

Leaving Husband at the Door of St. Ann and the Holy Trinity in Brooklyn Heights

Ana Božičević

Carried you this far. Dachshund in the snow. Lights
wink, now— I can't take another step— Why
push against me with your little red foot, so? For
tens and tens of blocks, & belly-up, and wheezing

down Flatbush Avenue, a downward mountain— on &
on I walked, till the half-snake who calls herself East-River
(madwoman!) swelled with coal barges. (Here you burst
to feather—) On and up— & straight
into the smog

on Montague. O yellow cab! For pity's sake, wait— fuck— it's sleeting
marriages, small Europes. My arms are stiff— (by now you are
a mandrake root)— you smell, you're heavy, I can't drop you now—

we're at the gate. Say, Mother! This is John I carry. A thing
drilled him invisibly— and now he makes a hollow sound, a little like
a bathtub. Is it alright to bring him in? He's heavy, and I— Oh. I see.

No. What, leave him here
for nuns to find? Walk back? (O I won't make

it back)— we'd passed some hundred
restaurants— I have no money— and it rains—