

This Is How You Make The Bed

by Philip F. Clark

It has been a long day; you
put away the arguments and the mail.
He will be cold and wet with rain.
The dues have been paid; there is something to eat.
If he is hungry.
You turn off all the lights but one.
He may read a while.
You close the curtains, leaving
a sliver of window open.
He will want some air.
There is water for drinking, or wine.
The last thing you said
you forget.
You hear him shuffle his keys.
 He disrobes; shoes, socks,
shirt, belt, pants. He smells of hard work.
You hear the nude whisper of everything else.
You lie still; he edges toward possible touch.
He stops at the sound of your breathing.
You listen to nothing but air.
His back to you, like a folly, you spoon.

