

## **I Wonder If Alicia Keys Still Likes Wearing No Makeup**

You took my clothes off.  
Now I wear a face.  
You like it.  
It has stretched eyebrows.  
The nose is made of lavender.  
The mouth opens and  
the tongue stings you ecstatic.  
The face is not a mask.  
The skirt I wore is practical, made of real fabric.  
But the face is realer, doesn't need a skirt.  
The little sweater thrown in the corner is wrinkling  
where you tossed it in your haste  
to have me.  
I never get chilly.

Now I *am* the face—entirely face.  
Smooth and pink and shining.  
I feel better.  
To have you have me  
my baton at the ready.  
With the back of your hand you'll brush my cheek.  
With the other, sweep the hair from my eyes.  
Word-kiss, whispered beginning.  
The rest doesn't matter.



**By a Window in a Darkened Room**

and who is she  
sends my head sprinkling

sound of a kiss  
if lips rustled  
like a dress  
or if water  
a drop or plop  
but a bird's song at night  
doppler

her arms whisper  
shoulders rubbed distinct  
anointed  
as from peppermint

pins of light  
stuck to the window  
birds kiss out there  
they click and clock

no name  
just a cloud receding

something black flies away  
the night air  
dims time

inside  
there's no vision  
stars reflected in the touch  
evaporate

—rustling of a dress  
hurried footsteps—