

# The Ex-Girl Begins to Remember That Riff

They called it *fur* so we would think of cats,  
*flanks* for horses, *horn* for trumpets,  
rhinoceri, or high school jazz band  
boys in scratchy polyester barely mustaching

reeking testosterone & hope. The first  
who held my hand played soprano sax. I jammed  
scratch-n-sniff stickers in drawers now crammed  
with lingerie & whips, lost track of that

creature filled with grace-notes, formed  
of light, not ordinary or even disco shine  
but what electrons spark in each other as they pass,  
what arcs between the seven million suns,

what jazz I mean real jazz would be if I'd  
had ears & not just eyes to see it.