

HAPPY ANNIVERSARY, 1954

Macy's dress on, the water runs hot
Steam hugs the winter glass
With muted sunlight kissing milky pearls
Ringless fingers methodically caress soiled china
Completing the regurgitated duties of yesterday
The faucet drips in ritardando and the sound of water descending on marble
Eternally reverberates through the ghostly hallways of an empty house
Today marks 21 years of marriage
Wealthy man
Pretty things
Misguided envy
Dreams of what those capable hands could attain
Once filled her heart like the winter river at the turning of seasons
Now, dreams seep out slowly, daily
A wound never healed or bandaged
Left to fester and burn in the soapy dishwater
The cherry red veil of a door opens
Brisk winter air sneaks through as the "Man" enters
The "Man" with his conquests and paychecks
The "Man" with his ever present alibi of provision
The "Man"
Oh, if I were a "Man"
If I were free to die as I pleased
I would live
I would shout and run and breathe in my good fortune
I would live
Roses with city water petals
And drugstore price tags are requisitely pressed into the daisy print apron
"Thank you honey. Happy Anniversary. Pot roast for supper tonight."