

The Feast

Kathryn Hunt

—  —
After her four children were grown
my mother took a lover.

He parked his car outside her house
but went home to his wife at night.

Once when I had returned
to sleep in my childhood bed

I heard their rocking, their soft moaning, not tame,
but needful, full of tender pleadings.

And later, I saw my mother standing at the window
waiting for his return.

In this way she tasted again
the old feast of longing,

the bones of the beast that once
and forever claimed her.