

A GUEST

You're not mine  
you're not here  
in my life  
at my side  
you don't eat at my table  
or laugh or sing  
or live for me.  
We're someone else's  
you  
and me too  
and my house.  
You're a stranger  
a guest  
who doesn't look for or want  
more than a bed  
once in a while.  
What can I do  
except give it to you.  
But I live alone.