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Vite

BY CLARE MUNGER

His back is a battlefield.
Leathery mounds of scar tissue
reside on the shoulders
that used to carry me.

I once chased ill-fated pigeons
in the Champs-Élysées gardens.
"Vite ma chérie, vite!" he encouraged.
Faster I ran.

I once raced with untied shoelaces
around Stanley lake.
"Vite ma chérie, vite!" he cheered.

I once pretended to faint during a pitiful race.
I preferred his face be worried, not disappointed.
I was not his vite chérie.

My legs no longer chase pigeons
or run around lakes.
They take me to Giverny, Beirut, and
someday Kathmandu.

Now, he does not want me to go
faster, faster, faster.

My back is still flush,
no protruding scars,
I hope one day
it is a battlefield.