

Vire

daffodils, three pear trees, I lift & put back the wooden lid on our shits melted together in a pool of piss, got the handsome man in a green dress & golden heels' phone number, naughty roes eating at the baby cedar, not taller than a hand, vegan brownie, gentle flirt with the blondie whose pink belt matches the boxers, wonder what's underneath, rainbow layered-cake, Dr. Marie lends me a pair of shorts, two hundred years old chestnut tree, lined-up & grouped twigs, washing armpits sex asshole & feet from a bucket, standing in an empty room, spitting toothpaste in the bin, the sound it makes with the height; glittery red heart on each cheek, plastic-cupped white wine topped with blackcurrant liqueur, watch him dance from afar, follow him to the bathroom, hear him taking off the dress & putting his flowery pants back on, but keeping the heels, two cherry trees, homemade silver-felt-tipped neck tattoo, hasn't worn off during the night, one mirabelle tree, out-of-order tractor, bramble straight through the jeans into the calf, Dr. Marie asks if my sexuality is fixed, I say I am most definitely a faggot, I am a faggot before I am a man; the vegetable patch then the orchard then the stream, mauve light piercing through the mini-trailer, texted back, said Thank you for these beautiful words, I found you handsome as well, canned stuffed vine leaves, the best kind, strawberry entremet, black crows & redstarts & Eurasian wrens & bluetits, satin pyjama no underwear, an hour & a half delay on the outward journey, just on time for the beer; filling wheelbarrows, round tripping, back hurts, palms burn, deathwatch beetle eating at the cardboard, fire crackling, first attempt at chopping up wood, two trees down, wind groping me in all places, feet resting on logs, curled up on the burning sofa, in direct sunlight, ant climbing up my neck; no ice cream shop open, it's Sunday, six Mars ice cream bars, two each, strong pepper, dirty dirty nails, even dirtier mind, taking off my leather jacket, putting it back on, taking it off again, swimming prohibited, every woman in this room is a world, thinking of answering something like, I might be back soon, would you want to grab a coffee, show me a place you like, something new; rose syrup, black radish, destroyed sneakers, toes peeking out, cheap foosball, fluffy shoelaces, pomegranate molasses, the birds who've made a nest in the branches near the outdoor faucet are scared of me & take off as soon as I approach, soap-rub my mouth with vigour; Pasquier grilletine, two hour delay on the trip back, the classy blonde woman next to me asks for help, can't access her downloaded podcasts, & good God they're needed, figure it out, opens wide her big blue eyes, says You've gold in your hands, takes her bag to the bathroom every time while I leave my phone on my seat, butter-stinking sandwich, cap-flattened hair, cheeks so red forever blushing, make good use of the surplus time, catch up on the writing, can't stop cheesing about that dress, that green,