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## Teller

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## Teller

She did the shuffle down  
the sidewalk in Brooklyn.  
And she stalled, chuckling  
silver in her muslin pocket,  
the windows teasing her  
for a dime, for a fortune.  
She tossed me her laugh but it  
got caught in the wind and  
I just saw her rocking  
with her mouth cocked open.

She tugged me to her  
cold-water flat. She was  
living on a free couch and  
Premium saltines.  
She was reading magazines.  
She lit the candles and  
unfolded her lovers  
like napkins.

She once went flapping  
and humming with the boys,  
and she would wear the aura  
of her new darling  
as a garland.  
But now she sifted  
through the slivers  
of her last romance,  
and rolled out the future  
in the change.