

Richard Rubin

Bedtime

She looks into the mirror.
It is a face that knows her
for who she really is.
She can feel her lips press together,
her prayers mute as her reflection.

All he does now is talk,
totes around his stories like an old bag.
Perhaps she is listening, perhaps not:
he keeps bringing up the faces
she does not want to see.

He sits on the bed, the crossword open.
It looks like Mondrian, she thinks.
He is so naive.
He'll find no answers
in the warp and weft of clues.

She turns out the light.
On the wall, the portrait she bought
for the chiaroscuro eyes.
She can barely make her out,
but she knows that look.

Richard Rubin is a retired librarian and library educator who has been writing poetry for personal satisfaction for many years. Recently, he decided to try and publish some of his current work, and he has been fortunate to have work published or accepted for publication in *Great Lakes Review*, *Green Silk Review*, *The Dunes Review*, *The Main Street Rag*, *Suisin Valley Review*, and others.