

# for the queen of lapis lazuli

by M. F. Sullivan

you kissed me, once,  
kindergarten, recall--  
behind my ear.

called  
'bee sting',  
but to a child's small vision,  
the cosmic blue indigos  
of mauvender pain  
quenched all eternity:

what that then is  
which is now was  
exploding all away with the terrible  
gunshot pain of death  
while i was lifted from my plastic seat  
with a scream of tearful pain which i did not feel making  
during which you clutched me for the first,  
first saw me, though i not you,  
and together we awoke,  
your eye under mine  
refocused back  
upon a small body  
and a violet sponge  
frozen in a bag.

i'd seen you before  
and you'd seen me  
but you'd never kissed me until then

there  
sitting at a table at school  
copying the shapes of the alphabet  
unconscious among my little fellows  
waiting, i suppose, for you.

