

Tuesdays with Valerie

It was one of those
green and wet
days in autumn
leaves
on the pavement
in a variety
of distinct colors
as though
made to be pasted there
the wet being
a part of the cold
and so on....

The rain
continued
in a sodden way
for Miles Davis
or Monk
he loved to listen to
on such a morning

Would anyone miss him
if he was just
suddenly gone
in that cold mist ?

He remembered it
quite vividly
because
it was a Tuesday
and Tuesdays
were when
he went to see
Valerie
at the fountain
in Washington Square
to discuss
the Vermeer paintings

she had seen
the day before
Valerie chewed gum
he thought obscene
when talking of
the great Flemish artist
himself in great waves
of gushing authority
snapping and chomping
away
and he wanted
only
to study more closely

Leaves Glued on Pavement

did they know
what they were looking at
when they saw
the world in rain

and then quickly
left the room
to look closely
at the scribbled name
in the lower corner
of the frame

later
when he was
alone again
and sauntering up
Fifth Avenue
and thinking that perhaps
that was the last
of the Tuesdays
with Valerie
would he desire
to discuss
just one more point

about the clay wall
 behind the maid
that was pouring
 the milk
 into the bowl
They all miss that
 you know
 he thought
loudly to himself
and how carefully
it was reworked
to make sure
to make absolutely sure
you could hear
the milk splashing
into the earthen bowl
deliciously
fresh and cold with perhaps
some sprigs of mint
But it was the wall
 you know
 they always miss