

AZB

Skins

Sedimentary; discarded sleeves and scarves
The sandy bend that was my elbow, crooked
Round old socks long since sundered from their other halves
And ghostly shimmering nylon stockings curled
Like bindweed. Deposited, blooming with the taint
Of former stages of my seven skins;
A chronicle of past unbuttonings.

I need these layers, this heraldry
That codes and siphons off and binds me here
And keeps me earthed, but, if I could be free
You know there's nothing that I'd rather wear
Than the crease of your brow emblazoned in my hair.
And you, around that narrow spotless nape,
Might, from time to time, consent a tawny arm to drape.