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Aubade in Stockholm

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AUBADE IN STOCKHOLM

Sascha Feinstein

Say we begin with scalloped yellow
flowers, flowers I don't quite recognize
beneath this shedding fern. Hanging
or rising, untouched, they appear
to be witnesses of morning routines
inside this apartment where my cousin sleeps
and through the window, where
a man in a felt hat does not wave to
a woman on the third floor. He's scurrying
to the bus stop, but awkward glances
give him away: he wants her to watch him.
He's spent the night in a room he knows well
and shouldn't, don't you agree? He'll return
in a week, or a month, and she'll continue
to water her white and scarlet geraniums,
flowers I can see, just as she can see mine.
Every day, she'll be cloaked by assumptions—
even this one—like all the morning sun
which never quite reaches that alley's wall.