

SHE DOESN'T KNOW •

Gene Laskowski

She doesn't know
that I am watching, she
in her armchair
by the photo of
 Yellowstone bison
 quiet, slow in the river-running
 meadow. With her bowl of raisin bran
and berries, walnuts and skim milk,
she eats her breakfast mindfully.
 Perhaps it's not so strange, my watching
 tenderly still toward her
 after nineteen years.
Or in the early moist chill
I'll watch her tending trillium,
 like Monet caressing light
 so intense on the tip
 of his brush that I know
for sure this day's fresh as
the First Morning,
 me watching her,
 mindfully,
 with a spoon