

## **I Made Gravy**

I made you tea last night.

Your favourite

just like I did,

before.

You'll be eating with her,

or them, perhaps alone.

I imagine your life a kaleidoscope of ways

but actually know nothing.

Not nothing.

My heart has been within yours.

My skin, home in the dark

to the small you that does not talk

but shares the wordless stories nonetheless.

The intricate detail of your days endures,

worn in by repetition.

Mundane, exquisite, domesticity

by kitchen, bathroom, bedroom

door.