

Forest Flower
by Jeffrey Miller
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I: Sunrise

Hot in your mouth like vermouth –
a martini too early in the day;

or anesthetic burning –
in your vein before you slip away

into the forest where you're dizzy:

on the sun's
drunken haze,
through the trees;

on meringuey orchids,
pastel blood-specked:
debutantes' pussies.

Their orange-tongued clitori –
Sing, velvet sirens,
damp with dew.

Or rock-bound paper violets –
crypto-virgins,
on Mount Kilimanjaro

Deep in the forest there
where you can't reach them
no matter how you try

Enclosed gardens,
velvet sirens
sing, Forest Flowers!

II: Sunset

(But that was a sweatnap dream you
wake up your mouth mojito dry)

Brown hips swaying in a skirt slashed up the thigh and

slung under the brown belly
(a couple of corrugated folds over a deeply
Freudian innu)
Buttocks both round and squared somehow taut
underneath.
Aureolae, you imagine, brown round and congealing
like Baudelaire's sun setting over the sea
around brown nipples holey-moley porous and erect

This one's not like that. No No sea here in the woods
White girl very,
yes, childless, sunless office girl
soft a little plump, hasn't had such exercise
since danced like this at Club Med last year
in Aruba it was. Abandon
all home ye that enter here
and drink mojitos once a year
in the rummy deerfly bitten air.

Well, even the evening primrose closes at night,
never mind forest flowers, bloody blooming where
there's almost no light.

Artificial illumination resorts, first, last, adds up to the same
having resorted to three mojitos too many – in
the dark, a well-trod path among the
vandalized resort trees.
What brought her here, you ask and realize brought you too and
you say to yourself (too smug by half (why are you laughing she asks)) and
you almost say it out loud dance
with the one what brung ya