



Dental Blue

Emma Croll-Baehre

Be careful for I am creeping past bather in the
 glow of lukewarm bathwater we have
 written of melancholy reveries that drift past our grasp
 I gaze at your alabaster flesh pearls against the fluorescence of
 the tub freckled with grunge I've waited far past due for you to
 find me here trembling like a marmot-dragonfly your
 hair crinkles near your heavy eyes pale syringe-like follicles
 that capture the darkness
 on your lip
 in every corner of this effulgent bathroom hush now, see it
 near the clapboard drawers on the periphery of your crimson
 cheeks reminding me of when red wine stains teeth
 where is it now? the dental blue or the raunchy azure of the bay
 that stretches past our eyes do not divert every attention
 to the umbrage discreetly waiting for us beyond the door
 you sit god of every jugular vein that pulses with laugh-
 ter I've waited for your resolute
 face since last January unlike female delicacies and tenderness
 this harmonica room in the fruitful grips of deciding whether
 or not we should recede outdoors
 where the hemline of the winter horizon looks like Indian silk
 tea-stained pinks and porcelains ripple nostalgic times of thick
 cold and easy sun I have left you you, me
 candid murmurs remain between our time spent in congruency
 perhaps you recall when the water splits into shells of oily ice
 drifting melancholy eggs we know that a derisive spirit
 lingers behind my features mute remnants of hidden self
 this isn't about my grey-gold curls or my lack of reason-
 ing with nature watching
 you vulnerable, impressionable tides and beautiful thoughts
 opalescent hues of evening the permafrost
 of this Western town radio's scratchy chant reels us in
 left to cling in fallen dependency of pseudo energy
 smoky teas and bitten-down nails bring me here to re-





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call you've fallen in
 this place of apocryphal wisdom plastic faces mir-
 ror us both in the bathtub
 floating like the carcasses of sea anemones or
 shriveled seaweed.

West C
Emma C

August i
 marks its
 I wonder
 like a 19
 floating i
 birth fro
 when wa
 losing tr:
 coast

smearing
 ce
 time has
 dim echo
 this dust
 47 degre
 passed th
 farewell

farewell
 Sinatra l

they tell
 I haven't
 you had
 intellect
 here peo
 caress fir