

Husband
by Sandy Bassie

I am the one the nurses call
each time he misbehaves.

I take him for a haircut,
when I can, a shave.
He is good only for me, they say.
It mystifies me knowing this
because he was never that way
when we lived together.

Too many days, my certain truth,
I was in it all alone.

Still, he is my husband,
at least he used to be
when there was history
and happy times... before the drink,
before the debt,
before we lost it all.

And though I know
it's common sense to leave
well enough alone
a little something in me still
reaches for the phone.

No longer at his beck and call
but to another's aid
I will be available.

All my debts are paid.