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A WIFE'S CONCESSION

A conclusion was formed in the thrust of her neck.
The jawbone tightened making words impossible
to rise through the breath of her silence. Eyes,
the blackened holes of lifeless stars,
seethed against the news of his coming departure.
She knew.

An incandescent betrayal follows the path backward
toward the lonely nights of unknowing.
Calloused hands sliding against the cold
and empty marriage bed,
a faintly remembered presence haunts the bleached sheets of loss.
She knew.

Promises absorbed by his unfaithfulness,
embers burned out by traces of a wearied seduction.
Sliding down the banister of his desire,
hidden in the shackles of festering lies, abandoned
by a mislaid dream of for better or for worse.
She knew.

She knew their passion had lifted against the
patterned walls of their unbridled youth.
She knew the rituals of love were
to veil the darkness of his deceit.
She knew as he walked out the door,
he would never return.
She knew, and a jaded whisper bade him goodbye.