

LA RESERVE, RAMATUELLE

ROOM 26

LAST NIGHT I FELL ASLEEP
AND DID SO MUCH.
I PLAYED WITH THE MOON IN THE DESERT
WHO PRETENDED IT WAS DAY.

FIFTY CITIES AWAY
LOVERS ARE WHISPERING
THE RUSTLE OF CHANTILLY LACE
A FORTUNE COOKIE SIGH.

A FLUTTER OF PAPER
TUMBLEWEEDS BETWEEN MY SANDY TOES
I THINK IT SAYS "READ ME"
THOUGH I'M NOT SURE AGAINST THE MOON'S GLARE

LIKE A CHILD
I YEARN TO POSSESS THE LETTERS
ARMS FLAILING TO CATCH THEIR WIND-SWEPT ASCENT
I RUN, JUMP IN SLOW-MOTION.

THE MOON LIES FLAT
AS IF PLAYING DEAD.
I NUDGE HER AND SHE SPILLS INTO DREAM-LIFE.
HER VERSION, HER GAME.

ROOM 26 IS COOL, PEACEFULLY PALE WHEN I WAKE.
A STRETCH OF SUNRISE FLOODS
A DIAGONAL
WARMING MY FEET.

A VAGUE MEMORY FILTERS THROUGH THE HAZE.
SPLIT SECONDS DOMINO IN PANIC.
ONE VILE SURGE
AND I'M CLOTHED IN DEVIL'S SWEAT.

IT'S THEN, ONLY THEN
I REMEMBER YOU'RE GONE.

CAMPBELL COOPER