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Brooke

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BROOKE

Heather Good

I overhear someone saying
in the dimness of a brewery
they'd like to fuck her eyeballs.
her face, when she hears this,
will flush, brighten,
then sink in with violated retreat.

I suspect those eyes want to be fucked
because their color holds in them
the lust of Marti Gras
and the serenity of a Victorian novel. To have her
is to witness her eyes dwindle and slit during inhalation,
feel their quintessence envelop you
as she exhales, filling space with smoke and talk.

Her name is like a spill of champagne,
fanciful when you read it in Courier font
on the header of a page of rejected poetry.

You will want to know her,
create sticky labels to paste above
those brown eyes, but will resign
to know her as a paradox—a sorority girl
who likes Joni Mitchell and calls herself
a genre whore.

A prude, a lush, a freeloader. At first,
this may be all you see: a girl
who admits she smokes for oral fixation,
gives good head, and should lose 20 lbs.