

## Retrograde

*Valli Iva Rebsamen*

My favorite bottle of wine  
has a lousy cork, and  
this I feel, you have always  
resented.

Neither have you ever fully  
appreciated the humor in tiny bits of  
floating cork, nor  
made appropriate sounds of admiration  
when I wore my vintage velvet bathrobe.

Magenta velvet with  
a diamond shaped quilted stitch.

Leaning in a doorjamb,  
robe tied at the hip, wearing the pale ripple  
of an exposed pale collar bone—  
I am a pouting  
Monroe. But after our wine, I can  
slam a door harder than any Hepburn.

Later, after the cork has rolled off  
our tongues and  
the blue satin lining of my robe  
lies limp over the chair,

I am part  
silence.