

Blue Dress
David Spicer

Driving from a Blake seminar,
wearing a blue dress
with white hearts, you glanced
at me in the passenger seat

and said, *I want to make love
to you.* I answered,
I'm with someone.
You smiled. *Well, I'm married*

to a cheating cad.
Catherine-Deneuve stunning
with platinum hair and eyes
blue as a Billie Holliday song,

five years older than I,
you said a week later,
*Let's cut class today
and head to your house.*

In my duplex
you handed me a pint
of Irish whiskey,
smiled at me:

*I'd really like it if you
made me a drink.*
When I returned—
your pink Elvis T-shirt

draped over the chair—
you led me
to the mattress,
where we slipped

off the other's clothes.
We met a few times
on that bed where you said,
I could love you all day.

I wish we could be closer.
I do, too, I said.
Before you,
I'd loved married women,

didn't care about the danger,
but this time I said
goodbye before you did,
calling you: I couldn't love

two women and tell the lies
that need telling. I avoided
you, but on the last day
of class, you hurried

to me in my car:
Love Poet, someday
you'll ask me out
for a cup of coffee.

I'm not sure why I didn't.
Then, one night a few years
ago, downtown with my wife,
I saw you in the blue dress

you wore that first day,
looking straight ahead,
holding your cad's hands.
Our eyes didn't meet,

but I wonder
what difference
going out for coffee
might have made.

David Spicer has published poems in *The American Poetry Review*, *CircleStreet*, *Gargoyle*, *Moria*, *Oyster River Pages*, *Ploughshares*, *Remington Review*, *Santa Clara Review*, *The Sheepshead Review*, *Steam Ticket*, *Synaeresis*, *Third Wednesday*, *Yellow Mama*, and elsewhere. Nominated for a Best of the Net three times and a Pushcart twice, he is author of six chapbooks and four full-length collections, the latest two being *American Maniac* (Hekate Publishing) and *Confessional* (Cyberwit.net). His fifth, *Mad Sestina King*, is forthcoming from FutureCycle Press.