

Nagoya

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My love wrote a poem: the slice
of a woman's chin slips

below an umbrella—
how he aches for its lowering.

A glimpse of her fair skin
to his rainy afternoon?

White-naped crane
to the birdwatcher: no small thing.

I never strolled those curled-wing castles
or warmed on my tongue melon bread

she had tucked inside her purse
from that morning's *panya*.

I wasn't on that sidewalk—

But on this one, I still whisper
Am I the umbrella?

because we are in love
and maybe he'll answer:

It's your crescent of chin,
your rain-run parasol.

When he says *No*—
That's not the part of me you own—

I trace my jaw, white as rice powder,
eclipsed by nothing.