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Blind

Wendy Guild

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Wendy Guild

Blind

But how could I know?
The girl who kneels
to wipe lipstick from my instep,
does her untouched hair hang silver?
Perfumes rattle the windows or the wind
presses scent at the panes.
The light may be out.

He told me I would like it.
Emil was so clever, always talking, always
describing the aroma of the rooms, the plush
velvet curtains or silk tassels grazing his lids.
I could taste the exact acid of salt
licked from a collarbone's hollow.
I believed. But here,

her hands are gerbils beneath my vest.
Tiny claws pinch. A sluggish mouth
draws over mine, a vague resuscitative kiss.
The wine she spooned me rises metallic in my throat.

Time has passed. Time is spent like coins
moist from palms and smelling of copper.
I assume wakefulness, which is to say,
my eyes open. The woman is gone
or is not touching me. I find my trousers
folded, crease out, on the bureau.

Emil is waiting by the cab. His face is cold
with the breeze. I feel his wink,
a moth wing on my palm. "Step up," he says.