

Closing Time
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Poetry

Isn't it funny how each time we meet
In that dead of someone's night
after long lingering hours
nibbling on tapas, sipping our wine.

The owner makes his rounds to say
closing is in ten minutes.
It does not matter if it is a bar or coffee shop —
all the same.

It's closing time, like Leonard Cohen sang
at theaters years ago where we met
as you stood last one in line at our neighborhood wine
bar,
and I wandered by wondering what it might take

to seduce you into my life,
when that wine line was ending
and our affair was beginning —
always waiting in line
for something better than we have now.