

Finish the wine

Bartosz Milewski

Are you throwing these paperbacks away?
I haven't finished that one
About a sinking ship
People rushing to lifeboats.
Don't tell me how it ends.

It's Davis, California
Hot summer, skin peeling off sycamore trees
You're cursing in Spanish
Laughing or crying?
Hard to tell now.

Are you going to eat that last olive?
If not, I'd like to hold on to it
A little longer.
Late night discussions about Wittgenstein
A coffee cup you gave me for my birthday
It's cracked now
But I still drink from it
Two chocolates
A kiss
Or was it a butterfly that touched my cheek?

Not this photograph, please
Can I have it?
A crab shell half buried in sand
Your footsteps, my footsteps
Smell of seaweed
Ashes left from a bonfire

Stay with me
Just a little bit longer, yes?
Finish the wine.