

*Concerning the Metaphysics of My Wife's Otherness*

The angels, stretching their bluegum eucalyptus bodies against the ordinary background of the mirror I'm standing in aren't ordinary. They are,

to quote the physicist Arthur Eddington, "smeared all over a probability distribution" just as my wife who's standing at the vanity mirror

distributing the California fuchsia lipstick across her soft lips is also just herself a theoretical construct, not quite reality substance,

not quite wave spell that I find myself involved in. We are about to celebrate our wedding anniversary. We've just found ourselves

in love again, our hands all over each other in the bed, our mouths like hungry clams so full of greed and insistence—how the body itself

is tangled in a contest of what is verifiable and what is claimed as not. I watch her, and I hear myself saying "junonia volute caressed in B minor,"

hear myself saying "pearly everlasting against a swathe of violin strings," hear the diminishing chords and the slipstream where the bow of the violin

intersects through me, through the bony clavicle and down to where all the groin thunder is, before the music source invades and leaves me wild

and entangled in her physical beauty again, watch her as she widens her eyes to find the woman she believes herself to be tonight,

the otherness in her that seems to me to be an ensemble of changeable motion, a transcendent elaboration with continuity,

an essence of violins and vibrato, and not as any one person I can ever know.