**The interviewer asks about family life**

tell him it suits you well

it is working out beautifully even,

tell him it's easier than you thought

as the listeners miss

how your hand flutters

at something unsayable on the radio,

say those words you almost believe

for the record, for the future

tell him the baby is as good as gold

there's nothing more natural

nothing eating your nights away

no wolves, like the wolves

your spouse writes into being,

their ghosts devouring your space

your freedom, your focus;

he sits at his desk in the daytime

when you are domestic

when you crave a pen to clear

your head, not a pan

not a bowl of suds

nor buckets of soaking nappies,

tell him its simple, practical,

not a scouring that rubs the hours out

leaving a tongue of paper

limp in the teeth of your typewriter

tell him how you and other housewives

all get along just fine

with your duties, your aprons and baking,

the hither and thither indoors

that admits no fatigue,

no fragments startling the night awake

with the urge to be written,

only the baby, who cries and cries,

fearful the adults have gone for good

you tell the man who interviews

that yes, you have the basics;

a kitchen, sitting room, bedroom

and bathroom, but it’s not enough -

and yet you cannot tell him

what is going to happen

in barely more than a year

when the snow falls, the sickness,

the wheezing, the babies wretched

the expectations and the chill;

cold glasses of milk

meant to keep them alive,

the towel, rolled up and pressed

against the gap beneath the door

to protect them, to save them,

to seal yourself inside the frost

as dawn rises on eternity.