

JACQUES J. RANCOURT

Lot's Wife

Another dead man's apartment
to empty. Someone will want

this tea set, chipped lip
and all; someone will sort

through these magazines,
and never think

of whose lips kissed this cup,
whose hands hung this charcoal calyx

on his wall. Heartache City,
city whose streets are quarantined

to the lovers and lepers,
city that in some real way

is burning, how eager you are
to carry on, to call this over

before it is over. See the young man
across the street hobbling

with a cane and a pink bathrobe
under these Valencia trees

made late by the heart's salt?
A city has no need to apologize

and there are more boxes to pack,
but look now, back to where

your people are dying.
You, most of all, must look.