SNARCISSUS

Pretty thing, to have gotten you by the bulb collar
tonight, in limp lamp light—to demonstrate your neck
with my thumbs.
Any transparency tries what light there is this late.
Tries it like you try my patience. Wears it
like you wear a dress: skinny skirt
stitched to your skinny hips, the frill
to the bodice of the bloom.
Silly thing, to feel
disheveled in front of a flower.
The sun set you up on the west-most crest
of a city divided by two hills.
I am embarrassed here, dirty
in a clean chair, my hair
like someone took a steak knife to the piano. Still,
I can say I’ve known you well and I will.
My hindsight possesses the sense
of your smell. A wedding dress in a cedar chest so
there—you happy?