

Wednesday

In late afternoon  
A shadow falls  
Fred parks his yellow VW bus at the shed  
Mops his brow  
Calls inside  
What's for dinner?

Whistles to his Lab Elmer  
And gives him a treat to chew.  
Wipes his work boots at the stoop.  
Pushes the massive brass handle  
Which slips out of the one ragged screw holding it in.

The kitchen is warm and inviting  
With hand me down linens and chipped China  
A cracked mug from that Red Sox game.

Janice stands by the stove  
Singing a random tune  
Dum de de dum dum de de Dee

How my best girl he asks  
Feeling better she answers  
Those darn pills. They sap my energy.

Too much to expect them to work instantly, my dear.

He extracts a Heineken from the fridge  
And disappears into the dark hall.