

Bristles Like Glasses

Each night,
in the soft bathroom light,
we raise bristles like glasses—
minty and ridiculous—
and offer a toast.
To the first hint of cooler air.
To a good day at work.
To someone's birthday we almost forgot.
Sometimes,
to nothing at all.
The other night,
we didn't have much kindness handy.
Silence sat between us,
arms crossed.
Still,
we clinked.
A small, plastic promise.
Our quiet way of saying:
love stays.
Even when the words don't come.
Even when we don't feel like cheering.
We tap our brushes,
and keep choosing the same life,
side by side,
mint foam and all.