

## **The Oxford Shirt**

His Oxford shirt is buttoned, pressed,  
and drapes his deltoids, latissimus dorsi,  
then arches across his clavicle. Down his chest  
mother of pearl buttons, business attire.  
His Oxford travels board room to gin and  
tonic golf clubs to Sunday church picnics.  
A thinking man's shirt, the dapper Oxford.  
Let's blur the lines between work and pleasure.  
Starched, Supima, no iron—so J.Crew.  
Does he ever, *ever* rumple, crumple, fold?  
Relax, untuck your shirttail, unbutton, sweetheart, you  
need to unwind. The Oxford's off. I've plucked  
his shirt. Now it tumbles to my hips  
and drapes from my arms— a baby bird  
with raptor wings. I curl into the Oxford  
bare legged, savoring his scent of aftershave.

## ***Iridescent***

My world is iridescent because of a little girl—  
all ruffles and sequins, "Twirl! Twirl! Twirl!"  
she squeals and performs pique turns across the floor.  
She'll hop a horse, scale a fence, and yell for more.  
She's action, momentum, and adventure.

She's so much more than sequins and smiles, this girl.  
She's tender-hearted rosebud cheeks and curls,  
pink framed glasses and sapphire eyes that explore.  
My world is iridescent because of a little girl.

She titters and teases, "I speak bird."  
And I *believe* her, petite chicken wrangler.  
Stitches, bumps, bruises, and Band-Aids, or  
hours of earnestness, "I will live with you forever,"  
she promises, kisses me and then the dog, her eyes upturned.  
My world is iridescent because of a little girl.

### ***A Happy-Go-Lucky Hat***

The nursing home across the street  
is lined with potted begonias.

Young families with bored, unruly children  
visit on Sundays, a weekly check-in,  
let's hope more than an obligation.

Regardless the day, a pair  
amble the perimeter,  
hand in hand.

She is stooped. He shuffles.  
Always hand in hand.

The weather is warm this morning.  
She wears a white, wide-brimmed hat  
trimmed with a navy ribbon.  
A happy-go-lucky-hat.

Traffic from the street flashes by the pair.

I wonder about their secrets.

*What's the secret to a long marriage?*  
*What's the secret to keeping romance alive?*  
*What's the secret to not going to bed angry?*

His gait stumbles but still he holds her hand.  
She steadies him.  
They continue their walk.