

House

I.

This empty house is full of oak stairs
Made of soft glass. Breathe on them and see
Where her feet landed and mine
Touched just where hers had touched.

This empty house is full of stairs.
Escher may have dreamt of it, each dark flight
Ending in a lit doorway, a bedroom perhaps,
Each door open, glowing.

There is a fishbowl in the bedroom, shamefully.
The water is following the fish
Tidying its messes, sweeping the air
Out the open door – a glass mouth, open. O.

II.

We passed the cigarettes like hours between us,
My lips touching where her lips had touched.

I licked the paper and she smoked it.
At the filter we kissed and it was not polite.

If my chest was a bowl, she broke it,
The air fell from my mouth like light.

Against my cheeks the winter blushed
As bright as the ember we passed between us.

III.

The late hours we reserved for cigarettes,
And this is the porch where we smoked.

Light cast our movie against the glass.
I was played by an old western actor, she was herself
As water: faceless, liquid around the delicate curves of glass,

Rippling around a cigarette, lapping at the broad rim of my hat.
Estuary:
The arm of her sea extending inland over my lap.

“These are fictions,” I said to her, solidly.
“Each film is as thin and delicate as paper
Blown accidentally against the glass.”