

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.