

Sarah Suzor

Propensity—  
or beauty  
twice borrowed—  
stayed in the thing itself  
  
the river pouring  
heavy at its mouth  
  
the birds coming down  
so easily.

## Of the Mouth, indicator of self-control

A jealous mouth  
could obscure the sun.

Be not surprised if,  
kept waiting too long,  
she throws herself  
quite unrestricted  
toward the fire.

\*

*Once he drew with one long kiss  
My whole soul through my lips*

That was written by a man.

\*

She felt somewhat slighted  
having him think that way.  
How often things  
were misunderstood,  
even after all the time  
he spent pretending.

For softness she  
and sweet attractive grace.  
There are words to fasten  
every answer.

Transposition is allowed in  
like a coveted guest  
a ghost and  
no other more lovely.

Artificial thought is  
the language of—  
not dress—  
but deliverance  
the gift of indication  
of limited choice.

## Imitation

That doesn't work anymore.

Working is a state of approximation  
to obey is to mimic.

\*

Of all the rules,  
he adhered to the most approved  
her dominant features  
were promising  
a good stock  
to be sure.

\*

Something was familiar  
her dress maybe  
her arms lifting themselves  
against the summer wind.

When she said she didn't mind that kind of behavior  
she was addressing his movements  
not his speaking voice

\*

After only wanting to rest her head  
she was unable to still,  
tearing at her pillow  
emptying its contents  
by the handful

after only wanting to rest her head.