In today’s column, Dawn Potter of Harmony explores the theme of love in the long marriage.

After Twenty Years

by Dawn Potter

It is possible that no husband really loves his wife.

Too easy it is to mistake their scheduled arrivals and departures, their constancy, for something greater than the dim outcroppings of loneliness.

When, entrapped again in the fervent throes of habit, we cry, “Do you love me?”

they answer yes.

Their manners are faultless, restrained. They sleep deeply, and, in the morning, scraping ashes from the stove,

only rarely do they forget to speak.