

Havana Metaphysic

A woman cranes her neck to see
where a line of people leads—
Over the crowd into a bare, dark shop,
its windows are reflecting the sea.
If I said, “She has a hunger for things,”
think of clementines, petite negligee and
petite fours, patent heels, diamonds
in the shape of a watch, Chanel Nos. 19, 5, and 22,
gold, hardwood, cashmere,
La Grande Dame, a daybed,
Meyer lemons in a bowl resting on a glass tabletop.
If not these then what can pleasure be?
The queue parts and the doorway crumbles
into the street, another abandoned storefront.
“No,” she replies, “our tastes are much more exquisite:
milk, fabric, fuses, aspirin, soap,
in the open water, a strong stroke.”