

THE GOOD WIFE SPEAKS

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Happiness happens sporadically and never
when it should.

One afternoon while dusting
the cabinets, the ceiling fan and wind
worked in tandem. The brush felt good

felt like everything entirely the silent sky
the stubbornness the purple the birds the soot

the bread wine piano cliffs flight the words
and for a moment I forgot to think, just did.
Just circled rag around wood. Around wood.

Around wood. It's like the mountains
when my mind turns off. I wish it would stay

unbothered, but I get one image of a forest
and the thick green lush moss makes me think
of velvet and darkness and lust. Every other Sunday

I promise to start over though it's hopeless, I know
this. Typical me to weave a shroud too thin.

My grief is loose, but I still wear it. How many times
I've wanted any other man. If I forget this, for a moment as quick
as the wind, happiness sneaks in.