

An Afternoon

How agreeable it is to be lying on my couch with a book. The day's work is behind me like a pillow. The desk cleaned, the chair pushed in, all that's left is this tranquil loitering. What better way to fill the would-be restless air of anticipation and waiting for you to come home. The term, "killing time" is redeemed by this most nourishing act: my legs stretched and propped, pointing toward an open window where the mild air of early May meanders in, so subtly, like the poignancy of a poem. It's not as if I don't want you to hurry, or that I wish for time to tarry. It's just that I love this moment of soon: me, language, form, sound, and you, somewhere near with your left blinker on, tapping the steering wheel. Soon: the tires on pavement, then footsteps, jingling keys, and finally, the door.

— Michelle DiSarno

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Ishibashi Kazunori, *Lady Reading Poetry*, 1906