

Jesse Lee Kercheval

CIRCUMSTANCE ANOTHER BRICK

I married a man who,
bulbous and tranquil,
worked at a job in town.
A good student of cursive
with a certain grace
on the telephone,
a kind torturer, a background god.
That I thought of poison,
may not surprise you.
But an accident intervened,
not of my making. Plateglass,
bones in collision.
In black at the funeral,
I thought of those frauds
who offer to wrap
your house in cut-rate
aluminum siding.
What can I say? They
laid the sod, at last,
on my poor husband's roof.
My married life was over.
March, I told myself, *eyes*
forward. The choir has risen,
and a soloist is called for.