

Shop Lifting

At the salvage store
they've propped up tables
on bare cement,
each, a white box quick
with mauve, peach and yellow
dabbling a sea density
of clothes this morning.
Women hoist each item like a sail
high and brief,
chemises and shirts
brisk in their hands
ripple back into heaps.
—Here among the others
I saw you
imagine yourself
robe your nakedness
to the waist,
the palavers of desire—
youngly husbanded,
paint still fresh on the house,
and to find you
further in one of the rooms,
the all-space of your skin,
touch on touch still new,
I haul up the sail of my shirt—
and the cool, falling dark
weaves the silhouette of your breasts.

JEAN-MARK SENS