

Dani Blackpool

Feelings of possessiveness might occur.
You are standing in the vestibule of a museum.

You strike a pose in front of one of his more intense abstracts.
You're ensconced in a buttery soft afternoon light.

One small victory.
Your head is rolling a little.

You kept your new jacket from the clutches
of that uncharitable person at the coat check
stand that wanted to take it from you.

She said that these feelings
of possessiveness are completely normal.

Supple surroundings becomes a part of you.
In almost no time they've been matched.

Interior is given equal attention.
A silky feeling of disacquaintance.

In one of the inside zippered pockets, you keep a notebook
to jot down your impressions of the Max Ernst exhibition,
which you're perusing now.

Jenna, who's perusing you, asks if she can touch your jacket.
You're on your own now.