

COLETTE INEZ

How We Got Here

We walk, a dapper couple
holding hands in May
on Broadway.
Too late for the movie,
we find a sidewalk table and chairs.
Lincoln Center, and it's Paris, sort of:
chic, convivial crowd,
trees coming into their own
Cezanne green, the sun
our Edith Piaf singing "La Seine."
Autumn back then on the rue de la Sorbonne,
Marthe et Georges discussing Kant's "Critique
of Pure Reason," wine swirling. How they stumbled
into each other's desire, *qui sait?*
Love, my start a year after yours
in the Borscht Belt, Labor Day. Sylvia and Max.
Pop knocks back a little schnapps. Syl, too.
So who knew?