

GEORGE'S BAR, IOWA CITY, 2001

-Nicole Zdeb



Glasses crowded my elbows,
the bartender busy
biting nail after nail, glued
to *The Spanish Soldier* on TV.

*I'm talking about fine things here,
Sam was on a roll. Our knees mingled.
I drank and waited.
Later, I would hold his old and scarred body.*

*Are you a left or a right?
In life, you have both hands
and you know the biggest mistake?*

How deeply you enter the material.

*When I was in Germany during the war,
I had a relationship with a woman named Anna.
It was a resolved relationship. Anna.*

What are you doing, documenting my life?

*I cried when I looked at a Botticelli,
but I don't tell that to just anyone.*

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