

The Book Bindery

by Swanson Tudor

In a mad tipsy leap you
came up short and hard
on the chipped stone counter
Bruised and blue below the seams
against the inside of your thigh.

Your grand jeté a little too low,
left you on the black floorboards
Wincing in the shadows, a bit of
moonlight peeping between rafters
of that abandoned place.

We had been drinking there
since the last few rays of
early evening shimmered
in vapors of dust along the walls
Looking for a forgotten page
or a trinket left behind.

My prize, a small empty laudenum
bottle. And you, on my arm
In the debris.

