

One Word Only

for J.P.

Watching him caress
his children she wants
to have his hands touch
her too, make her feel
as young as they. His reading
habits are simple, he cannot
read her eyes. Sometimes
she feels his eyes upon her
drawstring blouse not drawn
quite tight, sees a quiet
rage in them. She threads then
softly around him, reminds herself
of their two different worlds,
with a no man's land of buried
mines and barbed wire between them,
wishing there would be one world
only. But she is afraid.
The barbs may tear her flesh,
the mines explode under her feet.
Afraid his children may come
running to help and they in turn
be torn to shreds. And whose limbs
would he be collecting?

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