

ADULTERY—HUDSON, NY

Pressed against you in the stinking crevice
of a back room in a shop of dubious antiques,
we tangle-kiss in the gray of stunned histories,
stopping only to gulp July's steam, to pretend
to know rhinestone brooches, to spit on palms
before scrubbing light into moldy daguerreotypes.
We browse, sneeze and sneakily swap spittle
while avoiding the stormy glares of mammy dolls.
Behind bulged lips deftly lacquered mute,
they screech awful lessons of Jesus and sweat.