

ON BECOMING EVE'S ONLY DAUGHTER

How like him to stand in line in the rain  
for La Boheme tickets for our anniversary--  
my husband who doesn't care for opera  
or even sopranos.  
Eyes like melted turquoise anointed my face,  
that look he has--  
as if he can't believe I'm his.  
I smiled. "What am I going to do with you?"

"You're going to take me to a place  
no language can describe," he said.  
"You're going to give me everything  
that's mine alone. You're going to  
make me feel all I'm designed 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 scent  
and your heat and your breath on my skin.  
And I'll see your face and hear your music

long after I learn again there aren't any words  
for what you're going to do with me."

--Glenn Holloway