

Preparations for August

Like drinking perfume, or chewing anise tablets,
I pour within myself a fragrance, so my breath
may smell of rose, my skin like pale citrus.
It is an act of doing, of pre-doing, what is called

preparation. No need for the silken dress, or green
beads of glass studding the neckline. To breathe
another's breathing, all that's done is to inhale.
What youth was to me was thrown away with

the porcelain cat whose neck, once broken, was
squiggled with a line of crack and glue. I may have
thrown it out, but I return my mind to it, just as
I return to you in thought. The briefest letter breathes

warm breath on my neck. I am tempted to call
the airlines and make reservations I'll never afford.
What I want is for someone to come at my calling,
no matter the cost. I require desperation, sweat, and loss.

It's a bird-feathered room, a silky-walled space
where we ought to meet. Likely it'll be blank walls
in a hotel room I'll remember as extravagantly green-hued.
I have always been jealous of anyone who wants you.