One Will Be Gone
Making the Bed with My Husband, Both 88

Any day now one of us will be gone
the other fumbling in irrelevance
sinking into puppet tasks
betrayed by memory
that lurks beneath the making
of a bed the shower spray
the phone now someone else
the neighbor’s mower the car
idling in the drive the tasteless
Cheerios in skim milk
the CD of the Choir the mixed up
photos on the fridge the air.
The very air.

—Emma Lou Thayne