

MARITA DACHSEL

Suitcase

She says:

I can fit into a suitcase
(like sperm in a condom, like you in my bed)
I can reduce my life to a handful
of matching separates, two bathing suits,
sunscreen, hiking boots, sandals.

She says:

I can go anywhere anytime.
Give me an hour to pack
and make my way to the airport
and I'm gone, goodbye, outta here.

She says:

I am happiest living nearly naked.
The smell of sunscreen is an aphrodisiac.
I need to be near water, to feel
its movement calming my organs.

He watches her standing naked
at the foot of their bed, nipples erect,
a pimple forming on her neck
as she flattens her manic hair,
staring back at him, daring a response.

He pulls her back to bed and says:
it's coconut oil, not sunscreen, that turns you on
and you could spend an hour in traffic alone,
(you should give yourself more time to pack)
and it's the big things that weigh heavy,
that slip in, invisible.