

The River-Merchant's Wife: A Letter

by Greg Williamson

Before I grew my bangs, Lisa and me
Were smoking in the Krystal parking lot,
And you and Mike drove by in The Grey Ghost.
You had just got your earring then, remember?
“How 'bout a drive?” you said, and I said,
“If you're driving.” I barely had my boobs,
But we ran all the stop signs to the park.
God, I was so wet, but I wouldn't.
Every time we moved, you knocked the horn.
I think about that now.

How long? In Cleveland is it cold?
I keep the floodlights on all night.
When I pull in the driveway from the shop,
Charlie sits at the fence. He looks so sad.

I've mowed four times since you've been gone.
And now the yard's knee-deep in maple leaves.
They seem more red this year.
Mike called. He had some tickets for the game.
Everybody misses you, you know. Already
The air smells cold, it smells like football;
And the school bus comes by every morning.
That was so long ago.
Please call me soon.
Please tell me when you're coming home.
I bought some lingerie.