Cobalt Poets Series # 545 ~ October 18, 2022

Your Eyes Are Seacolor but Do You Remember?

The walls of that grotto
were everycolor blue
and you said, “Look! Your eyes
are seacolor.”

Anne Sexton “The Nude Swim”

Your eyes are thirsty capsules

as if onyx could be blue, smooth amalgam.

Our rifts cannot last long, the ubiquitous

You don’t listen, you’re shutdown

You’re too emotional, too loud, calm down.

I feel these days as if I trespass

your territory so unknown—do you see me

as vapid, wishing only to manifest the breasts now gone?

I look to the sky, the clearest blue, street white snow-spotted.

If I could knit, I would answer my questions by making you a cap.

Instead, I write this poem, think of crisp green apples and the time I saw you

standing in California Plaza. “Too young” I thought, but cute, very pretty.

I used to love to hold you, one breast cupped in my hand. Now I hold you

arms careful not to touch that place of removed flesh.

Is it enough to say *I love you, I’d never leave you?*

Am I a killjoy if I complain of missing you as woman? Tough, mannish,

but sometimes you cried like a broken ragdoll. Now you brush me

and my tears away, as if I am a mosquito or pesky fly.

Carla Sameth

Carla Sameth is the Co-Poet Laureate for Altadena, CA 2022-2024. Her chapbook, What Is Left was published December 2021 and her memoir, *One Day on the Gold Line* will be reissued by Golden Foothills Press in 2022. Her writing on blended, queer, multi-racial and single parent families appears in a variety of literary journals, newspapers, blogs and anthologies. Carla’s work has been twice named as Notable Essays of the Year in *Best American Essays.* A Pasadena Rose Poet, a West Hollywood Pride Poet, and a former PEN Teaching Artist, Carla teaches creative writing to high school and university students and incarcerated youth. https://carlasameth.com/