

Diana Raab.

In Last Night's Dream

I was in a rowboat with a guy
who tore my hymen 55 years ago
and who I hadn't seen for decades.

We had a coffee to quickly catch up
about spouses, kids and music
which was his obsession since adolescence,

when we dated and about the time
he followed me to Europe
and told me one day we'd marry,
but first I had to learn physics.

Between kisses, he tutored me
In my childhood room—on my paisley bedspread,
as we spoke of Einstein's theories

under that wall to wall cork where I posted
all my memories like when we had
a bad LSD trip together,

but we were never in a boat
all those years
of my mad crush on him.

After years apart, and the day before my wedding,
I asked him for a quick fling,
but he turned me down



because he was dating someone else.
He was loyal like that—
half Indian half Jewish.

Sadly, he's died yesterday,
Found dead holding a glass of wine
in his uptown apartment,

and that was the day
my youth capsized,
as I rowed his spirit to land.

