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## Two ex-lovers and a dirty glass door

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## Two Ex-Lovers and a Dirty Glass Door

Approach the glass door.  
Reflections. Reflections of me and her.  
As we were before. Intertwined.  
We hang in the metal frame.  
Lying in the finger smudged  
pool before us.  
My reflection and her  
on the opposite side.  
Separated only  
by the oiled glass  
We both step forward  
as if to challenge  
then retreat in unison  
like a dance.

Throw the door open  
arms wide, baring my chest.  
We slide in the narrow frame  
as if slick with sweat  
positioned as if we had collapsed,  
looking down at her soft features,  
my arm above her head.  
Our breath mingling together.  
I turn to tell her . . .  
But nothing comes.  
The moment gone.  
She is distant now.  
Only the filthy hinged glass  
Comes back to me.

—Chris Macaluso '93