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The Woman Asleep in Our Bed

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The Woman Asleep in Our Bed

is not mine, which must mean
it was you who placed her there.
Surely this is not my imagination.
Please tell me so.
See how she wakes and smiles up
at us so warmly, trying to please,
as we stand at the foot
of our bed.
Isn't she pleasant, and why
won't she speak?
Notice there is room in the bed
for three of us, if I don't mind
sleeping close to the wall
and we each agree neither
to toss nor turn, but to guard
our positions carefully
until sleep has taken us all.
Have you warned her
how I call out in my dreams
and what I say is so funny,
though often distracting?
Isn't it time we all went to bed?
Notice how beautiful her hair
in this yellow light, or,
perhaps you planned it so
to entrance me. Of course you did.
You think of everything.
But how long is she staying,
and what is her name?
And does this mean she is mine,
as well as yours?
Please tell me so.

Marnie Prange