

Cancer in Remission

Twelve years ago, when I first met my wife, she had been featured in a PBS documentary. The subject was equine therapy. She sent me a clip through Facebook. I couldn't get the sound to work, but I watched her with the horses and loved how she handled them. Then my first book of poetry got published and I read her all of my poems about horses. Showing off, mostly. Though we were awfully serious, I do remember laughing a lot. This morning, she's riding her bicycle around the front yard in a sundress. The dogs run after her while she rings the bell I just mounted on her handlebar. I am bent over a string of dog poop from yesterday. I line it up beside a tape measure, curious about the length. I shout the number out to my wife, she laughs, waves, rings her bell, and the dogs start barking. We've already had breakfast and made love this morning. I'm not sure what's next.