

In the Garden

by Gary Percesepe

It will always be this way,
won't it, she said.
Me insecure, you unfaithful

until we die. Or
the Cubs win the
World Series, I said.

But the Cubs did
win the World Series,
she said.

Then let's reverse roles,
I suggested.
I will be insecure.

I could never be
unfaithful, she said,
her bottom lip trembling.

I could be insecure
about that, I offered,
fixing my tie.

There are wounds,
she said, and dreams
of wounds.

Both hurt, I agreed.
The sky opened for
a quarter hour

soaking us both
in the garden. I'm
scared you'll stay, she said.

