

# Passing My Husband in the Hallway

by Leigh Anne Hornfeldt

Separated  
by less than two feet we meet  
in the hesitant light  
of late afternoon, in the bedroom  
hallway, the most neglected  
corridor of the house,  
our pitiful dance, our awkward  
side-step shuffle dance  
as we try to move  
out of each other's way:  
we've become an apology,  
my dear, there's no two  
ways around it—a pair  
of daguerreotypes staring  
at our shins, your arms  
full of laundry and mine  
hanging at my sides like sister  
spinsters when instead  
I could be an opening,  
I could be that vulnerable  
passage and you, you  
could pause, scatter the week's  
clean sheets to the floor  
and enter me like an unmade bed.