

Ruth Aroni

Submerged

He does not know
that I smoke in bed.
Crouching in the bathroom
of a quiet French restaurant
I puff.
And in the tub, scratching
years of stain
I submerge my head in
the tepid water,
looking for a miracle.
And at the mirror I scrub
my grayed teeth and smear
paint, an egged Indian.
My perfumed body smiles
in disgust. I am unprepared
to greet him.