

Having a beer with you

is so much better than having a coke with you  
because I like getting drunk and so do you  
and then we can be sick together,  
jabbering low-lives trapped  
in our swooning gazes, our lips  
wavering between one and two

while Belleville and its neon flicker on  
and off, each kiss a jump  
cut between the infinite angles for entering  
your eyes, and I cannot decide  
if that is me within your pupils  
or someone else, someone smarter  
and funnier and hotter who just happens  
to look like me, just as the you  
behind my eyes is someone you have never met,  
whom I first saw as Psyche in the Tate,  
a drape of white and gold,  
which I must have brought with me when I moved,  
because I found her with a lemon and a parrot  
in the Met near all those summery seascapes  
and you don't know how happy I was to find her  
again as Bethsabée in the Louvre, albeit  
involved with some guy called David;  
and around then she began to speak  
with your voice and I could touch  
her hair and take her to the seaside

It's so nice to have known you  
before we met, as oil on canvas,  
and I'm not sure what medium  
is the feeling of being wrapped  
in your arms but anyway  
thank heavens you won't visit  
these galleries with me so you  
and she will never meet,  
just don't look into me  
long enough or you might see her  
behind all these bottles beckoning,  
gleaming green on the shelves,  
1664 - 64 - 64.