



11-15-2015

## Peggy

Henry Rappaport

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### Recommended Citation

Rappaport, Henry (2015) "Peggy," *Westview*: Vol. 31 : Iss. 1 , Article 27.  
Available at: <https://dc.swosu.edu/westview/vol31/iss1/27>

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# Peggy

by Henry Rappaport

In short-sleeve October,  
both of us away from home,  
we used to walk the ave.  
and talk in the bright sunlight that spiked  
off stands whose news we never read.  
I kept trying to tell her  
how I always felt lonely with her.  
I don't think she knew.  
On those early, empty streets  
she would talk, and I would talk,  
and where we turned away from the sun  
it was cold.  
She used to drink a lot of Tab  
and rev up into jittery, sure-fire talk,  
and I would try to calm her down.  
Her skinny, wise-assed self needed  
more buzz as much as I  
needed more conversation.  
When I left without a word,  
I sent her a case of Tab  
with a note that said,  
When I have gone,  
the sweetness comes.  
The worst life imitates art.  
A few months later,  
Alone and freezing in Madrid,  
A friend sent me a note that said,  
Peggy cried.