

December

We're all an uncle
down now
and hasn't the garden
gone mad—convolvulus
up to the top of the plum,
weeds rampant through
the rose.

You've spent too much time
in the hospital
with its lines and lures,
elbows grazed on the sheets,
someone always calling out
for *air* or *Ian*

long to be home
in the everyday wreckage
of the kitchen, to wake
next to your husband,
dusty with sleep,
light shining
through his ears.