

BLOOM HEIGHT CANOPY

by deborah brandon

you said, 'watch it. i am the mountain,' so i aimed 'pause' at the VCR
and believed. shook my legs, tangled your red silk to hold back the
tremor. in the dream i did not kiss you, but in this story i do and it
breaks

a seashell then fans out gold. back at the homestead is a worry doll
box that contains my first tooth and five dusty dolls that are not
going to last forever. i want to shred myself over the sharp turn of
your thumb, a disaster

you agree i don't know anything and that spot in your throat
whitens. there's a garage with green trim, i don't know what the
main color is. inside's filled with dead deer and wooden spoons
bigger than babies. behind dusty boxes in the dark, an oil stain
under scuffing shoes, nobody has to wear a bra. i might be more like
peter pan than i thought, and the sky outside looks like a technicolor
postcard. *wish you were here.*

here, here, and here.

* * *

started to wonder, had i really known you, ever? had i stood in the
same room or sat near you on the train? was i nervous about
posturing, expression, the charmeuse's pull across my thigh?

i noted your absence in a room? i fed you rock candy knowing you
hated it but would open your mouth anyway? i saved the labels from
trees i planted, then left the blurry strips on your doorstep? *bloom,
height, canopy.*

maybe i saw your name and had heard of you, maybe you were on
the next train after me & couldn't even smell my cologne. could be i
saw where you lived and wanted to keep up the good fight. 'oh yeah,'
i wrote back, 'i wonder about you sometimes,' but i'd be hard-
pressed to nail the octave in which i'd find your voice when it fell,
and here's mine, here's a blister, there's your tongue.

