

Wifedom

by Katie Beswick

After Sharon Olds

Across my hands taps spurt water
hot enough to use. My face cracking
in the warped mirror of dishwater. Flies from
the garden crawl on old food. Your
husband, if he's like mine in the evenings, all eyes
conveying his mood, like
he understands you as service to needs. Moisture
unnoticed on the ceiling. Condensation. From
heat mould sprouts. Stones
in the shoe of a soul. Resentment swells to a tip under
the boat of my marriage, like an iceberg, heavy.
Under me, a husband moves his pleasure like slow pressure.