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Widow

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MARVIN SHACKELFORD

WIDOW

You agree there is ice in the soil in summer,
you agree deeper still the earth
shifts liquid, and we agree when I die
you will not grow thin, dry like
antiquated farm equipment, but you will not

marry any man who lives on our street, either.
At church you will wear black, then blue,
then you will change congregations.
You'll not name a cat after me.
Drive my truck but by emergency.

We agree the moon is not romantic
so much as steady, a hole in the wall
from which a spider will crawl
to eat its mate, be eaten by its young.
You insist you've drawn

the short straw, a card of the wrong suit,
and I love you for it. But I ask
you to grow older than me and you can't.
I agree our bodies are unknowable,
and you agree I know mine too well.