

Lagniappe

Silence prolongs its
stay, a lover grown distant,

nothing to pass between
us, but this

lingering in the doorway,

and then you offer
watermelon, cold,

brought up just this afternoon
from the well, melon meant

for someone else, left

in the dark water too long
then given by you to me,

with the *dolmas* leftover
from yesterday's meal.

Jeremy Paden © 2012

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