

© “They’re free!”

Lyn Lifshin

“IN THE DREAM OF HAVING TOO MUCH I HAVE TO DO”

I’m back in your city. You’re
not in the dream tho other
ghosts are, my mother trying
to unpack in this house of
dark baskets. My sister is
difficult as ever. I start out
for ballet early and like with
you, time dissolves and I’ve
a perfect excuse not to be
going. You are that ballet
class, a joy, a high, a challenge
where I might as well be nude,
what I can’t do exposed as

Ronnie Selsman, pulling
open his zipper on the steps
of Mt Olympus, a life time ago
when really I wanted to charm
you, make you have to put
your hand in your mouth to
stop from yelping with longing
when I danced near your
blue sheets in sapphire anklets

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