

UNFAITHFUL

They come at night,
When truth is asleep
And lies are awake

With furtive peeps,
They come,
Stammering feet, pressing hard
Light toed,
To push the unlocked door
And slip into the sore
Of her dark mansion.

She's sure, is strong,
The phantom waiting.
No beauty against the empty walls
Robed in her husband's sweat,
In his wildest ambitions
And obligations knotted in wedlock,
The great house grieves
The death of a home.

Two innocents lay tucked-in,
The door bolted beyond their reach,
Sleep long and undisturbed.

/ Oh mother!

Oh mother! Oh mockery!
A kiss on their cheeks,
It was time for bed.
At seven tonight, no TV?
Mother's darlings must get sleep,
Tonight is hot, and everybody is tired.
Tomorrow I make you ice-cream.

Bitch!

These arms reached out,
These same legs spanned to rent
These same infants, evidence,
Sacrifice,
All ceremony ended and blessed,
Now doomed.

LeRoy Clarke
October, 1966.