“Station”

Coming off the dock after writing, 
I approached the house, 
and saw your long grandee face 
in the light of a lamp with a parchment shade 
the color of flame.

An elegant hand on your beard. Your tapered 
eyes found me on the lawn. You looked 
as the lord looks down from a narrow window 
and you are descended from lords. Calmly, with no 
hint of shyness you examined me, 
the wife who runs out on the dock to write 
as soon as one child is in bed, 
leaving the other to you.

Your long 
mouth, flexible as an archer's bow, 
did not curve. We spent a long moment 
in the truth of our situation, the poems 
heavy as poached game hanging from my hands.