

I WILL CLEAN YOUR BASEMENT

I will clear out the old magazines and
jelly jars filled with screws and nails.
I will bleach the black mold stains
from that time the sewer backed up.
I will paint the walls white
as snow covering the mortal sin
of a life misspent, clear the
cobwebs from the windows so
the light can flood in like
water—but water that's clean.
I will tear down the pinups
that decorate the man-cave. No more
underdressed women listlessly judging
you as you bring another load
of laundry down the stairs.
I will remove the recliner
redolent of spunk and sweat
and leave it at the curb. Perhaps
some other husband will make it
his own, parking it in the humid reaches
of another basement before another ancient TV.
I will take the television propped on planks
and cinderblock and sell it online,
it's old and small and the remote's buttons are
erased by use, but perhaps it might yield
twenty or fifty bucks that you will tell me
to keep when I offer you the cash.
I will erase the memories of a thirty
year marriage, thirty years from which
five or maybe six were good but you're
never sure which five or six years
those were and perhaps you will buy
that exercycle and put it down there
and one day I will take that away as well.