



When He Comes

by Sarah Hill

He will be here soon.
 I will do a dinner of roast duck and wine
 with apples, oranges, grapes and sweet chocolate
 to trim it finely all around
 for when he comes.
 I will light tall candles and burn jasmine
 pound pillows, shake sheets and quilts
 smooth the house down to a whispering flame
 for when he comes.
 I will wrap me in silk that unwraps
 slowly and easily,
 do my hair intricately
 with only one pin,
 stroke scented oil behind my ears and down my throat
 and hold myself still
 until he comes.
 I will not touch the food that lies waiting
 (though I hunger)
 I will re-light the worn wax
 as it drowns its flame
 I will set me in a hard-backed chair
 and hold my head erect.
 I will be waiting
 I will be
 prepared
 when he comes.