

Nina R. Alonso

Bathtub Dream

We're watching workmen carry one of those
new plastic bathtubs down the hill
trails of water dripping from the bottom
and know that's not what we'd buy

a tub of water's too heavy except
for dreams to haul when you're with me

though gone so long no way
to expect you to walk in the door
dreams deliver mysteries so
must be dreaming when

you say 'old tubs are better'
cast iron lined with thick porcelain
solid and tough though on the homely side

and I agree that's the kind we'll put
in the upstairs bathroom not that plastic
on sale thing which can't pretend to last
more than a cosmetic minute

torn awake sad losing your company

I survey my ragged edges
fingers count years like
lost diamond pages leaving me
this fistful of rhinestones

not that I wanted to let you go to
that place shivering beyond light's borders
where wandering stars drift
and dissolve dark invisibles

nothing I'd choose because
I need your gentle touch need
what I can't have any more.

Nina R. Alonso's work has appeared in *U. Mass. Review*, *The New Yorker*, *Sumac*,
Ploughshares, *The New Boston Review*, *MomEgg*, *Broadkill Review*, *The Southern*
Women's Review, *Peacock Literary Review*, *Constant Remembrance*, etc. David Godine

Press published her book *This Body*. She directs Fresh Pond Ballet School, edits *Constellations*, A Journal of Poetry and Fiction, meditates and has traveled to India many times. Contact: ninaralonso@gmail.com