Elegy for Miss Alma

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College of DuPage

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ELEGY FOR MISS ALMA

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I dream of fools, desperate in a passionate mist. 
Your damp locks pressed against the oriental rug. 
I saw you in your white summer dress 
on the last day of the rest of our life. 
You lost your ankle bracelet.

Pencils shrink and go dull as I wait to hear you laugh again. 
I long to tell you how I fixed the leak in the shower. 
My turntable still spins, dust on the diamond 
and no need to turn the record over. 
It's the same on both sides.

Do you remember the cat? 
The one who chased moths around the apartment, 
pawed at them and pulled off their wings 
and grew quickly bored when they became still. 
Could you please tell me the cat's name?

As its punishment for cushioning my every step, 
I took the rug outside and beat it. 
I slapped at it and shook out the dust. 
But what of the things I've swept under it, 
now exposed?