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
triumbling 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