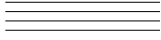


S U N R I S E



P A U L A B O H I N C E

After Ravel

Cloud-cover of bedclothes she's done dreaming beneath.
Waking alone in black slip, stretching up, up,
remembering last night's party, the midnight blue sofa, slow wink
for the boy who poured Veuve Clicquot, then blew across
its dainty mouth, his lips gone babyish.
On the floor, a gold bangle, foil from lavender candies.
Dove on the ledge tugging a hair from a hairbrush.
Garnet clot in a wineglass, doubled in the mirror, like earrings.