

Crimson

by Traci Clark

Tell me on Christmas and New
Year's Eve, and when I
spill ketchup on the shirt I
borrowed without asking. Tell
me when our feet find
each other in the middle
of the night, when my hair has
fallen down, and when
I fall down drunk in
December's first snow-
fall. And I'll tell you
when you unlock my
side of the car first,
and when I notice your bald
spot's getting bigger.
I'll tell you when I see a
good-looking man on
the other side of the mall,
and then realize it's
you, when you pull up
your hooded sweatshirt
over your head, and
when you ask me to lay your
glasses on the nightstand.
But when we fight as
we always do about the
unfolded laundry
or the wet towel
that I left sit on the bed
don't try to say it;
just know that I know you know
and that is enough.

Bio:

Traci Clark is a poet and a novelist. She currently teaches English at the Milwaukee Area Technical College and is finishing her second novel.