Laceum

Whenever he thinks of me (he will), he will
think of me walking away, my body turned
against another weariness, my hips inked with
roses and he'll be convinced he can smell them,
each petal wafting it singular fragrant particular,
its own design, and he will believe that when
he saw me last, I was clothed in only blue lace,
blue as blue as the harbor at Toulon, pale blue,
forget-me-blue, blueberry, blue of the high-stepping
Prussians, of ice, of hard boys, the politics of scratch,
Egyptian blue ground from silica, copper, and lime,
the indigo described by Pliny the Elder, the blue
of the cloak of Christ in the Hagia Sophia,
in the pottery at Delft or Van Gogh's *Starry Night.*
And when he recalls the lace (from the vulgar
Latin: *laceum*)—linen or silk, purl-knitted table-
cloth or doily for wounded flesh—he will recall
I was adorned with ribbons colored pink, *gulabi*,
cherry blossom, *rosa*, flamingo and Amazon dolphin.
Also our sorrow: I never stopped or turned around.

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