

All is Ready

by Nonnie Augustine

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I have bathed in patchouli oil and my hair gleams, lustrous with brushing. I am wearing my gold ankle bracelets with the ruby charms that my love gave me when we had been married one year. My robe is fuschia silk and under it I wear black satin that leaves bare almost all of my olive skin. Anise and cinnamon tea is waiting for him and I have purchased date and nut sweets. Our home is cool as the breeze from the Bosphorus flies through our rooms with the movement of the fans. Aimee's husky voice plays throughout the apartment, drifting lazily through discreet speakers. My public garments hang out of sight. I do not need their black modesty here. Gold brilliants hang from the veil I wear tonight. He will remove it when I finish my dance for him. Or maybe he will not wait for my dance to finish. My husband will return soon from the dangerous West, and I am ready for him. We will recline on tasseled pillows and I will tell him of the baby that is growing in my womb; we two will become three. I am happy to be so beautiful. So beautiful for him.

