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the Ashtray

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“THE ASHTRAY,

belly full, spills its contents

on the patio, and i think if we

wait long enough the rain will Fall

in heavy, swollen drops

and wash away

[I need]

your fingerprints.”

and

as you touch

[your lips,]

to my

cigarette, my lips

and this,

.this Kiss/

/

And this,

/ [in black & white] ?

but This

‘ or this, the stars, or stops;

is

start [with the stars and] then /part/

not...

with them, Stars again/

start again .Stop ’

a [sunrise-song,]

It says nothing

(the glass is

anyway.

[alive,]

while)

/ripples in the

/pretty words

mirror/

or

on your windowsill/

distract me

from the step

. And This! .

/may not be/

...no this is not

. Was A Fortunate .

[forever.]

(she sleeps in the

Fall) .

~Ariel Olson