

JOSHUA LEVY

MOUNT ROYAL LOOKOUT

I remember walking your dog,
the three of us in sweaters.

We reached the lookout.
It was our first time there together.

A couple handed me a camera and posed.
I remember feeling your eyes on me.

We leaned against the mountain's edge
and traced the topography of our lives.

Beneath the mountain,
Montreal was spread out like a map.

I gestured towards my old high school and the office building
where I spend too many hours.

You told me to follow a bridge, turn right at the shore
to a patch of buildings clustered like wild mushrooms.

You said, "That's where my dad lives." Your other hand,
which had been holding mine, shot out like a bullet.

"And that's where my boyfriend lives."
But neither of us believed you anymore.