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FOR JERRY HALL, STARTLED, IN THE CAR

Looks like rain on the glass, remnants
of autumn, season of the fur, the long sleeve, tall
boot. Reaching for something, incredulous, stunned
by.

What is this divided by that, carried? Or later: conjugation
of this verb in French, in Italian, in all those Romance
languages. No?

Your eyes must be the color of the stone
on that finger, or seem so. Shading all
that aids us in imagination, filling in: you.

You asking for the question
to be repeated, tucking your hair behind
your ear, praying for the bell
to ring, that clamor.

Your knee
bent – that settling in
for the long drive – just this quick interruption
before.
FOR KATE MOSS IN THE CAR WITH JOHNNY

White glare—you looking as if just woken, shaken in the middle of the night, someone saying, *Quickly, now. We must go. Take only what you need.* And so your clutch held to your chest and so the fur to keep you warm. And then: interminable waiting, the floor rising, coming up to meet you.

Sometimes we had to crawl to get to where we were going, and then lie down and try and recall what came between that hour and this one. Blasted.

Shattered. Something like fragments. There was the one who begged me never to leave her, never. Her hair the same color as yours in this, bangs flung to the side. The other outside the bar, crouching to pee, and all the boys gathering as if side show.

You. Your thumb lies folded, curled in your palm.