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FLYING UP THEN GLIDING

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Flying Up Then Gliding

I wish I was happier, more readily
caught up in the act of cleaning
house, while the man I married
sleep away the morning in his room,
nothing in my mind but how dark
the water in this pail has become,
what corners are left that my mop
has not yet reached. The piano
leans into the silence of a wall,
brooding over its remembered
chords of Schumann or Schubert,
two of my favourite composers.
I think what I really wish for
is to live in the calm of a present
white as the floor, moist and
gleaming, the fact that you did
not kiss me goodnight, my history
of paranoia that I am never truly
and utterly loved settling to
the bottom of the pail, imprisoned
by water. In this present, it is
enough to know you have not
left me, that you have been sleeping
late for the last few nights because
of work, that you would be relieved
knowing you had slept well when
you finally wake to a morning
wiped down to a shine, the dust
you complained about no longer
sanding the soles of your feet.
I push up a window to let some
wind slide back into the living
room down a wide shaft of sunlight,
in the hope that the floor
will take a quicker time to dry.
For a moment, I am distracted by
the countless dust particles rising
and falling in this lighted column
of air, flying up then gliding
gracefully down all around me.
None of them I may hold for more
than an instant, I am amazed
to learn all over again, my hand
floating up repeatedly to meet them
in slow-motion, opening
and closing, opening and closing.

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