

The Good Wife

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So. I am alone with you once more
in that lovely dreaded hour
when you are not quite unkind.
You just point out
the utter monotony of life
and sometimes
that is worse than anything.

Left alone with you this evening--
Oh God, must we do this again?
You will not be unimaginative;
you will convince me
of shallow contentment,
and some nights
that is very nearly acceptable

You really are quite beautiful
and wildly entertaining at times.
You just know too much about me.
My dear thoughts, too much
to keep you from the temptation of
adoration. Or even, it seems, blackmail.
How I would welcome that.

I would trade you for a B movie,
for a dull neighbor
who sends pies on rainy days.
I would stifle you with a pillow
or give you to a brutal lover
just to soothe those demons
inside you

Good wife,
we rather know too much about each other,
don't you think? Tell me.
We are alone, my dear. My beloved.
Myself