
THE NEW BED / *Will Wells*

At last, after ten years of marriage,
a new bed where we raft the calm passage
of an uncommitted Saturday when children
drowse past eight. Our daughter barges in,
not quite awake, dragging her pillow
like a rumpled shadow. Our son follows,
haggling till we squeeze him in beside her.
Here is the flesh of our best adventures
in the creaky hand-me-down we hauled
to Goodwill yesterday: the mattress soiled,
the weathered siderails starting to split.
Gavin roots under the quilt, a rabbit
in the warren of our legs, while Morgan
feeds the hungry duck I shape with my hand.
Cast out from our secret garden of lust,
we are tamed into keepers of this
menagerie. Last night, once they were asleep,
you came out for me, your hair all done up.
This morning, our daughter sways before us
in pagan dance, chewing an old silk rose.