

Love Poem

LISA BELLAMY

I hear cooing and scuffling as I stand on the steps of my building
and at first, with the fluttering, hope for an angel, a visitation, but
then realize I am listening to pigeons, crammed in a window box,
mating over my head. I'm glad I don't have to have sex like that,
in a window box! I'm sure Peter is too — glad, that is.
Peter's my husband, and we have sex, fun sex, in a bed,
under the off-white comforter with blue floral trim.
We are lucky; we are blessed; we are happily married —
both of us for the second time — although last night in the car
he mentioned how they sang "The King of Love My Shepherd Is"
at our wedding, and I had to say, "Jesus, damn it to hell, that was
your *first* wedding"; pouting and so forth. Peter bit his lip and said,
"Oh, I'm so sorry, baby," as he drove from West 79th to West 53rd.
I stared out the window, and people looked blurry and stupid.
I thought how nice it would be to live alone in a little Hell's Kitchen studio.
But then I remembered that his first love letter, which quoted Hart Crane,
came with a box of Jujubes (my favorite!) taped to the side, and
I forgave him. After all, I once called him "Sam," my first husband's name.
We reached the diner at West 53rd, and Peter parked like a duke —
no one parallel-parks like my husband — and we smooched, sadness over,
as a spaniel, undocked plummy tail aloft, strutted by.