

## COMING HOME

His suitcase lies on the bed,  
clothes splayed from an open wound,  
It's been two weeks since she last saw him  
but they've spoken on the phone  
his voice slithering in her ear,  
down into her belly,  
hooking that lump that formed  
when they had first met—  
stirring it  
jerking it  
to the top of her throat  
so that her voice sounded  
all wheezy and tight  
and he had to ask:  
"Are you all right?  
Are you sick?  
I'll be home soon,  
We'll go out."  
Kitchen noises are strange when she isn't the one making them:  
The tap sings  
Cupboard doors bop,  
He calls upstairs: "I've brought you back some coffee,  
very strong,  
or would you like tea?"  
She gathers laundry and jogs downstairs,  
cuffs and pant legs spilling from her arms,  
The cat claims the empty suitcase.