

AMY REYNOLDS

Your Recent Divorce

We toasted "Marriage"
and curled tight around the glass
of sacrament red wine,
your hands were hard,
the nails closely bitten.
You spoke of his failures –
a grocery list of inadequacy –
the time he couldn't get it up
and you couldn't stop laughing.
Then you lifted the calico kitten
that had been sleeping beside the gray one
by the scruff of the neck
and shook it.
Baby talked at it through
clenched teeth.

I left my wine unfinished,
and driving home, ran a red light
imagining your cold, blunt hands
at the back of my neck.