

Naked

Wren Donovan

All my poems are embarrassing
I don't let my husband read them
Too many birds and trees
water metaphors and seasons turning
He doesn't ask, which I interpret as respect
on a good day
But when the bad day comes I worry
does he expect too many birds and trees?
Foreseeing winter eddies and autumnal tides
does he refrain to spare me his discomfort?
Too much reflection, recollection, too much muchness just like me
Too many layers of clothing
He who knows my foibles and witnesses my follies
would see right through my lines and I would be embarrassed
He's already seen me naked after all

Wren Donovan (she/her) studied literature, Classics, folklore, and psychology. She writes poetry and flash fiction, reads history books and Tarot cards, and tries not to worry. Wren lives in a small town in Tennessee with her husband and three cats, and can often be reached on twitter [@WrenDonovan](https://twitter.com/WrenDonovan).