

For the Wives

by Laura McCollough Moss

She parks the car and trudges inside
for her daily visit
hoping that the new rouge hides
the old tears.
Five years now she has been coming
to see him
He looks nothing like the pictures to
anyone but her.
They say she should go home
and rest, relax
She doesn't know how without him there.
She's had to learn to fix things
she mows grass
and does his laundry at home
She likes it when he smells nice
like he used to.
They don't care like she does
They feed and water him
turn him over
clean up his messes
while they talk about their weekend.
They think she doesn't see them
roll their eyes
when she asks for news of him.
He's fine they say.
If he was fine would he be here?
She cares.
So when they're short with her she cries.
That upsets him
and makes her feel guilty added to sad.
How to make them understand
that he is more than what they see?

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He's a father and a fisherman
a foreman and fun at parties
He likes to feel that he's earned
his rest and food
But now they come too easily
and time crawls.
He hurts and misses his dog.
His life in the moving kodak frame
so far away.
The only thing that makes it bearable
is her faithfulness.
He loves her.

