Fooling the Jasmine

The way we creak out of winter into the hurting season
green buds winched from bone
an early thaw every afternoon
in this city the scent of jasmine every afternoon
in this city.

Her nails the colour of consumption, she no longer paints. We go beyond art you see, here we do not trust ourselves to live why I can’t even tell him I love him et j’ai lu tous les livres.

Next season I will plant jasmine on that wall and bougainvillea he says. In the ten years of prison he did not lose faith, shaved every day. What did you learn he was asked afterward. In trees a twist of pigeons open to paper.

In this city jasmine every afternoon in this city the scent of an early thaw every afternoon green buds winched from bone into the hurting season the way we creak into winter.

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