

Coming Home

Hidden under your papers
 in the old bureau drawer
 . . . an old love letter
 squeezed into its faded envelope.
 Squares hanging together; it
 was opened/unopened so many
 times and the writing faded like
 memories. A symbol a symptom
 /reminder of an early time.
 And I am jealous of that
 other time but there is
 nothing I can do but wish it
 were and not now. Even if

 you aren't the type to speak
 of the dangerous lip on the seas
 and even if you don't declare
 fellowship with passing rooks
 fanning the febrile night winds
 I might have known/should have

 guessed that behind that calm
 the casual glance and passing touch
 you cherished another more memorable
 face. And sitting here reading
 that letter I can hardly recall

 the occasion that caused me to
 write telling you that all is
 well and the children miss you
 and when will you be coming home?
 Will you be coming home
 . . . coming home.

Rita Rosenfeld