

The Shower

WILLIAM BAER

“Younger than springtime,” she sings, fading
in and out, for nearly a half an hour,
always the love songs, with the water cascading
over her lovely nakedness in the shower.
She’s dead, of course. It’s just a tape he’d made
on a lark, sixteen years ago, as she howled away
like an angel in their bathroom. And now, he played
it every morning, the best part of his day.
Sometimes he’d sing along and pathetically dream
that she was still alive, that everything was all right,
that soon she’d open the door, in the billowing steam
and towel herself off in the early morning light.
But then, the tapes fades out, clicks, yet doesn’t break,
just hisses hisses like a rattlesnake.