

With an Emphasis on the Shine

by Corey Zeller

its precarious idling, how it unwinds itself, like garlands
or votives or beads or the brass on the unhinged cupboards
in my lover's kitchen.

How her camisole strap falls, her bare shoulder, her tattooed arm
like an old, Coney Island mural. That dream she had: I bought her a
fake, diamond necklace in Manhattan. She wanted to kiss me in the
alley but was afraid of the rats

or the crowds, or the tawdry russets of smoke and earth,
like the cooing, ditzzy rustle of colored leaves in Upstate New York
where we got stuck behind a farmer's wagon stacked with bales--
straw

tossing over onto our rental car--gold mixing into more gold--
until she made me stop the car in a field, just to kiss her
just like respelling your own name, translating yourself into
another, knowing the taste of her mouth is all you want to know. Not
cherries, or whisky, or the green apples a stranger gave us at the
six-pack shop. Just salt, maybe mixed with marijuana--her mouth
touching yours, as simultaneous as sleep. We parked like teenagers,
kissing to a Tom Waits song that later made her daughter cry on a
chair, thinking it was about angels

not lovers, only the broken iridescence of the autumn moon
in the park, above 9th Street
and the Green Garden Tavern
and all the heavens above it, shining.

