Sunday evenings, the kids all home—all—
I love to watch your cool hands knead
The pasta dough, coolly take the duram 00
Into the room-warm egg, coolly stretch
The lozenge of dough, the tongue depressor
Shaped patches, coolly cut the noodles
Deftly drape them, coolly on the dowels.

You can’t imagine how I suffer walking all morning across the park
And down Park Avenue to Bellevue
As the fingers and toes shut down, ice blocks
Inside my shoes and I know they won’t
Warm up all day, the vessels of the gates.

Maybe I’ve been making a ragu—that chicken
Liver imitation of wild rabbit,
Maybe it’s just fried celery and butter
And we all sit at the table and the kids
Are teasing each other and us and then take
Seconds—success. Your fingers on the fork, up to your mouth.
Those cool, beautiful things

You can’t imagine how I suffer
In the winter waiting for the bus at midnight
When the rain has dropped me off
And I come up the little hill, the little house
Lit, and you’re asleep in the lamp light
Warm, formacic in the blankets
And I bury my fingers beneath you.