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All of the glasses I have washed for my  
friends  
for the RosaRots

The water glasses out of which  
we drank cold beer when we met. I drank  
too fast, I got a buzz and the boundaries  
between us disappeared.

The coffee cups: a whole  
thrift shop's worth of novelty mugs,  
bottoms black with dregs.  
(French-press.)

The wine glasses from dinner parties:  
spaghetti, red wine, like  
the time on Susanne's terrace.  
There was only candlelight,  
it lit the glasses up like red orbs  
and all of our faces were glowing.

The little lovely espresso cups  
from breakfast at home:  
we always drank too much coffee,  
and someone always brought a Zopf.

The water glasses out of which  
we drank Pernod with ice  
and a splash of water in the garden,  
it was Léa's birthday,  
it was summer, she'd hung up  
garden lights and pinafores,  
it was one of the moments that  
was so lovely I thought I could  
die when it was over.  
But of course I didn't,  
life kept going, and I unchanged  
and changed.

The water glasses  
out of which we actually drank water,  
the summer that it was so hot  
and still and we sat around  
sweating on drafts.

The schnapps glasses out of which  
we drank the really good port  
Dolores brought back from Italy.  
It was late, maybe one or two.  
There were four of us in the kitchen.  
The dishes were in the sink.  
(Dolores had made a roulade  
with cabbage and feta.)  
When she put the bottle  
on the table  
I was already ready  
to tell them  
everything.