

Red Paint

The Promise Ring

I was sad enough last Saturday,
I woke you to talk but you didn't have much to say.
You came to to two cherry cokes, came to to coke.
In the morning, when the wind is still warm,
and the rivers still coming and following.
The Astor hotel is black in the windows, black in the hall.
Since we left separately.
A country letter, straight from a widow: come in the nighttime,
to the back porch, throw rocks at my window,
and climb the terrace to the landing.
This house built cleverly for you and me.
(you sound like young love)