

Weeknights, Idling, Candlelight

by Samuel Brase

Weeknights

I find that I am keeping silent more often.

I don't like repeating myself.

The danger for doing so is greater after three years.

So now we watch late night television in silence.

Except when I ask if she wants a cigarette.

Idling

The crooked rearview announces the traffic piling up.

I can't stop fidgeting in the driver's seat.

Kelly studies the gas station to the right, waiting for my answer.

Candlelight

I suspect this is the last dinner we'll ever have together.

Kelly orders lasagna and a beer.

I get alfredo with white wine.

She frowns at my choice and I frown at hers.

We split the bill.

