Pillow Thoughts

How wondrous it is to fall asleep thinking of you and to know that, somewhere across the city, you are falling asleep thinking of me. How splendid to wake up in the morning and know you are already up, probably out walking the dog before boiling up your breakfast porridge. How lovely when you tell me you are playing golf on Wednesday afternoon and I can picture you at 1:10 teeing off or at 2:30 on the 7th hole, knees bent, club in a backswing, poised for an eagle. How delicious when you tell me what you will be cooking for dinner and I can tune in to the knife in your hands chopping garlic, onions, red peppers; slicing tofu to toss into the sizzling wok. Even knowing you are raking leaves or trimming hedges or washing your car fills my heart with an unreasonable joy. We are alive on this same planet and somewhere you are doing something, some routine, mundane thing, and I know what it is.

PAT JASPER