

WILLIAM VIRGIL DAVIS
THE NEXT DAY

For Carol

It was late summer, somewhere
in the midst of Tuscany. I hardly
remember how we got there, where
we went, even the names of some
of the small villages we visited—

much more. Too much has been lost.
What I do remember was the dinner
we had on a veranda the last night
before we were to leave. You ate
a whole plate of mushrooms, the best

you'd ever had, you said. There was
a light breeze rambling around among
the columns we sat beside. It flipped
the edges of the tablecloth, lifted them,
then let them drop. We drank a bottle

of the local wine, talked and talked
long, long, drawing the evening out.
You smiled (your eyes). We wondered
what we would do the next day, where
we would go, what we would see.