

## Not a Smile, Exactly

Not a smile, exactly.  
More like puckering rhubarb  
before sugar,  
first one thing, then the other.

After second helpings on the green beans,  
a message begins to slip and slide.  
Your eyes rehearse a speech  
hidden there.

"Your daughter and I began engagement counseling on Tuesday."

The room gains heat.  
My eyes grasp  
a plate to hang on to.