

First Date

Sunlight - beat it with a brick.
So comes the night.
Take her dancing, her fingernails trimmed
 with an axe.
Our dinner of stones rests in our bellies,
 uneasy, like a rumour out of season.
Her yellow lies test my patience,
 open the edge of the universe.
She wishes to debate non-Euclidean ethics
 and the art of confession,
 while I resolve to kiss more babies
 with my teeth.

Scott Chisholm Lamont.
1996