

[Home](#)

[Current Issue](#)

[Winter/Spring 2008](#)

[Autumn 2007](#)

[Summer 2007](#)

[Spring 2007](#)

[Winter 2007](#)

[Autumn 2006](#)

[Summer 2006](#)

[Spring 2006](#)

[Winter 2006](#)

[Fall 2005](#)

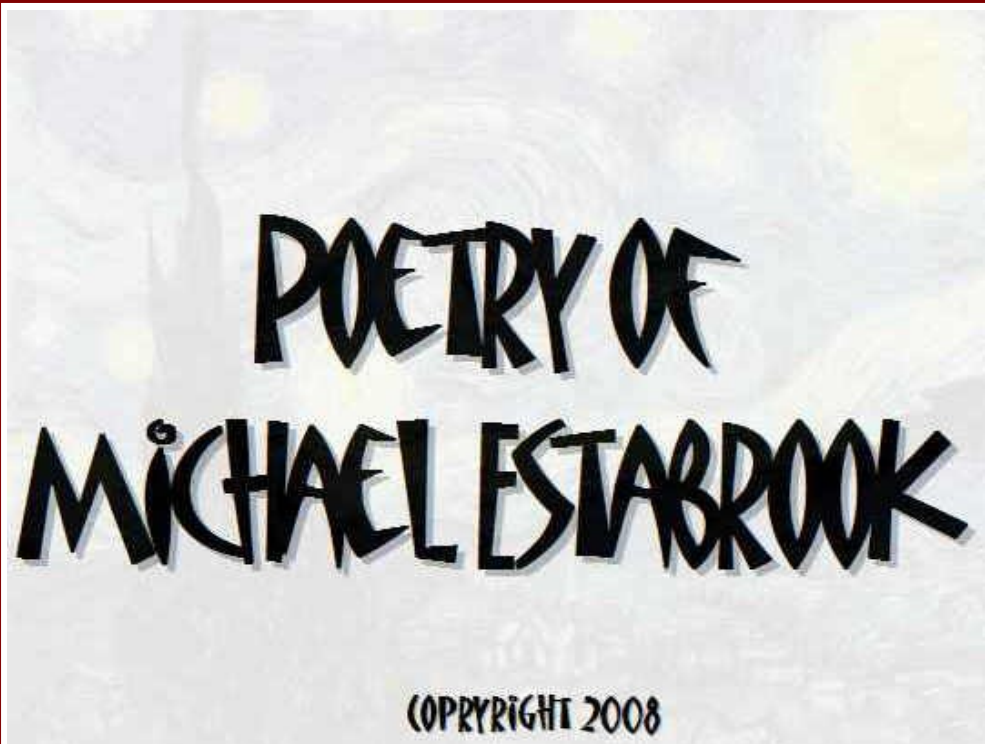
[Summer 2005](#)

[Editor's Note](#)

[Guidelines](#)

[SNR's Writers](#)

[Contact](#)



### **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.

---

**Copyright 2008, Michael Estabrook.** © This work is protected under the U.S. copyright laws. It may not be reproduced, reprinted, reused, or altered without the expressed written permission of the author.

---

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.