

My Husband Was a Spokesman for the President

Who are you to be always speaking? is not what I want
 To ask mine, but to ask the other, the President.
Each time I look up, he is squared on the monitor,
 Hemming and hawing. Now this one wanders
The house, nothing escaping his conference.
 Partly thawed artichokes are given the thumbs-up.
Windex versus vinegar on the French doors
 Is weighed. Somber, hesitant steps are taken
In the case of the three-cheese macaroni.
 Before, he lived in a room of black phones.
He carried a briefcase of press releases.
 His only backdrop was the wine velvet curtain.
Now, it is as if he has been thrust underwater,
 And cannot undo even his tie. Even asleep
He is full fathom five, grating against coral
 Sheeting. He foams in a swell of *beurre blanc*,
The yawn of the sea flooring him deeper
 And deeper, like a fish, his mouth closing and opening.