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## One Chance Barry Silesky

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**Barry Silesky**

ONE CHANCE

We know they don't come back, despite what they say. Sorry to see you go, so young and frightened-or is that only imagination? I *am* interested in all that you say, drawn to the scent, the skin, pores standing open. But the room is huge and there's so much more. Light pools over the table, dissolves, and a new crowd rushes in the minute my head turns away. I'm staring out the window while the basement door's pried open, the lock falls and the merchandise is stolen. I was right there and I never heard a thing; believe me, that's exactly what happened. The outside looks so pretty, though it's cold and cluttered with scraps of foliage, books and papers and color, then all these people milling between us-too much to see clearly. Best to stay right there. Soon it'll be time to close, and they'll take away all these tables. Nothing's nailed down. There goes my favorite chair.