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# Three Wives

Stanley Plumly

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### THREE WIVES

Table and chair.  
This is no marriage  
but an arrangement.

Your first wife was the daughter  
of a man who built houses.  
Each room left you emptier.

The second stood in the middle  
of rooms, auditoriums, fields  
and took her name, over and over, in vain.

The third had to be tracked down  
in snow, like a small animal  
suddenly run out of room.

Now she sits all day at her desk  
like Emily Dickinson,  
pure with poems.

*Stanley Plumly*

### FALL RAIN

Thunder, old man and  
blind, grumbles from  
corners. Old too is  
rain that keeps falling,  
weakly falling, yet  
dissolves the roofs over  
all you remember into  
swamps again, it  
will take the sun  
centuries to dry them  
back into nothing.