

# 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.

