

# The Green Eyed Lady in the Glass Café

*by* Iain James Robb

Is this sought sea dream of the Arctic fox? The green below the  
circles

of the white, above her eyes? On Formica  
tables where the woman smocks beneath  
glass borders of their vacant smiles, they pass  
by windows formulating styles,  
that last year's ermine seasons elongate  
in memory still into instants: they teach not  
each others' known and bland apologies  
to her at least, below the shadow  
of a fractured lover's new repair.

It is not the way of things, apologies  
are miles contracting and expending  
not for her, who sought no marriage gladly.  
Still the glass eyed lady by the Formica  
drinks milkshakes and remembers when the glass was fit,  
to view her, now it has become too late...

but apathy is not another's mirror,  
if her sea-vair eyes not yet the face of hate.

