OPENING A DRAWER

This shirt was folded by you, I know

because there is no one else, because

no matter how many times you showed me

I can't get the second fold, back,

right, so that the sleeve runs parallel

to the buttons, and I mangle the small

tuck at the bottom that makes the shirt

fit my drawer, exactly. I'm sure

it's your hands that do it; I think of you,

far away, folding big things, the sheets

we slept on, in another time folding little

baby shirts fastened by real ties. The babies

are grown, the small shirts on others'

(maybe we saved a few in a box in the garage).

But your hands enveloping a child, smoothing

the wrap around a bowl of left-overs . . .

These images come easily, the way you do up

my body. They are my mind's stretch marks, dear.