

## Legenda

### "Lisa's Separation"

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She covered up the mirror, hid his photo in the  
Drawer. The sketches that he made for her were rip-  
ped and rolling across the floor. All memories and  
Promises and plans they'd made were scratched or  
Burned as Lisa laid her head down for the night.  
Still the pictures flowed day and night. There's  
No escape, there's no remission . . . This one's us in  
Paris, and this one's us in Rome. That mess was him  
In plasticene, those rocks were him in stone. And  
Still she found no explanation why he left without a  
Word. It seemed like such an ordinary night. Still the  
Pictures flowed through the night. No escape, no  
Remission . . . They burned his few possessions and  
They buried him in sand. They spent his coins in cof-  
fee bars and calmly washed their hands. The only  
Hint of retribution was a lack of intuition--left with  
Dirty hands without a fight. How the curses flowed  
Through the night. Made their escape, a fruitless  
Mission . . . His ghost peeps through the curtains  
Gently whispering her name. It hovers over crushed  
Mementos trying to explain. And maybe it takes 40  
Years of patience, swimming through the tears. He'll  
Guard her each and every lonely night. Still the pic-  
tures flow through the night. No escape, no  
Separation.

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