

## One Will Be Gone

### Making the Bed with My Husband, Both 88

Any day now one of us will be gone  
the other fumbling in irrelevance  
sinking into puppet tasks  
betrayed by memory  
that lurks beneath the making  
of a bed the shower spray  
the phone now someone else  
the neighbor's mower the car  
idling in the drive the tasteless  
Cheerios in skim milk  
the CD of the Choir the mixed up  
photos on the fridge the air.  
The very air.

—Emma Lou Thayne