

COLD MOUNTAIN  
review



Spring 2000



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# Neighbors

Looking at them,  
masked by dusk,  
they are more elegant ghost  
than next door neighbor and  
I watch while she cooks his dinner,  
stirring soup and chatting on her cordless phone.  
I've been watching them for months now,  
having started by mistake,  
folding laundry near the window,  
peeking out I spotted them and looked away.  
More bold, the next night,  
I watched her chopping vegetables.  
She cooks for him and wipes his mouth as she feeds him,  
catching the soup before it reaches his plaid shirt.  
I've watched her kiss his cheek and wheel him to his bed.  
He behind his mask of silence,  
transfigured mannequinlike,  
halved into what moves and what does not,  
shows his love for her in, what?  
I stare out my window  
searching his face  
for what I never knew  
while she confers with angels  
and sees a tall man in a plaid shirt planting trees.

*Mati Sicherer*