
Overhead

by Linda Shay

There was a girl who once lived
overhead. She had a husband and a
stationary bicycle beside her bed.

After dinner, she would pedal,
and create a steady roar.
Sometime after midnight she would
moan and ask for more.

At the time, I had no boyfriend
and her life sounds made me wince,
but she moved with her husband and
her bicycle, and I've had two sweethearts
since.