Thursday

by Carl Santoro

I will die in Paris on a rainy day.
It will be a Thursday.
Our glasses of red wine
will stand upright
and wait stupidly
for us to finish the remaining
two separate puddles.
We laid back on top of the duvet.
We held hands.
We kissed. We cried. We smiled.
We stared into eyes that seemed to want Friday
but knew that would be out of the question.
You will die in Paris this rainy day.
You agreed years ago for it all.
And now the rain sounds like soft falling snow.

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