

## Wilderness House Literary Review 5/1

*Marc Jampole*

### REMEMBERING Darla

When the shadow of a car  
leaps across the glass  
of a photo by a window  
in the corner of your eye  
for less time than a second  
you think it's someone waving.

When the shadows of the naked winter beeches  
sway behind the drawn Venetian blinds  
like strangers in the distance  
stretching arms in celebration  
for less time than a second  
it reminds you of a party years ago.

You've spent all afternoon in rock and roll  
that filled the hillside house you used to share  
with the long-legged actress in Seattle  
living on her trust fund and your unemployment check:

*It's just a box of rain*

*or a ribbon for your hair...*

*...all night she wants the young American...*

*...all my love comes tumblin' down...*

*...shouldn't have took more than you gave...*

*...those days are gone forever...*

*...feelin' like a ship out of an ocean...*

*...and it won't wait for me...*

Last year you tried to find her,  
but she doesn't have an email,  
not a word about her on the web;  
perhaps she overdosed on Seconal  
when she saw a wrinkle by her eye  
as she always said she would.