

Tom Wayman

EXCAVATION

She came and subsided
and my middle finger resumed
lightly coasting above
her vulva, then as her breathing altered
the tip descended
deeper into the slippery passage again
The finger's shaft
pressed gently on and around the nub
that had risen on the upper slope

Yet as my finger pushed
further within
the pad touched
something angular, unfamiliar,
wooden
I hooked it
and eased it out to the light
It was a miniature chair
Not like dollhouse furniture
but a perfect replica of a
real kitchen chair
I placed the object to dry
on the bedside table

Absorbed in her pleasure, she seemed unaffected by
this interruption
The whole incident was as though
one of us shifted position
to free a limb from under somebody's weight
I quickly returned to my caresses
but my trolling finger
snagged

on what felt
cylindrical, or ropy
When I lifted the obstacle clear
it was a tiny, obviously-used vacuum cleaner
—like the chair
an accurate reproduction
only shrunken in scale

With some trepidation
my hand entered her once more
and drew out
a set of dinner plates
The nightstand's surface
rapidly became crowded with
drying household goods
—floorlamp, rug, bookcase
spice rack, electric lawn mower

This archaeological exploration
by now had altered
the pace of our lovemaking
My growing wonder
at what next would be revealed
had supplanted passion
She must have sensed
this shift, because suddenly her hand
intercepted mine above her thighs
Her eyes opened
and she sat up

She smiled at me
wrenched a pillow behind her
and leaned back, sighing
That was great
But am I thirsty
She bent to take a sip of water
from a glass on the night table

and noticed the jumble of miniature objects
piled as in a moving van
She turned toward me, astonished
What are these? she asked
Why didn't I see them before?
Are they yours?