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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.