

# JUDITH TAYLOR

## My Blue Heaven

When I came to, the pandemonium was worthless,  
a tiny shard of imbroglio.

The movie rolled, drooling its situations.  
I doused them all with sarcasm,  
a coda at the end of every doubt.

In the painting I'm splayed on the table,  
in the painting I'm dancing in a cage,  
vessel or vassal?

Too bad the order of things is bulletproof.  
In the middle of every caress lies Tibet.

Ditto for the spring song of the lindens.

## Secret Agent

He changes his faces after church on Sunday.

He James Bonds us into giving up to him our secrets.

We're never sure we're as real as he.

*The swift blue music of a double life.  
The choreography of rules and anarchy.*

One successful spy, an inside man, told me: Everyone, underneath,  
wishes to live slippery.

Our Man in Rio or DC kills coolly in the formal garden.

*Shall we all walk through the mirror?  
Kiss it, tree it, bind ourselves to it?*

Reality won't reveal the name of the Uberspy who mazes each smaller spy.  
Nor reveal the ur-plot, the river that runs under all.

Mint-on-pillow safe, do you love the boundary: suspense, recovery?  
Or, helpless, do you sing, Murther, murther?

None of us protected from our fates.

## **Please Disarm The Opera**

Leaning over history's balcony, looking down at the braided ribbons  
of chronology,  
one cheek tries to console the other, which cannot be consoled.

I am so afraid of heights.

"She was lonely. She kissed the clock."

Hand me a cigarette, I require rituals to cover up uncertainty.

Let's do the tango of sissies.

How cool are the stretches of blessed myopia.  
Shadowy, without newspapers, without the sun.

If I open the forbidden box, what gestures would fly out!  
If I were brave enough to be Tosca.

"Whatever the dead know, they're not letting on."