

The theatre is closed in the morning
But outside is a florist
So I watch him wrap stems
In paper and twine, no gloves on
The back of the van is open
And he has almost gotten rid of them
All the old stalks from yesterday
Rings run around his eyes

But he picks his way lightly between clients
Between regulars with empty hands
And non-regulars unfastening bags
As if a bank note being discretely slipped
From one palm to another to another
He is slim, not noticeably so
Just as if nobody expected more or less of him

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From this great distance
I'm wondering about it
Imagine one day he comes home to me and says
There is nothing more I want than this

He gestures to the tulips
That look out from a bucket, bunched
In the passenger seat of the van
To his apron, to his diary with nothing in
And I say, that's perfectly fine
Perfectly alright
Perfectly without the need to tell me all the time

We're standing in the drive, I push the porch door
The front door and three breaths later
The door to the downstairs bathroom
It has been primed for a year without paint on
I pull up the sash window
Feeling the throbbing heat from the engine of the van
I cry, and because it's night
He can see me like a screen