REPAIR

The free day together

began jagged, like glass

on the floor, green glass

making love afraid. And

the air didn't clear

in the museum that had

to be visited. I moved

apace, you lingered,

a labyrinth of Italian

saints and patrons set

to separate us. Then

I saw you, in a south-

facing alcove, the sun

on your sweet graying hair.

The day annealed itself;

in the next gallery

we leaned on each other

and fell asleep, in front

of the Rape of the Sabines.