

Muse

by Tom Frazier

I share a single bed
with the one I love.

We each lie, carefully
nestled on our side
of a sagging mattress,
listening to the nothing
of the night, moving once
and touching butterfly.

I must rise and go
to my table in the corner
and explain this moment
in a boot-scootin' line dance
of 14 iambic 5s:
octave sets up;
sestet tells all.