

KATIE HANSORD

Pool

To think of things Chihuahuas hear
And more, dolphins of the fallopian, a
Fountain of sorts and a song
Alpine as edelweiss with azure skies.
She was so wise, could sew a
Peach, present an amethyst.
Drinking something less than Chianti,
Two glasses to get your eye in, snooker
All the men in the pub, I can show you
The exact hex for a laugh.
Remember lines, lexical, the
Primary colours in stripes, the precise
Cozy worn summerly light as some
Soft blonde metempsychosis.
To love, to sit quietly, reading *Ulysses*,
A woman as you can, until
An image of another Marilyn, a line,
Could even be heard, for a moment,
For all we know. We will.