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## Perfect Landscapes, Rich Branches of Blossom

Jon Davis

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“PERFECT LANDSCAPES, RICH BRANCHES OF  
BLOSSOM”

It is your world to make  
and you choose to fill  
rooms with necessary objects:  
a Chinese vase, a painting of a woman  
arranging flowers by moonlight,  
a book of poetry by Basho.

A rose leans, revealing its moist stamen  
within a halo of fragrance.  
Why not a Spanish guitar  
leaning in a sunny corner?  
Why not music: Villa Lobos  
or Rampal and his sentimental flute?

Your women are French, Oriental,  
your men: artists, dancers, poets.  
Don't you see? Even love  
is a luxury. And now you have  
cactus blooming in the sun room,  
an oriole chirping from the flowering plum.

Someone is quoting Garcia Lorca.  
A man wearing white silk,  
a woman in a dress of pale cotton:  
they sit at a wicker table,  
on wicker chairs, looking away,  
thinking in image, not word.

In this luxury of sun  
they hold crystal goblets  
filled with a glittering rose  
or thin blood. They kiss,

the nature of their desire revealed  
by his restraint, her surrender.

Later, when they make love,  
she recalls Nijinsky, turning,  
his eyes, his shoulders, softening.  
He thinks of Degas: his girlish ballerina  
practicing: imagining each smooth stroke  
along the flushed inner thigh.