

Dominique · *Sally Kearney*

This shoreline curves like a bow,  
like the white road we drove  
under a sunset vague with sulfur.  
A bony androgyne is leading us  
to the wrong beach; see how he  
stoops for a light and glances  
back at us. Imagine him in a moire  
cape, glancing back at the mirror,  
saying, "Lovely, yes. It's very lovely."  
He is the whore I've always wanted. And you,

you dance each summer night  
with some middle-aged veteran of former wars,  
stripped down, muscular,  
leading you through all the old steps.  
You follow stiff as birch in his hold,  
a more knowing Nausikaa.  
Don't wink at me. The romance  
of his time has worn smooth  
but like his baldness it must be worn.

And what will we be, two old buzzards  
pecking and kissing under the rotunda?  
I can't have enough of your beauty,  
celestial, leading your goggle-eyed daughter  
to clarinet lessons, or at the ballet bar  
in leg warmers, or striding alongside,  
fast, talking confidences, very fast.