

Lemon Center For Hot Buttered Roll

you are right
about the woman
she is
taller than
your love for her
her impossible smile
flows down upon you as though
it were a sunrise

do not murmur her name
too soon
she does not
know it

she is preparing an
avocado for
your breakfast
you must love it or
she will cry

do not call her anger
she will kill the
spider you have
trained to watch her from
your serious eye

she will grow
fat
when you please her
sing songs for her in
your borrowing voice

she will listen and
write you a poem
and never
read it
to you