

JEAN ESTEVE

*The Night I Sang*

What were you up to  
the night I sang  
with my pay in your pocket  
and her on your pillow  
giggling  
among spermatozoa  
and chocolate cookie crumbs?  
What a mess of sheets  
I had to launder  
the weekend after  
the night I sang  
each verse of a song  
whose tune I carried  
all that night long.