

The Kiss

Over the old maple chest
a man's back and half his legs
mirrored, framed

and the woman in the blue kimono
he melts into; as in Klimt's
The Kiss. He melts into her

who is me; but it's been a day
when parts of speech
like *her, him, I* and *us* run wild

like letters that escape their words
and spill all over the refrigerator door.
Whose eyes were open

when I opened mine? Yours? His? Hers
I know
are not. How did it come to be me, of all people,
in *Kiss!*

Chrysanthemums

(excited, white)
bloom and burst all over
my royal blue kimono.