

THE ADULTERESS

She already has another lover.
Or am I wrong? Is it too much to ask
For her to be alone all day without
Weeping her deep nostalgia for the past?

The food we eat piles up behind us
Weighing tons; a children's song next door
Turns to an immense wingspan of sound;
And between one thing and another

The sun is back along its track—yes, it is
A most literate time between us . . .
Her hobby now is keeping up her figure
With a whole warehouse full of clothes.

She leans against the wall defending it
With her gift for vehemence: "Fools like you
Take everything seriously, remaining depressed
By always having just enough in every closet!"

Bitterly I pull away from her then in our room,
Her imposition of the cluttered, common space:
A world without distinct emotion—catalog
Of remonstrance, repugnance, refusals,

Reflecting mindless, self-sufficient,
The life we led—the two of us
Loving the same cheap blood we shared
With a kind of gregarious self-pity.

She would pull it down upon us with the shade
As the brittle glass behind it showed off
Its deadly shapes: images of old loves,
Her body carved up ten or fifteen ways—

As she murdered our future together . . .
Father, brother, confessor, lover: I was
All the relations—a congregation
Of the jealous blood which sustained her.

And now I can see she is emptying out
Rapidly. She'll probably go back to him
Within a week, needing someone else
To take my place, walking the streets,

Killing time, trying to sleep—a rushed
Concentration of the continual past:
As I see her face now dreaming at last
With no comfort in the aftermath.