

Living in Seattle Is Like Having a
Beautiful Wife Who Is Always Sick

Like a pre-Raphaelite nymph, my wife
Enters the kitchen, satin dressing gown
Trailing like wings. She yawns, her clouded frown
Tinged with light that graced the pages of *Life*,

Harper's Bazaar and *Elle*. She's beautiful
Even in the wake of her Northwest cold.
Reaching for the coffee, she sparks an old
Ache in me — male. Animal. Typical.

I long for the perfumed sheen of her lithe
Neck, her vibrant, supple kiss, her every
Fevered shiver — to wake that revery
Again like our first passionate night. I

Lean close. “Sorry — I’m under the weather,
Love. Maybe tomorrow I’ll feel better?”

— Jeff Crandall

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