

Joanna Lilley

Forty

You say one salmon stopped a mine
You can stop me with one look
You say you can Skidoo on open water
if you go fast enough

Each time you're back, I forget to go outside
unless you remind me
One look could stop me from coming in
I'd stay out forever, snow-holed

But I can't stop you with my looks
Not even typing our special day
to enter our computer
stops you
Your browser history deleted our history
with one fingered click
when I turned forty
and you turned to pornography,
putting a stain in the Macintosh
too deep for me to get out

You say men and women are different
I screw up glabrous and blonde pages
to set the wood stove,
burning staples in chemical flames
As soon as you're gone again
I'm going to get myself a laptop
and stay indoors as long as I like