

A Straw Grasp

by David James

My wife, Sheila, inadvertently clicked my e-mail address, too, when she sent her reply back to him and I read her poet friend's message that her love opened the window of his heart and she replied that his words were knocks that opened the door to her being, then I stood up, went over, closed my office door, went back to my desk, called and told her I read the email and there was only the sound of the click as she cut short the call...but at least she didn't lie.

