

PATRICIA GOEDICKE

## Alma de Casa

But last night, in your faded photograph album of a voice,  
you sang us both to sleep.

Then I scratched your back for you  
this morning, slowly, listening to your little grunts  
of pleasure as we woke.

And just now, between us on the bed—rumpled ivory  
no-iron sheets, cool breeze from the mountains—

there's a large butterfly, a Monarch  
with two immense wings, one heart.