

Prophecy

There was a woman once, a stranger
he undressed and lay down with

in an unfamiliar room above the streets
of a city not his home,

and she said to him as if in wonder,
both of them joined at the groin,

You are not my husband. It was true,
that distinction belonged yet to another man

she was leaving behind in order to discover
something new about herself, or a more perfect

union to be a part of. And now, after fifteen years
of undressing, of lying down with her

in marriage, he wakes at dawn to find
it true again and still: *You are not my husband.*