

Duet in the Third Person

after David Lehman

He held an advanced degree in ambition.

She held a second-hand handbag she had purchased at a Paris *pousse*.

He held tightly to his principles until they got in the way.

She held up a family-owned hardware store in a dream she couldn't forget.

He holed up in a friend's cabin to finish his novel.

She held up traffic with a smile.

He held out hope that she would notice him.

She barged into his sentence. He barged into her dream.

She held up a hand to hail a cab, then the hail began its interrogation.

They held out—against their lawyer's advice—for a no-cut contract.

Held up by red tape and technical difficulties, their marriage license arrived after
the divorce papers had been filed.

Holding hands with each other's ghost, they vowed to lose weight.

Lost in the great desert of late middle age, they attempted to hold on to a
mirage.

"Hold on," he hollered.

She held what was left of her breath.