

The Messenger

Volume 2008
Issue 1 *The Messenger*, 2008

Article 45

2008

Mid-Life

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Recommended Citation

Hurtado, Meg (2008) "Mid-Life," *The Messenger*: Vol. 2008: Iss. 1, Article 45.
Available at: <http://scholarship.richmond.edu/messenger/vol2008/iss1/45>

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MID-LIFE

Meg Hurtado

Come with me, to Arcadia –
 (never to come down,
never to sink.)

Come with me to Arcadia,
with the eyes of snakes and women in red shoes.
don't worry: no one will be able to hear what we say.

come with me! to Arcadia.
 the thudding of cast-off picnic baskets tell me
 we're never going back.
do you take note of the wagon-trains, covered in saffron-silk?

come with me to Arcadia because
 my Muse left me six months ago
 and she took the keys to the refrigerator.

Come with me to Arcadia:
("Why lie? I need a beer.")