

MY WOMAN, AFTER DINNER

by Oscar Treadwell

She moves with ease
and quiet attention to her chores.

The words I read have blurred
to palaver and newspeak.

I hear the padded floors
ache their familiar code.

I know she knows
she knows I know, I hear her
mumbled swearing at the dishwasher
and her call, "Honey, want some coffee?"

I grunt a nonverbal acceptance
and rustle the paper as if annoyed.

She brings two cups, black for her
creamed for me,
and plops beside me,
her shows are coming on.

We're quiet for the Wheel
and Jeopardy.
I tremble,
I know the wait's an hour.

The winner is ecstatic..
She turns to me at last,
and whispers, "I love you babe."
I smile back and say, "A perfect dessert."