

# Poets

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## *Care*

He coughed and choked on the bucking  
boards of his bed. She  
ran in to pound his back,  
not stopping to cover his nakedness or hers.  
He saw all she  
did, called her  
a metaphor for desire and did she think  
there was a book  
in it? He swore to  
write it even on his death bed, if she had to  
roll him twice to change  
the sheets beneath him.  
She could do it with one arm. Too thin,  
he'd dog her to the end  
of her days. She shook  
the scatter rug out the attic window,  
rousted three owls  
from their eave roosts.  
Night coming on in giant strides. Athena,  
lend me your metal  
bird, your armour  
and shield, your way with the ways of men.