

## BARROW STREET

### The Other Woman

I say, no perfume  
no open windows  
no cooking, no waiting  
I say, on any  
layover, go to the  
airport bathroom, leave  
the bracelet he gave you.  
Get a house in the suburbs  
have a whiskey or  
a gin and tonic,  
find a scapegoat for your sins.  
I say, the texture of your hair  
is rough, the fabric  
of your clothes tacky,  
the fog in your eyes a dangerous bridge.  
I say, stop coming for him—  
I forbid him to come to you.  
In you is a basement without lights  
a place with an accent he recognizes  
maybe loves. *No*, the other woman  
finally responds, *he only loves his absence  
and whatever is left of him is mine—  
I'll kill myself*, she continues.  
And I wonder if he asks her to say that.