

Wilderness House Literary Review 11/2

Lyn Lifshin

NOT QUITE SPRING

*Baby, you know I get high
on you, come back with me
whispering in her ear.*

It was all she could do to say
no, spring leaves budding,
his hand on her breast,
crocus smell and
everything unfolding.

She gasping *I want, I
would* but instead hurrying
back to the windowless room
where she locks the heavy door.
Lemons are rotting on her pillow,
she studies her nipples,
nyloned crotch in mirror
then hugs her huge body to sleep

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