

Sonnet Scroll

Anniversary

By Shaune Bornholdt

Their thirty-fifth. They finally took that trip
across the country, calling it a trial
for further ventures—The Taj Mahal, a dip
in—oh, the Adriatic, say. Denial
of an essential lack made all their schemes
hatched in their budget rental car seem part
of new-found intimacy. A Bible theme
park, Motel Six, Route 80 roadside art.
Complacent carping, false starts, gaps, and pauses.
Their talk had all run out, by Illinois.
They dredged up topics—old affairs, the causes
of their problems with the kids, her meager joy
in bed. They found the words that hurt, or lie.
They poked at their sad love. They had to try.