

TONY MAGISTRALE

Someday

He keeps thinking the same woman
he knew seven years ago
is going to come back
someday, waltz right through that door
she left as open as the hole of a vacated tooth
wearing the dress and shoes
he bought her in Montreal.
He keeps thinking people
Don't ever change, not really—
this fragile world
ought to have some permanence,
and why shouldn't love be at least as reliable
as the slick ponytail she always wore
to lessen summer afternoon heat.
He keeps thinking someday
everything is again going to be right,
the fierce wind
she set in motion will finally blow itself out,
stop rearranging the furniture in his house,
the dishes and pans in the kitchen,
the clothes left in her closet
hanging inside plastic envelopes
from the dry-cleaning store.