

In the sun stream

Olive Andrews

My old favourite bookstore's been taken over by influencers
posing beside dried flowers
and my trash shirt's been complimented three times today
once by a man looking to fuck.
Maybe I'd be looking too if I wasn't thinking of that night ten months ago
we came here and from here all the way through Centretown
to the apartment that isn't mine anymore
when you stayed the night and nothing happened.
The night I realized love was tangible
and maybe still is—
but today I passed through our park
and it had flooded
Sun Café is closed
and I can't get Nina Simone out of my head
"You've Got To Learn" like a list of affirmations.
Feeling very much like a fish who's been caught and then released
swimming down Bank street with a bleeding wound
through the current of football fans flooding
waving batons like a parade.
Still no matter what the sunlight streams in
bouncing off of glossy wound countertops
and later on the transitway between Dominion and Lincoln Fields
watching the green-roofed building across the river.
This thing that's only mine
and that lyric on repeat

*"You've got to learn to leave the table
When love's no longer being served"*



Nina Simone

"You've Got to Learn"

I Put a Spell on You

06/1965

Philips