
POETRY | SPRING 2019

R&R

By Richard Kravitz

When I told him he had to stay in the hospital through Christmas his legs jumped, his eyes bugged, but he kept his cool, assuring me he was glad he'd fought to protect my freedom.

Only later did he say he wished he'd broken my neck. Only later did he pick up the chair and smash it against the floor.

By then I was home. I didn't hear the threats, the crash and shatter. I had turned the heat up, the news on, my mind off. A little R&R. I could go home he'd accused me.

And I could.

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