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## Rape

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## RAPE

No, I say,  
don't lock the door,  
I'll wait awhile—  
and follow you outside.  
Cradling the key, we watch you leave,  
the dog and I, waving to  
your turned head.  
The evening settles and I fill  
her red bowl with water  
from the green hose curling  
in the wet mint, the palest peach  
bloom amid the nasturtiums  
under the tap, the herbs near flowering.  
People going home from the park  
carry the sun down the street.  
The dog runs after them  
and the summer birds beat  
in the last rainpools.  
Enveloping dusk comes up the steps;  
ahead of the dark, I  
enter the house, lock the door.  
In an ordinary yard,  
in an ordinary time,  
I am afraid  
and you are afraid for me.  
Another life  
twirls its skirts over the grass,  
dances away.