

## For My Husband, Who Doesn't Worry

Darlene Young

While you sleep with abandon, I quiver  
beside you, *what ifs* crawling my skin.  
You, warm beside me: liquid  
stillness. You toil not, neither do you spin. I wish  
I could ladle you over me, rub you  
into the creases between my fingers,  
behind my knees, dab you on my eyelids.  
This is ancient, I believe.  
Eve thrilled—and shuddered—  
to the future just like this; even before  
she had a secret to tell, she was craning her neck,  
seeking horizons.  
That was good. Adam  
needed a tug sometimes. A fine pair,  
those two. Still,  
I'm sure there were nights, nights the boys  
were out too late and the future  
roiled like souring fruit in the belly,  
when, watching him sleep, Eve wished  
he would wake and wished  
he wouldn't, so she could  
crawl into the cave of him,  
next to his heart,  
under his arm.

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DARLENE YOUNG's {youngbookshelf@gmail.com} third poetry collection, *Count Me In*, was published in April 2024 by Signature. She has also published *Here* (BCC Press, 2023) and *Homespun and Angel Feathers* (BCC Press, 2019). She teaches writing at Brigham Young University and has served as poetry editor for *Dialogue* and *Segullah* journals. Her work has been noted in *Best American Essays* and nominated for Pushcart Prizes.