Dominique

Nadya Pittendrigh
Today we ride in a tungsten train 
with bogwood seats, 
to Rhinelandia, passing some bowls around.

Sheila cups her left hand 
behind my ear, opens the airlock, 
and stills the metal with her right hand. 
We both wear needlefish brooches.

We got dressed inside the meat locker. 
I remember keys—
the taste of mint.

Yesterday my mother called from a gondola 
on her picture phone. The hot-air vent 
fell out of the ceiling at night. 
She said it reminded her of Karate.

Don’t leave Dominique, she said. 
Don’t leave Dominique without 
some instrument please.

I wear three sweaters 
at the sink this morning. 
And I can think only of the sink.

Where is Dominique? 
Down on the lower level 
people are asleep on the gaslit 
roller rink. I step over rows of 
bedrolls. Two women,
faces hidden, sleep with leather gloves next to a man beneath the exit sign. Their gloves and his face are two of the shiny things visible.

I bow at the elevator man. He bows too, and his helmet falls off. I ask about the mining business, bumping into a gramophone.

He takes me inside the room next door, saying: old music sounds better through a wall. You know, snakes hear through the roofs of their mouths. Or is it a membrane outside on the forehead?

He pours himself cognac while I read his papers. He follows me to the bathroom where we don’t speak at all—though he’s using the stall right next to mine.

Have you been to the Sandwich Islands? They don’t use streets—don’t have any. And Guatemala? They use the gas chamber there.