

# LET ME TELL YOU SOMETHING

*by* Nonnie Augustine

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If you think by your death you have left me alone,  
to pine, to regret, to watch cable tv, you're wrong.

At bedtime I wear a new black lace gown,  
and *arrange* myself to advantage  
on sheets finer than any we shared.  
I've left the back door open.  
I believe I *thrum*. I hear  
his step and then we begin.

*He* attends to that place  
below my ears, knows how  
to rub and nip. There is time for my breasts,  
time for him to stoke me, each inch  
until my supple back arches, reaches, pleads,  
demands his weight. We twist, turn, lift,  
sate, shout, pound pillows, laugh.

Then something, a noise?  
I wake, on my side of our quiet bed,  
my short white hair mussed, our gray cat  
stretched along my pale, restless thigh.

