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Moving In

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Watson: Moving In MOVING

SARA WATSON

Suppose in that small space, face to face, day after another long day, we realize we are just like our mothers—unopened invitations. Inches of dust

Nothing is clean. I cannot be bothered to make change to wash the laundry. To rinse used bowls and spoons. To gather my piles of books from the tables and floors.

When we moved in we said we would make love on every surface. See, I have buried them all.

Two tiles came down this morning; a mixing bowl fills up with drops. This is our home. These three rooms. Me in a bathful of bubbles. You leaning back in your computer chair. Soft shuffle of internet solitaire.