



Lynn Lifshin

Scheherazade

Naturally, she'll be in blue,
not the wild bullfight flame
color that drives men wild
as the story goes but calm,
hypnotic, a frozen lake
spell that swirls men into
her words, a tornado
spinning, about to touch
down. She knows the ritual.
Her voice a lasso, a swirl, a
lariat. Her eyes, words, voice
hog tie your breath. She is a

wild magnet everything in
you is iron filings, unable
to resist. She will tell you
the dream where you feel your
skin pulled past deserts in
Tripoli, flung into an emerald
studded tent where whatever
you lusted for is pulled
from the lake behind her
eyes and the new moon of her
whispers turns darkness wild as
overflowing rivers in a tsunami.
It gets late, later, and no one
can sleep. Night's glistening
onyx. She is cunning, cat
like. She is the horses running
until they forget they are
horses. Just as you think maybe
you've got her for good, have
her body where you want
it, light slices the room in two.
If you weren't so drunk on
her, you'd see her slight sneer,
how she catches her breath:
alive for one more day. How
she sees your longing, prays you
will never get used to it.

Lynn Lifshin has published her work in many publications
throughout the U.S. and abroad. She lives in Virginia.\

Painting: Georges Barbier, "Scheherezade"