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Details

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THE COAT FROM VIA CAVOUR

Dallie Clark

I am wearing the coat you bought me in Rome
where we walked all those cold nights, the coat
I saw on a hundred Italian girls –

but those girls are not here
on this ice-laden Texas morning when I wear
the coat from Via Cavour
and walk the backyard with our old dog.

Nowhere do I see
the Italian girls in our sleeping
tattered garden, no where in this ice
drip-dripping place around me.

I spy - and then touch – tiny ice orbs
on an outside table. In my bare hands,
they are like slippery Cantaloupe seeds
carved from a summer I can't remember

when the sun roared and there were
no ice orbs, no ice drip-dripping, no coat from Rome,
only a very loud sun that Italian girls love.



DETAILS Donna Gors



BREAKFAST AT TIFFANY'S

Amanda North

Bed, she lays in it awake till five a.m.
Watching Holly Golightly while the rest of the world is in REM.
She hates her, she loves her, she envies her, she laughs with her, cries with her.
Ironically she is that fabulously sad girl Capote wrote about.
Asleep all day
While others accelerate through their day downtown, she sleeps.
Five p.m., the sun descends and she feels the shift
Awake in the dark, again.
The bottle of cabernet on her bedside table from the night before is tempting
It's too early, she needs Eggos first.
Her vintage Stones shirt reeks of incense, Parliaments and Patchouli.
She is fabulously sad while she puts on her fabulously tall stilettos.
Semi new to town, but already a local pub knows her name.
They always know her name.
Somehow she is fresh faced and the center of attention as she strolls in
The mahogany wood and red illumination of the bar flatter her
Masking her deep, dark and sunken eyes.
Jameson on the rocks and fries please
"Well Sparky, where the hell did life go?" she asks an old man in a coy yet murky tone.
They talk, and she drowns herself in witty, empty flirtatious banter
Her alluring appearance makes her stick out like a sore thumb
It always has.
She is tired and weary, running low and the carbs and the whiskey won't cut it tonight.
The burning sensation in her chest is what she swears to be her Parliament death
But to her dismay it is just loneliness.
Somehow she knows this is not what Breakfast at Tiffany's is supposed to be.

she is that fabulously sad girl . . .