

## Empty Nest

The walls are farther apart  
The ceiling echoes  
The carpet's too deep.

In the hall, your shoes walked away.  
I look for your shampoo in the shower,  
soy milk in the fridge.

Now I learn to  
save breads from mold,  
fruits from rot  
cook for one  
bring in mail  
take out garbage  
avoid bracelets with clasps  
zippers that swim up my back.  
I savor nakedness  
find things stay where I leave them.  
and realize, I too, make messes.

When you arrived —  
slippery limbs gyrating  
mouth loud with life —  
I held you  
with a potter's hands to shape  
and smooth your edges.

You left taking so many reasons to  
be home  
laugh  
worry,  
live well,  
which shaped and smoothed my rough edges.

I find your remnants in photos  
and remnants of myself  
in your absence.

You call.  
I wrap myself in your voice.

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