

Abandoned boat at sunrise

by [Nola Garrett](#) in the [July 10, 2007](#) issue

Up north, my wife, Felice, slipped
away with emphysema, and my work
cruised on without me—accounts balanced,
mortgages afloat.

My sleep done
down here in Florida, I stand
looking out a darkened window
no one's looking in.

The morning paper
never comes too soon with its rites
of scandal and opinion. I finger
my few stocks' shifting fractions, consult
the weather map's puzzle,

while the percolator gurgles and sighs.
I wait for the light,

wait for that moment
when Felice appears, pouring my cream,
easing my bitterness by asking, "Where
will you go today, and who will you carry?"