

# 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.

