CATHERINE GREENWOOD

Pearl Farmer’s Wife

In the hours of night remaining
he quietly slides the screen
shut against the moonlit beds
and crawls into ours already spent.

A miracle, that we’ve conceived
between us five children.
When he touches me his hands
smell of salt, of honeyed bait,

still damp with the work of sowing
flesh. I accuse him of being
in love with an oyster,
making my resentment a jest,

a small seed spit out
so it won’t grow in me.