Blue Bottle

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The blue-black flare at the bottom of the red tulip. Inside, the sticks of sex are alert and wet. The eye of the penis and its first glistening drop. That’s what happened last night—not night but the pink moment of dusk when every eye, even the sky’s, sees clearly through the pastel motes of daylight into the navy steel of night.

Remember that cheap perfume they used to sell in the dime store next to the orange face powder? *Evening in Paris.*

It came in a blue bottle with a silver cap shaped like a star. That’s the blue I mean. I twirled off the star and smelled what was in there. Sex was in there. I drew that blue, bruised fragrance deep into my nostrils. I was at the cosmetic counter of T. G. Grant’s, and my cousin had just explained that the man puts his on hers and “they have to line their breasts up too.” I wasn’t afraid, no matter how odd it was. I just pulled in that heavy blue smell.

Much later I was afraid, for many years I was afraid with you. But last night I looked at the small, sleepy eye in the intelligent stalk. The blue light was caught there. I recognized it.
You I recognized.
I said, blunt as that eye and as innocent,
*Your penis smells like the rest of you.*
The star opened, the flesh opened.
The night and the body
which are blue bottles
opened and opened.
It was the first day of Spring,
the tulips which had been aloof
bent out of themselves,
blue night was exposed.