

The Perfect Day

I sit at my window
Looking past the sill
Past the sand
To the water
Breathing in
Breathing out.

I float beyond the glass
To wrap myself in warm salt air.

The quick, sharp laugh of my only child --
The kind of joy
Only innocence can know --
Pierces my heart and reels me back into the room.

I follow his laughter with my soul.
Quicksilver, it dances
Ahead of me
Just out of reach.
I write.
I dream.
I am.
My husband
Will be home for supper
Soon.
I hear the ocean breathing.
Still.
So am I.
Glistening beads of sweat
Microscopic seas
Trickle down my body
Gathering to
Puddle beneath my breasts.

I shift to catch the breeze.