

mail to Poet ?

DEATHVIEW

Looking back, she hoped, she beseeched God, that she might see only the good things, the glowing things he liked showing others while he withheld them from her. He polished and perfected public acts of kindness and assistance, gestures of caring, expressions of interest. In the beginning she was certain they were genuine, not just for effect. In the beginning they were right on top, so many things she admired, learned to adore. Later when he revealed a grim and brittle lining of gray, impossible to lighten, she admonished herself, tried to be a more loving wife. Then he began showing her striations of black, smeared with incarnadine, blistered with spite. And the last layer he turned toward her quickly hardened, fabricated into a tool, spiked, sharp as the tines of a gourmand's fork. Even then, she thought she could see traces of fine threads in the weft. But not enough to soften the rope that burned, the warp that bound any vestige of a prayed-for underweave of human empathy. And as all niceties vanished, she became visibly smaller. When he dined, she was the main course. Looking back after his funeral, desperately trying to be charitable, she still can see nothing but his plate piled high with the bones of her love.