



Only One Remark More

No opinions so strong they're strangled
by their own hard edges and get in our way.
Rather, something soft, a superfluity . . .

like Zinfandel in the tropics— Not zesty, not
eccentric, just a bottle in back of the fridge,
something peachy and already open—like that song

Friday night at the Karaoke, how it dolled up your tongue
to dapper, and there were no more remarks to reel in
for the rest of the evening— Super—

fluidity in your hands, fruity mouth
on mine, so there were moans—
maybe, though I don't

remember,— your fingers
entrained like birds
where I was the whole sky.