

## Coup de Grâce

*Trianon, August 1811*

*Josephine,  
I send to know how you are, for Hortense tells me you were in bed yesterday.  
I was annoyed with you about your debts. Nevertheless, never doubt  
my affection for you, and don't worry any more  
about the present embarrassment.  
— Napoleon*

Sometimes I follow you slowly in my car  
because I know you no longer love me.  
You said it was for want of a window that Zhivago  
deserted the campaign, Lara was all pretense.

Either way he abandons Tonya. And that's  
the real problem—now I have to be a fool  
for this story to work. Everything that came before  
becomes a lie. Not because it wasn't true.

Isn't that what you meant? Say no,  
I'll shave my head and demand more  
unreasonables. I know what I look like  
though even the dogs have forgotten my scent.

My heart has two pains now: a loss and a slant.  
The wolves are so thick and so  
close. Mind your fingers,  
you might lose one in the snap.