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## On Not Commanding What We Adore

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## ON NOT COMMANDING WHAT WE ADORE

Out the window, spotted colts, a good sign  
for summer, their rumps showing white. It's  
as though there were no trouble at all, but  
the woman and the man talk a long time with  
no joy to their words, how can they say those  
foolish things? She coughs her choking cough,  
he sits smoking, tilts back in the green chair.  
Sap rises in the tree long before the leafing.

They use 'never' a lot, as carelessly as we  
often do, she closes the curtains and wheels  
on him after one too many nights like this but  
he continues to smoke, keeps on saying 'never' –  
there they are, beside the fire in the morning,  
the sun laying boards on the floor. There's big  
trouble in this house, who do we think we kid?

And now, it's having to make up something to help  
ourselves or them feel better, if we talked louder  
they'd listen perhaps, hear the hell out of us  
because there's nothing to eat in this house at all.