

# *The Thirteenth Colony*

JÉANPAUL FERRO

The morning had been like a mirage:  
a green twilight along Kennedy Plaza after the show,  
her and I watching the ocean down the boulevard from our cab,  
her sparkling hands sitting upon her lap—the sparkling diamond,  
the saddened and quick words of the wedding,

there was the Italian dinner afterward, where many things  
were said, words that no one would ever admit, even for the book,  
after that day;

—the note on the napkin that said: “Are you sure?”  
the other note she pushed back over to me that said:  
“Of course not.”