

Travel Essay

John Repp

She's in Rome again. Rome is where she goes
said the woman plucking a French fry

from the nest of them. *A filthy place,*
Rome my brother said *but Chris wanted*

to see the Vatican, so... I sailed around
the Cape of Good Hope to slip

the desperate letter through the ornate
mail slot in the down-at-the-heels,

white-marble lobby. I'd reclined in the most
comfortable chair in the world to write

that hopeless thing the deserted winter
beach had so desiccated it blistered

on its flight south. The next winter, she said
I fell a little in love with you while frowning

in Philadelphia at the Cy Twombly scribble—
red crayon, something to do with Homer.