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## blue variety // Fujifilm 35 mm

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FRANCES SHARPLES

# blue variety

you are body of three men a night of finite anticipation you are body of two women before me you explain medically you are body of knowing my mother's name and the parts of me that have not been fed you are perfect in timing

of coursing and courting and arching and breath of secretion down my throat of smoking before we meet of polite asking of relapse of namelessness of telling me the blues and browns of my hanging closet which is not as big as yours which does not smell like stale cigarette smoke and i ask you to sleep over as though i know your last name

and you call me to ask about the story of mine and the art prints you collected today

i am body thoroughly practiced in loving in distance i am body thoroughly practiced in empty calling and the hardness of wait and lack of weight i am wanting in every word you say i am wanting in your touch of whatever variety i am body getting in the car that might be yours i am cutting my hair first thing

in the morning in crunched sandy light in light you forget

i am body shedding on the tile i am body offering you toothpaste and the light offers you blue and brown and you dye every inch of your image i am teaching you word games

and you are teaching me patience and you are body matching your palm to my face and they are a perfect fit your fingers in my mouth and i tell you you can make me say anything and you don't and really you are not much bigger than me but you hold my



FRANCES SHARPLES

## Fujifilm 35 mm

There is nothing pretty left  
to write because the photographs  
we developed in Vermont  
have not changed.      The flowers  
we kept on the windowsill  
are mauve and jam  
and amethyst.      The dinner  
we left out overnight  
has flies. Your naked body  
sinks into the couch  
beside me.      My hair clogs the drain.

A camera that lets me stay here forever: In the mattress on the floor.

In the brash  
blankets and lacerations.  
    In the ash-filled canoe. In the pond  
behind our house, where  
we strip fast and clean. We  
wade and remember when  
we fucked in the river behind  
your childhood home  
post-foreclosure. We listen  
and you know the sounds and smells—  
toad spring chorus, eastern newt, loon,  
garter snake. I lift to the sound  
of your voice and it is murky,

deep and warm. I float into reeds.  
Wind whistling through, sharpness, spring chorus,  
southern bog lemmings. My breath  
popped and leaking. Your feet damp  
on the shore. Dragonfly. Deer tick.  
Peregrine falcon, you find  
the camera. Focused and kind.  
My lungs filling. My sound  
drowning. Your skinny fingers  
push down. The only shot that came out blurred.