

MARILYN L. TAYLOR

If, in October

I should be driving past a row
of brick-and-shingle bungalows
and maple leaves are sticking to the sidewalk,
and a rain-glossed school bus starts to swing
its yellow bulk around the corner,

there you are again—framed in a wavy
leaded window, watering a long-fingered
philodendron while the Victrola
clatters out Landowska's version of
the Little Preludes through the glass

and I am nine years old again—and you,
the center of my small universe,
are the love of my life, to whose powdered
presence I come home blissfully,
day after dangerous day

utterly innocent of a distant time
when you will turn from me
and withdraw into my archive of losses
that the rising dust will dim,
then darken, then obliterate.