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She

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She

She lay next to me.
We could see the lights
of the city through the glass:
Sacramento. Longing to
touch her, I touched her.

Then the door to the room
began to open. Excuse me,
we cried, but the person, a man,
entered anyway,
and there was a woman behind him.

When he realized what had been going on, he
started backing out of the room. She didn't.
Please leave, I said, please just leave.

Why did she remain there?

I'm here, she said, because
of the things you've taken from me.

She was referring to some things
that had been left in the auditorium.

But nobody knew who those things
belonged to, I said,
so I took them home with me.
It seemed perfectly acceptable
at the time, and whoever reads this
will know that what I am saying is right.

Nevertheless,
she stood there, and she
said she would stay until
two hours had passed,

then she sat down
in front of the television,
and began watching.
I focused on the brick
and grid of mortar on the wall
behind her, and imagined the room
without a television.