

David Phillips

I'esprit d'escalier

I keep remembering today,
As in,
Today, I keep remembering.

Maybe it's a lacuna of my
 sleepless mind,
Or a sly'd promise of the
 eternal sunshine
That provides the peacock
 its scream,
Deep in the bosom of the
 gentle night.

I make no love to the girl
 on the heath,
Releaseless, ceaseless. She
 sighs to my teeth.
Deafness, I watch the sea.
See ripples. She's watching too.

He needs to hear the screams,
But all I do is bark wildly at the moon.

Bitter Creek, last time
You said this was the only way.
Just please arrive too late.
Ariel. I am a wait.

So light a fire to the fang
 that cannot be reached,
So that I do not have to see the star,
So that I do not slit this throat.
Light a fire to the fang.