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Dinner in Barcelona

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Dinner in Barcelona

One night, when we took our evening meal together,
We were separated
By the table and by
A single naked bulb suspended from the ceiling
Glaring fiercely and affecting our vision
So that we sat
Facelessly facing each other.

Until the subway rumbled beneath us
And the dishes shook and shattered
The silence
Vibrating me into awareness.

It must have moved you too
Because abruptly you arose
Cleared the dishes, put out the naked bulb and
Went wordlessly away
Leaving me alone to wonder
About the dishes and about
How they moved but did not change.

We let many more chances slip past
Because we have taken our evening meal together,
As we had many times before,
Many times since.

And the subway has moved forward,
As it had many times before,
Many times since.
But nothing has ever been so fiercely felt

Neither before, nor since.
And I am sure you, too,
Felt it.

If only once.

Holly Kurtz