

David Benedetti

WHAT I REMEMBER OF HER

she was peeling an avocado with a spoon and testing the water with her toe; she was peeling an avocado with a perfectly-curved silver spoon and taking off her blouse; she took off her blouse last; the water was warm; the salt was on the avocado; when I was young, cedar waxwings were at my window; my feet were good; the mud on the banks fell into the river; they came to my window for the berries; my eyes saw the sunlight on her tanned calves; I think it was night; the studio smelled of oil paints; she has long legs; the lions hid in the trees and took dope; she smiles in the shower; I hold still posing for her painting; she paints a beautiful landscape; the river ripples in the moonlight; cedar waxwings have crests on their heads and subtle colors on the tips of their wings; the toe continues down into the dark water; the moths fly to the light; both of us in one sleeping bag; I like my feet; I go butterfly hunting; I have a little dream, I wake up and it is a wet dream, it is a cedar waxwing, it is the finely-sifted silt underneath our barefeet on the dirt road going home.