

But watch. The lids lower and raise and she's gone.  
Here sits a middling woman with nothing to gain  
by telling you this. I wonder why I did.  
Yet you must have noticed when daisies died  
and orchids appeared on a dandelion stem.

You've seen fawn eyes offer praise, trust, then steam  
with sudden rage or desire before making the switch  
to layers of velvet empathy, an unfurled swatch  
of understanding, reflex lenses of kindness. Right now  
two personas are past tense. How long I never know.

I share these eyes with her and her. I've confessed  
the complexities of a woman. A blink. That fast.  
The change can happen with a syllable, a color,  
or slowly like the soreness from a chafing collar.  
Part of this trihedroness should be kept

in garden sun; part needs to be tightly capped  
like fulminate of mercury, never stirred.  
The less definite one needs to be steered  
with a modicum of persuasion, a steady hand.  
And one hand should be mine, my conscience hound,

or just the basic elements of humanhood.  
Are we so different after all? If you had  
a psychic scalpel would you sever  
all your selves, or keep them in the brew for savor?  
Flavor may flourish more with more than one receiver.