

Strapless

I love to see the other ladies with scarves
about their necks, wound, mounded around, coming back lighthearted,
pouring their fringes out on the chests that were

the breasts of them, making the best of things, inflorescing;
I take it as a harbinger: our severalness &
multiplicity, the various ways we go haring on, citing

to our mirrors that the pleats in our chins are box, not yet accordion
though that will come
& where had it gone: the weft & warp of it, the older Gourmets

with their roses on the covers, the carafes, the shoals of friends
who gathered corybanting in the evenings in the summers with the windows
more than open & the stars

there always
& the skin full of sun
one never even knew the name of:

Young, bumbling maybe, crashing into with the best of intentions;
décolleté, with the part on top of the heart
absolutely flung