

Wild Strawberries, Borrowed Reflection

Like a cabbage-town rubby reaching for the copper on Bleeker Street
Like a coconut commoner combing through the needles on any beach
Like you want to know
What you need to know
Smiling to the camera
Looking for the window that no one sees
I want to go walking
Walking with you
Like a calico mother waiting for the moment to hold her knees
Like my borrowed reflection crawls into the space of an empty sheet
Like the world is your buoy
And the moon is your defense
Like the horror of the naked eye
Looking at the mark of a leaky pen
Cover me with pomegranates
Till I see my royal partner
I will be the queen of spades
Then I will measure time
As if it flowed from mirrors
Under heaven's wake
Like a blood-borne baby squints into the light and begins to breathe
Like the moment I close my eyes on the edge of sleep
Like the rumour of joy
Or the musings of grief
Dance with me a second time
Till I feel the blood in my feet