

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

