

ON BECOMING EVE'S ONLY DAUGHTER

How like you to stand in line in the rain
for La Boheme tickets for my birthday-- you,
my husband who doesn't like opera or even sopranos.
I smile. "What am I going to do with you?"

Eyes like melted turquoise anoint my face,
that look you have--as if you can't believe I'm yours.

"You're going to do what you're designed to do,"
you tell me. "You're going to take me to a place
no language describes and give me all
that's mine alone. You're going to make me feel
all I'm made to feel. You're going to share
everything that makes me complete.
And I'm going to revel in every second of it.
Afterward I'll remember your frangipani scent
and your heat and your breath on my skin.
And I'll see your aura and hear your music
long after I learn again there aren't any words
for what you're going to do with me."

--Glenna Holloway