

Lawrence Raab

While You Were Sleeping

Pale curtains
crumpled to the floor.

And the heavy rug
out of place.

Something
simple but ambiguous,
that would please you.

An interrupted
game of cards.
An open window.

And outside?
The slow gathering
of wind across the lake.
And inside?

A woman leaning across a table.
"What do you want?" she asks.
Does that surprise you?

Or tonight
perhaps she does not speak.
In the glass, the flickering
of a few stars. And the wind
taking away
two or three words
that should have been spoken
that were not spoken.

And outside: a little light
coming on again over the earth.