

MICHAEL CARRINO

Pleasure

On the corner of Bishop,
where it touches St. Catherine
in Montreal, I've distracted myself
imagining a woman
cocooned in sable,
her breath visible.
She points a blue crayon
at a tenacious, darkening sky
as she steels herself
to draw something indelicate.

If I fail imagining,
failing is uncomfortable:
the itch of a wool suit,
someone saying, "I'll see you"
when she will never see you.

But I can picture you, now
gone so long but still
a tested pleasure,
similar to the woman
in Montreal, poised to draw,
under threat of storm,
something I'll admire.

