

Trouble in Eternity

Joann Farías

The trouble is in eternity, the Angels say,
Where my Mormon husband twenty years
Divorced believes in his sleep that we
Are married still. Always he is sleeping
And always he is at my side, crying
Wife, wife, wife, wife, and I am jacking
Up the car he's crying *wife*, and I am
Building a set of shelves, he's crying
Wife, and I am harvesting the garlic
That I've planted in the yard, he stands
There, eyeless, crying *wife*, though I've long since
Thrown my cubic zirconium into the Puget Sound.