

daphne in the mirror

Charlie Baylis

after amy key

daphne reflected on all fours
delicate, white, lost to midnight
she only listens when i am beyond her, my
tissue wipes the blonde from her eyes
i can't help but i can stay silent

*we spend our days by the swimming pool
laces of sunlight unlacing on the surface of the water
heady aroma of chlorine and sweat, orphic guilt
daphne enters the jacuzzi and removes my legs*

i open up when she is behind me
bodies bent back
singing like birds on the windowsill, in the shower
i worry about the image of daphne
her fingernails painted gold, her toes on the table
i worry the mirror's daphne is not daphne i see

she whisperers to me of summer
tastes of roses on baudelaire's tomb
or a black apple, she whispers to me of summer
but i don't remember the good lines.