

### Passing

Here in this cached field  
where mountains hang like linen  
is the rust and peel  
of an old Ford.  
Fireweed rises through floorboards,  
above seats of vinyl  
green and dull as a hangover.

A clumped veil, a rain-filled  
silver pump,  
nest near the wheels.  
The dash is a rest  
for false eyelashes,  
beribboned banderillas,  
and cigarette ashes.

Spring and winter  
warp and stain their photograph.  
He was a matador,  
She a pearl-blond bride.  
Her cyan eyes,  
his red-sash smiles,  
fade with each summer's  
perpetual sun.

*Anne Coray*