

# Grace

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My lap full watching midnight infomercials,  
I scoop chips into salsa, Oreos into ice cream.  
Rod's asleep. Earlier at Pilates class I stayed  
and did extra sit-up's.

The Solo-Flex  
in the computer room is always left on eighty-five.  
I lower the weight to thirty, imagining a life  
where Rod loves me enough to do that himself.  
That I know what a lat pull-down is amuses me.

After the second affair a therapist recommended  
*Venus and Mars in Love*. Now I get angry  
when we say grace at dinner. Neither of our bodies  
have their original muscles, but we have sex  
more often and enjoy not looking forty.

I used to beg to shave him some mornings then make him  
shave my legs at night. For a while he thought it was funny  
and we laughed in the shower. When I asked why  
I should have to put in all the work, our therapist said  
every spouse believes they're doing all the work.  
*Sit with that for a while*. I feel less graceful now  
for learning to put up with things. Before we eat  
we bow our heads, even the neck muscles unnatural.