

Narrative

by [Barbara Crooker](#) in the [October 3, 2006](#) issue

This morning's miracle: dawn turned up its dimmer,
set the net of frost on the lawn to shining. The sky,
lightly iced with clouds, stretched from horizon
to horizon, not an inch to spare, and later, the sun
splashed its bucket of light on the ground. But it's
never enough. The hungry heart wants more: another
ten years with the man you love, even though you've had
thirty; one more night rinsed in moonlight, bodies twisted
in sheets, one more afternoon under the plane trees
by the fountain, with a jug of red wine and bits of bread
scattered around. More, even though the dried grasses
are glowing in the dying light, and the hills are turning
all the syllables of lavender, as evening draws the curtains,
turns on the lamps. One more book, one more story,
as if all the words weren't already written, as if all the plots
haven't been used, as if we didn't know the ending already,
as if this time, we thought it could turn out differently.