

# Abandoned boat at sunrise

by [Nola Garrett](#) in the [July 10, 2007](#) issue

Up north, my wife, Felice, slipped  
away with emphysema, and my work  
cruised on without me—accounts balanced,  
mortgages afloat.

My sleep done  
down here in Florida, I stand  
looking out a darkened window  
no one's looking in.

The morning paper  
never comes too soon with its rites  
of scandal and opinion. I finger  
my few stocks' shifting fractions, consult  
the weather map's puzzle,

while the percolator gurgles and sighs.  
I wait for the light,

wait for that moment  
when Felice appears, pouring my cream,  
easing my bitterness by asking, "Where  
will you go today, and who will you carry?"