

MICHAEL CARRINO

Marie

—in Montreal

It is continually late
along the empty concourse
where in dim, underground shadow
you might imagine yourself, Marie,

a slight lingering in profile,
dark hair swaying, lustrous
even in dying light. A hesitation
caused perhaps, by some lack of resolve

to disconnect; but at last,
you will disconnect, dissolve,
as women on screen in the cinema
dissolve, down into the echoing Metro

to reach a future no one can breach,
but might imagine in reverie
where each persistent illusion is forgivable
as time irrevocably curls away.