

A Secret Life

Even after years of careful searching
she never knows what to find.
That a man can lean into her life discreetly,
like the acacia that screens her window,
never fails to take her by surprise.
Woken early by growing light
she has reclined an hour in a chair
she has long treasured for its comfort.
Her coffee now lukewarm, she inclines
her head more definitely toward the sun
and wonders who will notice
how strangely clear her skin's become.

JOHN BARTON