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Aubade

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ALISON PELEGRIN

Aubade

This naked man, her first in months, a clown.
Still, Eunice is a fool for love.
She will forgive his human flaws—
the drinking, his hairline and island clothes—
with a tenderness that could flourish for years.
It's the men who rodeo through sex
that Eunice hates. She's smoked in the tub
while that kind dressed and left
gashes in the gravel drive like bulls
charging the gate before the buzzer rings.
So often solitude is all—a can of soup
before The Oyster Bar last night. But not today.
There's something of a dancer in this man
walking to the kitchen in his socks.
He went for sweet rolls.
He's got the coffeepot on, the radio soft.
When Eunice opens her robe
she can't believe her nipples are so pink.