

The Affair

*We used to make love on our
lunch hour,
Rushing from opposite ends
of the city,
A twenty-minute trip,
For twenty minutes stolen
pleasure,
Trying to be careful of buttons
So as not to wrinkle business
suits
For fear that someone would
know.*

*Still, they looked at me as I
breezed in,
My step lighter,
My eyes brighter,
The feel of your lips on my
cheek,
The touch of your hand on my
heart,
And I smiled as I watched them
wonder.*

*There isn't any wonder now
The tangled sheets have evolved
into a made bed
Pillows perfectly placed,
I work through my lunches.*

*But my eyes stray to the window
And I imagine racing the red
lights,
Trying to beat you there,
Making memories that allow me
to finish my work.
There is a ring around my life
The passion has become
predictable.
Is it because I see you each
evening
That you have ceased to take
me to lunch?*

—Christine MacKinnon