Possessed: A Yuppie Anthem

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You became mine
when you gave yourself
— to me — and let me
have my way with you.

Because you were mine
I put you on a shelf
or an old canvas bag
and anything else
I found convenient.

Then I became yours
when I placed a circular object
on your finger
and splattered ink across a page;
I said some magic words
so everyone knew I was yours.

You could prove I was yours
with records and documents
that only legal minds could dissect.
Which is what you did
when you wanted the house, the car,
and the children.

Even though the children were yours,
you did have to lease them to me
on weekends . . . until the children
were no longer yours,
but themselves.

We spent the rest of our lives
exchanging bitter pleasantries
at grandchildren’s birthday parties
and tried to out-do each
with expensive gifts.

Then we died
leaving
all we had
behind us.