

# The Empty Bed

*by* Bill Yarrow

The middle of the heavy bed was empty.  
They were people who liked to sleep on edges  
and tug on covers. Each night enacted the tufted  
tussle of love and redacted the dreams of the day.  
Each night fleshed out the spooky skeleton  
of living together and amalgamated the twin  
incorporation of souls. But by day the birds  
of prey were in control. Auburn hawks and taut  
harriers crisscrossed the kitchen and family room.  
Bright falcons nested in the cracks of the cathedral  
ceilings. Every closet had its owl. One day an eagle  
crashed through the screen door. That scared away  
the buzzards. The craven mother got the shotgun  
but the eagle fled with two of the children in its beak.

