

CHRISTOPHER SALERNO

Byronic Method

It's going to be an interesting life.
The simple lamps are what I love.
I hope the woman reading the book
in my lap doesn't ever close it.
Even if the tips of her fingers turn black
I want to remember how her arms
make room for wings, rather than flanks.
I'm in my socks. She turns
each page, slightly tearing the tops.
It's a story about feeling like you're falling
backwards off a moving train, and how
later everyone has a drink
and laughs about it. She has done this
before—read a player a book.
I close my eyes and picture that train
idling in my street. Outside, the leaves
of poplars, large pulmonary leaves
lie on the ground, the end.