

THROUGH THE WINDOW AT 2 A.M. ●

Lee Clark Zumpe

Last night, you went to the window.
Last night, something drew
you from the bed, lured you
into the living room, pressed
your palms against the back of
the sofa and urged your fingers
to separate the blinds. Last night
you watched her come home. You
watched her anonymous lover
park his pick-up three houses
up the street, watched her linger
there long enough to let your
imagination stray into dark
territory, watched the door
swing wide with sudden bravado,
watched high-heels sink
into dew-moist St. Augustine
grass.

Last night, the margaritas
tricked her into feeling stealthy.
Last night, she didn't feel your
eyes upon her as she curb-skirted
her way home to the house across
the street. Last night, you felt sorry
for her husband. Last night, you
remembered feeling sorry for yourself.