

Something I Noticed Recently

A woman who comes to prison
To visit her man carries a
Certain look about her, legs splayed
Under the table that separates them,
Hooking her ankle behind his.
Contentment washes ^{OVER} her face as she
Takes ownership of her man.
None of that diffidence an unsure woman
Telegraphs at other times, other places.
Just the take-it-for-granted
Certainty that she is where she
Belongs, with whom she belongs,
Even if soon she'll have to leave
Him behind to face a lonely
Bed for as many years as it takes.

Harlan Richards

May 22, 2017