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There Is Something

Deborah Pope
Denison University

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There Is Something

by Deborah Pope

There is something of every good-bye in this.
Somehow it is always winter,
there is snow at the curb,
the driveways are gray.
The soles of your shoes are turning dark and wet.
She stands there in her bathrobe.
She has just come from packing sandwiches.
You are pushed by some schedule
and the weather,
compelled by her voice,
which is speaking.
She kisses your cheek
and hands you your life in the neat paper bag.
For this moment, in her face,
all your seams are mended,
your habits white.
You hug her and smile.
Your gift is your silence.
You leave.
Yet later when you remember
it will be that
always her eyes were sad,
her hand on your sleeve.

319 Allen, Dept. of English
Duke University
Durham, N.C. 27706