

Brad Crenshaw

NUDE RECLINING

It's what arrested me in my travels from
protection, away from sympathies and lost
to my choice spirits. A touch of mysticism
caught me in the shower in the host
of opportunities to watch her in
our porcelain tub, flushed, about to fix
her hair up with an alligator pin—
and touch her generosity or pick
just that moment to lift the humid globes
of kindness up to the light. It might be the secret
of life. All winter she draped her flannel robe
over the radiator. The wind fretted
at the windows and if we listened buried
hints of polar ice and white bears.

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