**The Last Romantic**

Christina H. Felix

I am in love with the idea of a man.

He isn’t you.

He is not the young man at the farmer’s market.

He hits on everyone buying beets.

Not the suit in the elevator in DC

hoping to get lucky-laid without his wife,

not that first online dating guy proud

of his company’s drone-dropping mission,

or the sad man who so loved his ferret,

not any of my exes or the sea

of husbands who surround me.

Definitely not online dating guy number

eighteen who didn’t believe in condoms.

Not even—

the one clever enough to know

to send me a Wendell Berry quote:

dew-wet-red-berries!

The truth is

the man I am in love with is always leaving me,

India, Alaska, Pacific Crest Trail.

He is a sailor and a thru-hiker.

He knows where the forest begins,

his foot taps at the edge of the meadow.

He says, it is me eyeing the door.

I believe this one again.

I admit I did conjure love once

I wished upon a would-be star,

even though I knew

it was a plane’s blinking light

shepherding its passengers

out of this darkness.