

THE DANCER AT THE BRANDYWINE
(alt. title: The Dancer is Attractive:
Venice poems, Opus 191)

each piece entering her mouth
red
the fringing cavern
attracting

the eyes already in bed
waiting for the entry

thin
sucking
the finger comes clean

the fork is poised
balanced
thrust vertical from open palm
or appears thrusting down
delicate by the edge of the bed

swept back
her black hair pulls

swept
arched brows pull

red lips pull

her gold chain
her black leotard

each piece enters her mouth
the table inches forward
walls bow toward her
the fork is balanced

her eyes
always in bed

just before the entry
the pen flies out of my hand

done