

## Darkroom

First comes light, darkening  
coiled curls between a  
woman's thighs, draped  
with a man's dress shirt.  
Look—how the details form.  
Coarse hairs in cushions, a  
tattoo—her lover's initials. You  
kiss her hip, lick black ink.  
Focal point for light. Ripples  
over pert, darkening breast  
buds in shallow steel pans.