

Poetry Porch: Poetry

A fleeting shadow

By Marge Piercy

If I happen to think of my first
husband, it is with mild guilt
like spoiled milk, mild regret
perfume too faint to smell.

It was my fault: I married
a fantasy, not you. I married
my idea of French culture
not you. I married from guilt

of a Jew who didn't have to
survive the Holocaust as you
did. I married blindly to a blind
man who never guessed who

I really was. It's sad and long
gone into dust I wiped up.