

Behind Glass

I saw moving air. Heard it with closed eyes.
Couldn't slip under the water.
Ice water, more a bog than a lake...

but a perfect bog, and although flowerless
it seems perfect for singing.

The robin is silent, or seems so.
Can't touch it.

The gale pulled out its voice.

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Tormenting rose hips
like nipples in a storm.
Their ripe curves are too far away, too pert
wind jostles them;
the right
shade of blood.

They might
taste of something,
but my tongue has forgotten.

Too far away for picking.
Their scent trapped

behind glass.

If I just touch the edges
I might feel something.

*

I am ice water.
I am a perfect bog.
I am a perfect stagnant lake.
Watch me lose my breath.

Watch me hold hands with gravity.

Give up my voice to the wind.

Ophelia's Perfume

permission to breathe

Ophelia's nose melts, as I scoop up a fallen scarlet rose,
Pick off its petals, crush their velvet to pulp;

Smear the scent inside her nose's coves...

Hybrid notes from sodden ground; I'll spring
A Narcissus-kiss on you, now.

Ease your uncertainty with this, here, conspicuous flower I plucked,
Place each six of the pluming petal-like tepals, on your lips

From its cup of trumpet-shaped (dare I say) *corona*...

Lean on its warming, honey-sweet yellow, for a simple comfort.

If you rub my moist drops into your wrists

I promise I'll pull myself into your skin,

Circulate my tulip-toned camomile inside your veins,

A rollercoaster of love and frenzied haemoglobin...

Amberinas will embed its sweet, earth greyness into the planet of your brain,

It will invoke the soft dog you want to lie asleep with; whilst I chase

Out the 'black dog', that howls too often in your unguarded ear.

Salvia Solaria, infuses my waters, a gift from our ancestors;

Our beloved Greeks and Romans, whose remnants of lovemaking

Will now stir your own waters, salvias amber smoke

Stroking your will, until you give in...

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Perch only, on the edge of isolation. Watch the lonesome lilies from the window
and don't go swimming girl, there's a warning in my waters,
An omen in my, now, turbulent currents. I'll infuse the calming lilies
In your subservient inhalation, from the epicentre of my ripples...

Even the bees, with their gloopy scent

Whisper of the water's warning.

Run your fingers on my invisible, soft spicy rims, of golden wood;

Lie naked on its amber lightness

Lie in *my lap, my lady*, be quiet; don't sing of promises to wed...

Fix yourself to my methane, its hardy bonds,

Invigorated by the zest of my limone;

It'll keep you stable, organic to the pip.

Uncertainty is back again; take tea and toast to lift your spirits;

Spread my dense, buttery methyl on, steaming,

It's sistership with Jasmine will hold your hand...

Maybe my romance with Romandolide is too strong for you, methinks?

Do I woo too hard?

Leave you smell-blind, with unfaithfulness?

Expect better times ahead. There are omened aromas of such things,

You can trust me; one day

We'll smash through this fragile bottled glass,

Through this screen, between us.

by Amy Neilson Smith