

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.

