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LOUISE GLÜCK

THE EDGE

Time and again, time and again I tie
My heart to that headboard
While my quilted cries
Harden against his hand. He’s bored—
I see it. Don’t I lick his bribes, set his bouquets
In water? Over Mother’s lace I watch him drive into the gored
Roasts, deal slivers in his mercy … I can feel his thighs
Against me for the children’s sakes. Reward?
Mornings, crippled with this house,
I see him toast his toast and test
His coffee, hedgingly. The waste’s my breakfast.