

Elizabeth Gold

Please, More Eyeshadow

Maybe in the end it all collapses—glint
of a coffee cup, a crumpled

handkerchief, sizzle of the wick
before the flame goes out,

it all goes, and who cares
if the milk was off, stocking

snagged, the man didn't show
at the right time, you are walking

up the stairs, the key is in the lock,
the night is long and somehow

you must pare off each minute
until safe to go to bed,

one pound, one pfennig,
a fifty year old cloud like a white

Zeppelin, they're all the same now,
and what you remember

is how it was to be heat
scrawled in air

like a hummingbird,
now you hear yourself ask

for a touch, a streak
of turquoise in the crease, *Hold*

the mirror up