

AT JOSH GLASSBERG'S BAR MITZVAH

Doing my divorced father
from out of town thing
I was seated between a matronly woman
and a stockbroker whom it turned out my ex-wife was dating.
I talked mostly
to the stockbroker,
forging a brotherly bond.
As dessert time ran down
I did too, out of small talk,
with no one, not even the broker,
monopolized on his other side
by a fellow sailing enthusiast,
to turn my chair toward.
The kids were still
in the throes of gaming,
dancing, heckling a clown,
so I sat out the last hour
on the low wall of a lobby fountain
until my son emerged,
tie askew and laden with goodies.
A year later, his mother would tell me,
the stockbroker
dived from his yacht
into Skaneateles Lake
with weights in his pockets. He had seemed
so much my better that day,
among friends,
involved with my wife,
I'd never have dreamed
it would come to that.