

WAYS OF FORGETTING

Comb the beach
looking for a pumice
to paint on for when later
the morning gentleness is over
and the stretch of sun
long in the afternoon clear sky
with its hint of an airplane
or a kite
reminds you.
Collect driftwoods.
Dry them out in the sun
by the bed of marigolds
and the clothesline
the rain-drenched bench
down on its legs
the bermuda grass you are tending
mowing patches of it
with your craft scissors
(the same one you use
to make doilies with)
Plant okra
and wait for blooms.
Hang bottles, blue,
as souvenirs. Replace
the lamp-store chandeliers
with paper lanterns
easy to burn
and let fly
when nothing is astir
the night weather
sodden.
Mid-April. Year and a half.
Make love in the dark
without shadow of light
your palms only seeing

curves, rise and falls
the unevenness
of her shallow breathing. Whisper
the name of your new lover,
gently,
your lips caressing
closest to the lobe of her ear.