Deciphered

“They probably publish everything that comes across their desk.”
Her first husband said when she showed him her byline.
He harangued her for spending money on typewriter ribbon (with erasure features),
and for passing college English
until he found his second wife.

“I guess it’s good since I can’t understand it,”
the Ph. D. said of her Christmas poem.
He laid his glasses on Page Two
and watched her wrinkled forehead
wait for his approving kiss.

“I’ve got thank-you notes to write,”
her mother said, as though the book never arrived.
She bragged about Rosemary and Ann, and Beth
who was always good at hemming her pantsuits and giving haircuts
and seasoning fajitas.

“Thank you for glorifying me,”
God said in the morning glow.
In the noonday meal
in the calm of the night
in the muse He magnifies forever.