

# Please For Tonight

Category: Poems

written by Andrea Wendling | October 21, 2011

## **Andrea Wendling**

Please for tonight  
Just be my wife  
She is my life, my center,  
She is what makes me whole  
And I am finding I cannot exist  
Without her

Smell like her  
Like hayfields after a day of hard work  
lavender and milk baths  
Warm breezes blowing through still forests  
All of this mixed with the soap  
That we shared  
That now too slowly disappears

Touch me like she would  
Like I belonged to her  
Slow, steady, without surprises  
Know instinctively when I need to be calmed  
And understand when I need  
Your lips, your touch  
So desperately that I cannot  
Live in this skin  
Without you

Feel like she does  
Strong and slight  
Your skin rough in places  
Melting into my touch in others  
Pull away from my lips  
Yet fill my mouth  
Your cross brushing my chest  
As you rise above me

Melt into me  
Sighing softly  
Never talking  
And for that moment  
Completely believe  
That I will simply  
Always be the one

Please for tonight  
Become my wife

And help me to feel again  
That my life is complete.

**About the poet:**

Andrea Wendling is a rural family physician in northern Michigan. When not writing poetry, she spends her time caring for her patients, community, husband and four amazing children. "Patients share so many complex emotions with me throughout the day. Every now and then, one of these emotions will follow me home and demand some attention, eventually finding itself woven into a poem."

**About the poem:**

"This poem grew from a conversation with a man who had been recently widowed. Even complex emotions tend to be simple at their core—here, love and loneliness combine for this man with the desperation felt when trying to repair something that can't be fixed. As with life, this poem ended up being more complex, but at its core, 'Please For Tonight' was always meant to be a love poem."

**Poetry Editors:**

Judy Schaefer and Johanna Shapiro