

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