

Restless

What comes, then, of the man who crept
into his study late at night
and typed by dull halogen light
while others slept?

His wife would toss and turn in bed,
and lay her arm across his chest.
He loved her but he couldn't rest.
He wrote instead:

Some lines about his childhood,
a girl whose hand he used to grip.
He wished to kiss her bottom lip,
but never would.

What comes, then, of that memory
imprinted now in faintest ink?
If his wife read it would she think
adultery?

The loves that sleep inside the mind
are steeped in restless mystery.
They are not bound by history,
but rather find

a quiet nook to turn and toss
and wake a husband in the dark—
a warm and wanton question mark.
So this is loss.