

## Match Girl

Black obelisk before  
red sun.  
Monumental needling.  
Heat stung  
by tapered stone.  
Geometric desires  
clash  
elemental.  
Circle.  
Invades.  
Rage.

Those the suspicions  
of shapes caught  
in those uncaught moments when  
you let me look.

You never let me look  
at the worlds  
you paint,  
the women  
you stroke.  
You brush  
me off,  
saying  
they aren't any  
of my business.

Sometimes I watch you  
secretly through the small  
rhombic window  
that could almost be  
a heart in the heavy  
door you keep locked.  
I peep and I guess  
meanings.

Vagueness  
meanwhile feels concrete  
enough to love  
like the edge  
of a face  
for a blind.

Only when I turn  
my eyes to glass

can I see you.  
Then I see you  
in your oversized, paint-stained cardigan  
whose before-glass  
scent I remember behind it,  
humming  
to Leonard's lass  
Marianne.  
Hey, I think,  
look,  
I've come over  
to the window,  
my little darling.  
Why don't you  
like to  
try to  
read my palm?  
Ah well, I think,  
ok,  
sing green lilac parks  
into your room,  
gypsy boy,  
and splash them pretty  
on your canvas  
for me  
to watch  
and warm  
and guess  
what.  
Outside it just  
officially started  
snowing.