

**Ever After**  
**Shane Schick**

A cup of cold water from the fridge for your bedside table.  
Your heating blanket, turned on and up to ten.

I'll power off the printer, deputize the two lamps to  
take over from the fixture that hangs above.

A few Sudoku puzzles for you to solve, some pages of a novel  
I'll invest into this savings bond of a story.

You've never slammed me into a wall as though a kiss  
was a signature you were angrily scrawling across my  
face.

We've never torn off each other's clothes and fallen onto  
the mattress to avoid getting caught, or coming to our senses.

You're more likely to find us dead centre in a king-sized bed,  
as close as chopstick tips preparing to grasp a piece of sushi,

Until we roll away in the dark like marbles that faked a collision,  
the certainty of the exact same thing tomorrow night

Leaving us sprawling and spent, the ever-present possibility  
of "more" written in big letters by the wrinkles across the duvet.

Shane Schick's most recent work is forthcoming in *Briefly Writes*, *The Aurora Journal* and 'By-line Legacies,' the inaugural anthology from Cardigan Press. He is the founder of a publication called *360 Magazine*. He lives in Toronto. More: [shaneschick.com/poetry](http://shaneschick.com/poetry).  
Twitter: @shaneschick