

After Fifty Years Together

Rob Jackson

there is no more resentment
when she cooks his eggs each morning
and doesn't sprinkle them with enough cayenne.

When he says, "Stop moving my god-damned things,"
he says it with a smile,
even when he means it.

When she thinks of the apartment in the city
where she designed gold-lamé scarves of soaring birds
and which she took to escape the loneliness and silence
that met her when he was writing,
she is glad to be home.

When they have a drink together each night they listen,
enjoying the memories, the stories, the silence.

When they hold hands,
they are no longer thinking about other things
or other people,

When they close each day sitting on the porch
of the house he built stone on stone,
and they watch the sunset paint the fields he used to plant,
the colors and the stillness and the courtship songs
of the Chuck-will's-widows are enough.