



Fall 1965

the upstairs tenant- last door on the left

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the upstairs tenant-

Her quivering shook my ceiling
I ran upstairs, inside...to hold her.

Momentos hysterical tumbled in mid-air,
The gloss of faded photos split,
And bottles of a browned perfume
Struggled to remove their caps.

Fragile stacks of forget-me-not china
Screamed visions of yellowed lampshades...
Parasols and wine-red tapestries: the parlor.

In the stink of musty kitchen hours
A dry enameled teapot burned, rattled on the flame
And mumbled supplications to her feeble grasp.

In white, grey-eyed, he ran
Upstairs, inside...to take her.
I ran downstairs...outside
To embrace the virgin moment
Under branches heavy with dried fruit.

last door on the left

