

Sharon Dolin

IN THE HONEYMOON SUITE

To go so inside
each person had to be mastered:

they scorned,
he and *she* banished

so that you and I
could reverse

up with down
then vanish.

All conversation is round

—sharp edges flung behind drapes
of red ochre streetlights.

Inner cerise
wet powder-green chemise.

Cancans of blue thigh ride a risky elbow

Here figure is the ground upon which, sweet, we figure.