

NANCY DEVINE

Power Button

We've bedded down to our night;
TV in our room's tuned to a man channel:
History or Spike, some wavelength where Patton
plays 24/7, see George C Scott tramp
across Europe perpetually.
One dog stretches near pillows,
the picture of gallop stopped,
the other between us quiet.

The first months of our marriage we argued
every weekend with the regularity of church,
the nastiness of bullies.
Saturday morning's began with a truce,
by noon emotional water-boarding
reigned in our house.

Time's tropes---
death, undo-able wishes, whatever's---
have made us mostly peace-lovers
now that we know what to turn off.