

Fire Alarm

by Jennifer Donnell

It wasn't working,
so I woke you at midnight.

You weren't convinced that
not wanting us to die in a fire
was enough of a reason,
when you get up at 5 a.m.

It's a new schedule and we both hate it,
no more late nights, movies, or sex
but you're taller than me.

You can reach the ceiling without
dragging that hundred dollar heavy wooden chair down the hallway,
which (trust me) would have woken you anyway.

You thrashed about in the sheets, jumped up, and fixed it.
Sometimes, I wonder if your genetics are half angry bear.
When you climbed back in bed, I kissed your tired face-
eyes, cheek, forehead. You calmed.

You snore and the house is safe again.

