

In the Chambers of the End

by Gary Percesepe

for Janet

In days to come we'll speak of one lost
weekend in the Adirondacks.

Our bags unpacked and sitting
by the red Santa in the cluttered hall

we eat poetry with pancakes and
Vermont syrup, blueberries hand picked

that spring by a woman who called us
ideal guests because we never left the room.

Whiteface scarred above our heads,
the cloud-splitting mountain

bandaged in white cross stitches.
Tiny skiers look like beetles

on a white bedspread.
We watch them fall to earth from

the high peaks and tell ourselves
this is the week that sealed it,

the week we fought over a poem
and slept in separate rooms. Our run to

Paradise began the week you didn't come
and left me counting lines of poets in their youth.

*Unwearied still, lover by lover,
They paddle in the cold*

*Companionable streams or climb the air;
Their hearts have not grown old.*

