Teacher’s Husband

The students carry home her outlines and charts, knowledge distilled to sudden windowpanes;

but he knows her joy when she strokes their cat, school work shaken in the wind,

the stillness of her fingers, surrender to glinting fur, tangible things,

his body held in hands so warm he can peel off all defences,

laughter like flocks of clouds out in the spring sky to eat the first warm suns.

And he does not see her briefcase, her papers, her eyes changed by the classroom, her shoes to enter and walk across strange stories unbuttoning the heroes’ woolen coats,

but fleeting moments of possession: fresh marguerites, offered unabashed before they settle down.

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