

Christa Romanosky

Libretto Juvenescence

You forgot to get married or to seduce anything
but landfill. Years ago, you awoke with nudity
perched like opals. It threw a party for your loss,

donated a few sparse layers: Maxi-pads, ibuprofen,
diaphragms and polish. No one wanted a gift
that leaked. You sold it to a friend who didn't

keep you, said "unpeel." Orange cassock slipped
over your head, a ripped toe nail. Braille shiver
the river filled and emptied, and no one

noticed. Now clouds swarm the canal—umbrellas
won't open, there isn't any rain: bloated days, weedy
throb. The anatomy that traps your body loves

your body more than you do. On the bank,
a clump of azaleas, the color of horizon, you
could drink that.

