

Richard Lyons

The Story of a Lie You Told Him

This is the end of the friend's blistering night,
again his wife has taken the sportscar to the sea.

This is the story of not letting him stay over though he is afraid to be
alone,
this is the story of telling him a lie he doesn't believe,
that crackles back in your ear so that you're not sure if it is you or he

who is wandering the Lithuanian honeymoon cabins
near the large body of water that has something to do
with the floors of the cabins seeming to sink

right into the grounds they stand upon, kneel in (more accurate?)
grovel in, there,
then, you've said it. Even in the dark the spiderwort is a sapphire
blue.

You will gather these for the brides who sigh in the night air moist
with dreams.
In plain gowns, they walk all around the place where you are
standing,

the loneliness of place where a crabapple tree burnishes its fruit to
ash
with the dismal accompaniment of the moon.

The moon is female. Name anyone with self-respect who will dare to
say different

The moon is patient across the damp night sky.
You can tell her anything, that, the last time, the friend's face

