

Yeats and Elkhounds

You went to MIT and rowed crew,
On weekends gallivanted with friends,
Only coming home to roughhouse with your
elkhounds.

You put on a brave face,
But at night you read Keats,
Coleridge,
And Yeats,
To take your mind off the pains of chemo.

I married you and slowly watched you
Slip
Away.

A widow at 26.

The volumes still sit on my shelf.
I don't read them.
I've never owned an elkhound.

They were yours.

But you were mine.

Kitty Rodney