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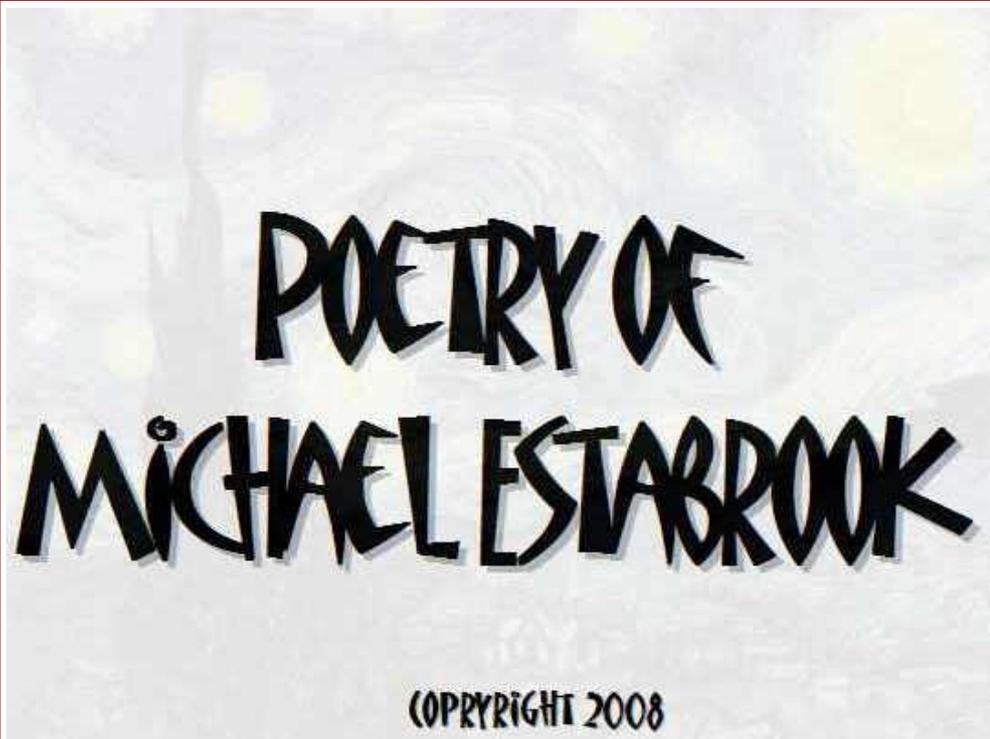
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Lone White Dove

I look at her, gaze at her
sitting like Mary in the corner
of the sofa
her legs folded under,
her pink fingernails shining,
her soft brown hair
grazing her neck and shoulders
like cirrus clouds, white wisps
caressing the edges of the world.
I marvel that I still see
the same beautiful girl
I fell in love with three decades ago
and have protected, cherished
and worshipped as if she were
the very last member of her species,
a lone white dove clinging
with her soft talons onto a ridge
of a craggy mountain cliff
holding back the impending storm.

My Wife Washing Her Hair

At the kitchen sink,
in her pajamas,
(thinly disguising her lush body beneath)
bending over, scrubbing the shampoo
into her shiny hair,
her eyes closed,
her fingers rubbing her scalp
like kneading dough,
then a long rinse,
rinsing the soap out before dabbing
conditioner in, then rubbing again,
then rinsing again,
wrapping the towel around,
throwing her head back
like a mermaid

rising from the foam of the surf,
turning into the room towards me,
like presenting herself
at the Duke's grand ball.
Been a long time
since I've witnessed anything
quite so beautiful.

Bare Feet

My wife in her bare feet is a beautiful, sexy thing,
she kicks off her shoes firmly, or simply
steps out of them easily, lightly, self-assured,
and sweet, like a butterfly lifting silently
from the center of a pretty yellow flower,
wafting off into the sun.

WORSHIP

"He worships me," she said
to Linda, our oldest friend
from high school.
"I don't know why
he still does after being married
to me for all these years,
but he does." She shrugs,
reaches over and pats my hand.
And I'm so happy
that she sees my devotion, believes
it and is not too embarrassed
to state it out loud to someone else.
I want her to feel worshipped
and be happy about it,
not unlike God expecting worship
from his people and rewarding them
with a special place in Heaven.

forward and back

I went ballroom dancing last night with my wife. We're learning the samba now at the studio, one, one-two, one, one, one-two, one, learning how to twirl and twist and do the Cuban walk. But it's hard for me to concentrate on positioning my feet and holding my frame just right and tilting my head when all I want to do is watch her move, watch her count and stare down at our feet, her brow knitted slightly, her breath coming in little bursts so sweetly, watch the movement of her waist and thighs and hips to the left and the right, forward and back, forward and back. She is a beautiful woman after all and I still have some remnant of maleness so I've never lost my fascination for her.

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Over the years **Michael Estabrook** has published a few chapbooks and appeared in some

terrific poetry magazines, but you are only as good as your next poem and like a surfer looking for that perfect wave, He's a poet prowling for that perfect poem. Right now he's looking for that perfect poem in his wife, who just happens to be the most beautiful woman he has ever known. If he finds the perfect poem anywhere, he believes he'll find it in her.