

## Wilderness House Literary Review 5/4

*Lyn Lifshin*

he could have been  
that Persian vase  
that grabbed me. I  
was walking fast  
past the shop named  
Ecstasy. I know if  
I don't go back for  
that dark blue rose,  
I may never see it  
again. In a day, it is  
gone. He is like that  
vase. I don't need him,  
have no place for  
him in my life but  
when I see him whirl  
by on the dance floor,  
like a boat, ghostly  
in fog with that vase  
on its deck, loss  
explodes. This ache  
for something that  
never was mine,  
that Persian vase, so  
like another love  
left me notes for in  
his house. He is some  
thing glimpsed in  
a window, his words  
like the canals and  
alleys of a foreign  
place I'm wild to go  
back to. Or the bolero  
music drifting in  
rose leaves if the wind  
is right to seduce  
me back to the paid  
hour with him,  
running towards and  
away from what, if  
I had it, it would be-  
come something else