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A Little Pain, a Little Forgetting

Jane McClellan

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A Little Pain, a Little Forgetting

Where did love go? Did it slip through
the hole in your pocket I forgot to mend?
Or did you leave it at the office
one night when you worked late?

I thought I pasted your love in the album
with photographs of our children and pets,
but when I looked, your face looked back
at me blankly, as if I had no name of my own.

I've tried to remember when I last
saw love—perhaps that weekend at the beach
when you kept tipping the piano player—but no,
you'd drunk too much to be able to love.

I can't place a time. Perhaps like cotton candy
your love collapsed, little by little,
to the final stickiness I sometimes wear
when the sweetness has passed.

by Jane McClellan