

A Poem of Wanting (with Lauren Bacall)

for S. S.

My body against a wall
(Bacall in a still: nerves

prompting the low chin, the *look*)
this awareness of verticals
he asked three adjectives—explain

(Lauren capturing her millionaire on screen
an accident
satisfying avarice)

the colour red, explain
this smooth kiss, this wine glass,
explain the breath of history

in traces of frescoes
at Pompeii, the rasping throat
of desire.

*

Last night I dreamed of want,
dreamed *lack*
and Bacall's voice, her posture
leaning against the piano, almost singing.
Dreamed waste
and the phases of the moon.

(Dreamed Bogey beside her, scratching

