**Last Life**

*An Homage to Vallejo*

Kathryn de Lancellotti

I must be close to my last life by now.
The storm has cleared

and the sun’s warming my face
through the window—

primal and satisfying like a cup
of steamy broth.

*Can a place become a part of you?*

Not in the metaphorical way

but in the way clouds

come together and break apart

take position inside of me,

become an allegory.

And from this window,

I can see what has brought us here—

how sky and earth make love,

and where they touch

we’re born into these landscapes,

into these stories.

But there are stories within stories.

And when I look up,

there are questions within questions.

*What is God*

but the salt I carry on my feet?

Or the I who softly speaks?

When my work here’s done
I’ll drift with deciduous leaves—

like Vallejo in Paris with a rainstorm.

It will be in Autumn, on a Thursday.