

## She Opens the Drapes

by Skipperdoodle Productions

Each morning, she opens the front drapes (the ones my disability make challenging for me).

I watch her sidestep one way, then the other,

Opaquely caressed by phone light.

All raven hair, sleep shirt, luminous olive skin, and shapely bottom.

Shortly, she will waitress dip, placing coffee mug on side table coaster.

After Thirty-five years, the sight still crushes me with love.