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## An Imaginary Conversation with Amy Lowell

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She smelled of thick cigars, ink on ancient paper and the presence of another woman. her body expanded across the sofa—I was eclipsed in mass and influence and my tongue fell flat from the weight of her.

I asked what came to mind—what is Love?  
She lit a cigar, spread her legs, and said  
*Delicious hysteria, continuous anticipation,  
an obligation to give, to keep on giving,  
an intoxication; absence is death. An addiction.*

She smiled and I knew there was more  
beneath each phrase, each term wedged between us.  
Smoke slowly filled the room and our minds  
were full of the noise of It.  
I held a cup of bitter red wine;

*I think that love is drinking this and breaking  
the glass to pieces on the ground, then walking  
barefoot through it to your beloved again and again.*  
She laughed, her throat cracking roughly,  
and broke her glass on the mahogany floor.