

CATHERINE GREENWOOD

## Pearl Farmer's Wife

In the hours of night remaining  
he quietly slides the screen  
shut against the moonlit beds  
and crawls into ours already spent.

A miracle, that we've conceived  
between us five children.

When he touches me his hands  
smell of salt, of honeyed bait,

still damp with the work of sowing  
flesh. I accuse him of being  
in love with an oyster,  
making my resentment a jest,

a small seed spit out  
so it won't grow in me.