

Naked in the Next Room

“The wind’s always fierce
when the window faces”
you called from your heart in the shower,
so deep in your life
that I was effectively kept.
Far away in the next room,
whistling with the winds of torn leaf, the garbage winds,
watching the empty streets
for a development,
the murderer under our stories,
or a fifty-five inch snowfall, anything
to bristle my curled hopes,
to snare your life like a rabbit,
(the renewal in a real surprise)
to help you remember who waits
in the next room,
half his body
having nothing to do —
the million tiny desertions
in your shifting thoughts.

RON CHARACH