

The Table

Living on my own,
I kept a cleaner room
than when we'd lived together.
That was a joke we used to share—that we cleaned
only when we fought, and I remembered
crying one morning
though I'd pretended to scrub the bathroom tile,
bewildered how
unloved I felt
as in another room, surely,
she must have felt
unloved too.
This morning, I cleaned
the living room floor,
sweeping from the outside in,
until all the dust was gathered at the center.
When I stepped back,
I noticed the two chairs
from the table we'd shared
nudged back
from where I'd swept beneath them,
as if we'd just been sitting there.