

Marion Brown

In Queen-of-Night Clothes

Touching each petal, morning opens
to tightly scrolled redbud flowers
that crawl around their branches.
I take morning like the gift it is,
to set aside, to open later along

with the gift of sight, for I don't
see straight early but shuffle through
cleanest day like a slut in house shoes,
drooping eyelids, raise my arms
and sway when shadows pull, forget
me but celebrate night in its advance.
Arabesques with no interpreter,

transparent as darkness I dance.
A precise finger touches my cheekbone,
a spot of marbled meat, no slap
or smack or accident but my own
stain for everyone to read.