

The Girl With the Dresden Blue Eyes

by Kyle Hemmings

Your girlfriend with the Dresden blue eyes
with the sleek belly &
gorgeous scars from ripping off Avenue A
dealers has you on a leash of short-term
amnesia. You can't recall the last time you
got off from being trigger-happy inside her
& you formed a post-Expressionist impression,
of two barbed souls.

You could go crazy counting
the nights that slip into a winter numbness:
a reindeer dying in a child's eyes, a hit & run
on 7th ave. South. When she calls you don't say
what the fuck, where you've been? Instead,
something inside you trembles like a victim,
and you ask where & when.
You curse the rain.

At the university cafe,
she shows you a new dragon
tattoo from the place on St. Mark's
open until 1 a.m. She then hits you up for some paper
tongue because there's a new drug rumored to cure
the virus called living by numbers. It's fatal
but so is being born, she says with a smile
that tangles up your peek-a-boo soul & leaves
you misty-eyed for your father's polyester suits
before he came down with a rare strand of

sleeping standing UP.

Tonight, after a frenzy
of unsafe sex, in a hotel owned by an ex-captain
of steely visions, your girlfriend with the Dresden
blue eyes sings you an old lullaby
the very one her grandmother once sang to her

when her eyes were too baby doll big
for this world. And the two of you collapse
into each other's jack box, the night taking
no prisoners, only the half-shadows by the
fireplace, only the soft flickering
against the walls.

