

Falling in October

I don't know these streets.
Perhaps it is Constantinople
under a sultry moon
in a dangerous season.

Your bedroom is white
as a villa in Greece or Ibiza.
The walls are brick.
The air seems restrained
and discrete, European
as if it had seen everything.

We tell each other lies
and believe them.
You say you want to brush
my daughter's hair and paint
our portrait on wicker chairs
in a garden of wild orchids.

You know we are living
like wild dogs and I
am capable of anything.
I might become obsessed
with the Indian Ocean
or any blue absence.
I have a capacity for gulfs,
the burned bridge and storm.
I could buy a ticket
to Maui today, or Ceylon.

I think of you at the gallery,
sophisticated and elegant
in black gabardine
and how we kissed.
I want to tremble.
Our promises are terrifying.
Days later I am still shaking.

You say abandon yourself
to the possibilities

and I remove my skin.