

from Cleavage

Brigitte, beside herself

Suppose the language of demi-mots
and innuendos—nasty little dickies—plunges
below the belt

She was at work filming the abandoned gardens of Rome when her water broke

you'll find him in bed hung like a shelf
a case of vertigo pooling at his feet

given adjacency the bar lays out
its belvedere season
absolving pronouns from the well

sweeten your breath for
the diva spills out her limo
a string of stagehands sewn
inside her harem pants

ii.

Three men in a boat like a knee play
for a larger work inch up to shore
their lines lifted off an old almanac
whole scene plastered more queer you die

“Who rang your number, Missy?”

She scales her own gums
having dreamt the long fake
teeth in the feral graveyard

misbehave get zero for conduct
miss junky by a heart and pass out
entrance exams' high walls

I see the gap in your face
push my oar in

iii.

I'm planning to de-metaphorize femininity's plunging neckline
post a guard ready to dive into gorge at the merest ooh-la-la

“Where's my arc of triumph?”

Voice lessons will be had. Fear not
the nodule under skin unbidden mirage
cutting a hole in the road

At the orgasm seminar we card everyone
apparently not all that
it's cracked up to be
miraculous ring look-alike halo of saints

Fanny, at the finish line

In the event that my romance with American
idiom turns *idée fixe* a hang-up one sees
from the solarium you will pull me aside
— I who am the “other woman”—

standing next to disaster in a string bikini
and send me packing

sleepless crows darken the island

That which is yet to dent
her conviction not even a tooth mark
showing has already folded its wings

“Give us a puff, luv”

such is the empire of doubt now boarding

ii.

I invent a frame where mother and child
exit a bakery

ruinous shred like a Torah
scroll I hit upon
mother nibbles *un baba au rhum*
medium heels stateless passport
she consents to her pariah status

lowest of all and haunted by the root

iii.

Looking at it now padded shoulders
red cinch belt I recognize her first words
inconsolable encounter with jouissance
skin hollow port

a pack of wolves the better to
defect at crack of dawn

a lovely go-for-broke melody reverses its chorus
little bunny foo foo hopping through the forest