

café ananke

the poet romances her older man
on the sofa between business and pleasure.
her own wide-set eyes look darkly on,
imaged among friends in ballgowns,
rilled with black tulle.

now our hostess, she rolls open the door
and offers food, invites nourishment.
her bookshelf juts with fine spines,
a guitar makes reveries of the air.
the bougainvillea is cherry across the way.

the girls entwined in the triangle chair watch
as she lifts her experimental footwear
from the street's cobbles
into the carriage made of glass.
many gazes can be sought in the nightwoods.

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