

decanter, set it down in the clutter,
forgot, poured another, until
snifters stood on every surface
gathering points of chestnut light.
Mostly she talked of Rauschenberg,
how she played the pack-mule
on his epic raids through the Village,
how she watched the sorcerer turn
soiled linens and soggy boxes
into Art. She looked at me then,
her eyes watery, and I had
the impression a bathtub
was overflowing somewhere
in her mind. What time was it,
she wanted to know. And who
was I anyway? Who let me in?
I turned, grabbed my coat, and left
before she could crack a bottle
of champagne over my head
and give me a new name.