses the hair of the waitress,

Whose name, she has insisted, is Chansonetta,

I face a chamber'd distance, sitting here
waiting, in a rain of grace notes dissolving
beneath the moon's frozen annulus,

For my silver-sandall'd lady
& the year without edges,

these two, these irretrievable.

Timothy Craig