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## A Little Liaison

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# A Little Liaison

by H. Bruce McEver

A failing moon rises between the twin spires  
of a ghostly Cologne cathedral  
that loom over the old Roman city on the Rhine  
like great spaceships that never got home.

I meet the wife of an old friend  
at a nearby cafe.  
She is with a date  
who's brought her flowers  
and an obsequious grin.

She tells me her husband's  
enterprise struggles in the east.  
He spends too much time there.  
She tennises at ten,  
there's a new apartment in Nice,  
a new Mercedes, and yes . . . her new friend.

I remember their wedding day in Paris  
and the incredibly handsome pair;  
also, their first child pinned in a blue blanket  
to contain him while daddy  
ran a smelter in Tennessee.

I excuse myself early  
and walk a damp stone-inlaid street  
of antique dealers  
who sell without sin the freshly unearthed  
shards of their Roman past.

Like little European affairs  
and those twin gothic spires  
that took six hundred years to build,  
we blacken  
with our burning of coal.

