Bedsheets

I don’t know if I want
To change the bedsheets
They became twisted into landscapes
Blown calderas, which seem too volcanic
So intimidating that you became convinced
We were better off not sleeping
You didn’t even linger
to lie around the fire’s warmth
longer than necessary
And I pulled the magma carpet over me,
just like we’d done;
Wondering whether the hardest part was over
Or flowing under me.
That landscape forms the kind of staircase which
Unwinds and trails down the sides of tenements
In neighbourhoods which have no
space between visits
If I pull these blankets now
Toss them into forts for children
The sheets from last week’s washing
Will smell like any man
you’d find in supermarkets

Drawn Passions

I could never draw her visage
Fast as she drew life from that cigarette
Just hold it like that, like an actress I said,
your enjoyment should be ingenuous,
motionless,
just for this sitting
But she couldn’t stop her life like that,
not even for an instant
She was too passionate, so that
not even trails of smoke
Could hide the contradictory pleasure she took,
A kind of self-centered mystery
How the flame gorged her lips so quickly
Without also burning me, feverishly
struggling to add and remove
the ashen encumbrance
Which made her dark pleasure sensuous