

# it

by M. F. Sullivan

where will we be  
when it happens?

when will it happen?

how will the house be?

i try to imagine  
and fill with stinging dread.

you know, i love you.  
while we are together  
it makes me forget  
how alone i will be  
when it happens.

what will be in our fridge  
when it happens?

i will not be able to eat  
that food.  
i am sorry.

it will be cursed by that,  
that happening.

and i will throw it away  
and not eat for three days  
and will make  
my fine black lace shell  
into the veil  
of anti-widowhood.

you are already  
my husband  
after these  
five years  
and i would take  
twenty more

but if you can't give me that  
i understand.

i hope i will call you  
my true husband  
even if  
your grave  
is like to be  
my wedding-bed.

how will i get up  
the next day  
once it has happened?

i'm not sure that i will.

i will lie there  
in the heart of this  
hermetic palace  
this vessel of

five years

and i will pray  
and i will weep  
and i will curse God  
and this world

and myself.

once it has happened,  
will you return to me?  
in signs? in dreams?  
in children or new men?  
talk to me.

(that's what you say  
when we fight  
and i am trying to avoid  
more conflict,  
because i love you--  
but we have hardly fought  
all year.  
and why?  
did our souls know?  
maybe the better question is  
why did we  
ever?)

i love you,  
turtledove of my heart.  
you brought the holy spirit  
into me  
though you are not  
yourself  
a believer.

but you are saved  
all the same,  
you  
gentle  
man.

you have done great things  
and so I can only pray  
that when it happens  
you do not know  
and are happy  
and are not afraid  
like i am right now.

who knows?

perhaps in some way  
it has already happened  
and i am sleeping  
with your ghost.

i am so blessed by you  
and i know  
in some ways  
i have failed you  
or have not been quite  
Good Enough for you,  
but you have always been  
more than good enough for me,  
to me,  
with me.

and i will miss you every day  
when it

