Where She Always Was
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I will not miss his soup sent back, untouched;
his metal tumbler by the sink, flat ice
in warming gin.

Nor will I mourn his knocking cough
imprisoned, nor his sweats. His wife’s pilled afghan
is too dense for him these nights.

By the lake, he showed me
how to leap stones over water, call
a whippoorwill with flutter on our tongues
so she would answer.
Now wind with no voice left tosses bits of nest:
sticks and moss like children’s curls
jerked tight, cropped short.