

Under Construction

On the way back from Alamosa I tell you
that I want four children. The radio is playing,
and our hands touch in the dark.

Already this feels like a memory,
too weighted for a simple Sunday night.
Snow falls onto the beams

of the headlights, but inside the car
the air even smells warm, and I have to
unbutton my coat. "Remember the time

I lent you my sweater?" you say,
making our history up to this point
sound rich and expansive

though there is little more than
the sweater and a plastic bowl
melted on the front burner of your stove

while I stirred brownie batter.
"I remember," I say.

