

THAT NIGHT IN CAMBRIDGE

BY JOHN REPP

I slept so well! A canopy bed with sheer
billows on either end made an almost literal
cocoon. We'd seen music, hadn't we?
Someone justly famous hammering a piano?
It had been smoky & there had been canapés
or sausage grinders or both & more.
But it was afterward that mattered, no matter
what the moon did or what year it was

or how the season had gone from winter
to high summer, the sidewalks narrow,
the ice cream chocolate, our sandals
salty from all those long walks lacking money.
My eyes didn't burn that morning we went
for the papers, a bag of rolls & butter.