

My Husband Is a Dermatologist

I am afraid a creature will rise from the bottom
 Of the pond of our country house to devour me.
I find the grassy shore repulsive, and the clotted earth
 Unbearable. I find it necessary to rinse the turkey curry
Container out before returning it to the plastic bag,
 Out not in the pond water, but in the children's water
Fountain, rinsing the burnished surface of the children's
 Water fountain until it is clean, returning the turkey curry
Container to the watery plastic bag, then to the dishwasher,
 My clothes to the washing machine, I to the shower, sneakers
To the washing machine, cloth of the laundry hamper
 To the washing machine, a sprinkle of Comet
Down the kitchen sink, the residue carried—
 And it is carried—somewhere I am not responsible.
I was never, ever his patient. I have had the skin
 Of a baby—pacific, luminous—since the day I was born.
Jacketed, he is intent on their celestial backs. If he could,
 He would scour the sky itself, and empty it clean of stars.