



*...september 29, 1991...*

*a laughing mouth  
absorbing grapes  
and spitting out the seeds –  
vacant eyes  
that do not leave  
the television screen -*

*you talk of lovers  
loved and left  
like letters never mailed –  
then shrug your shoulders –  
sip your wine  
and wonder why they failed –*

*this morning  
in an argument  
that only you could win  
you paced the floor  
and yelled until  
a dozen doors were slammed –*

*now you laugh  
until the wine  
and all the grapes are gone –  
then wave good-bye  
and thank me  
for a lovely afternoon.*

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