

## 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.

MEIRA COOK