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The Last Line of the Story: “. . . and when she woke from the dream, the man was lying there beside her”

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**THE LAST LINE OF
THE STORY:
“. . . AND WHEN SHE
WOKE FROM THE
DREAM, THE MAN
WAS LYING THERE
BESIDE HER”**

Julie Bozyk

Bullshit! (said the woman with

the magazine, reading
the story in a grocery store Express Lane.) Love

is clipping coupons for two months, saving
for a train ticket. Love is still leaving

my bed in the morning to knuckle-crack, keeping
the habit of not waking him up. Love is sending

him poems formed from letters I've cut from
a magazine, adding some lengthier

prose: laborious lamentations are reflections
of steadfastness. To buy the magazine, I'll

put back the bottle of wine that I won't need
to cry myself to sleep tonight—I'll cry

cutting letters from columns like "Keeping
Your Man," wishing he liked lipstick, a

firmer, rounder buttocks more
than a story from a dishonorably discharged

Vietnam War Vet or former Merry
Prankster in a bar in Albuquerque or wherever

it is he is tonight. I am in a grocery store
Express Lane with far less than thirteen

items, with no more pork-chops
to buy for anyone, and tonight I'll

dream I'm here, shopping, pulling down boxes
of pasta with his name on them, his name

on the loudspeaker, my car will never
get full.