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Meg Franklin

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Franklin: To A Runaway Husband

TO A RUNAWAY HUSBAND

Meg Franklin

On the cleaning table sat the only thing you left behind,
save a toolbox: the flank of a deer, gathering bleary maggots.

Overcome, some fell to the grass with the solemnity
of rain through a roof gone bad. When time has passed

and the white worms have turned to green flitting flies,
I will teach our girls a fly swatter's arc. They will know

its swish as well as the whisper of their Sunday skirts;
they will know its slap as well as my face.