

The New Criterion

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Getting up

by David Solway

The cell phone purrs. "Open me," it pleads,
"put me to your mouth, whisper something."
The pillows caress my hair, tenderly.
The floor beneath my naked soles
with its skin of shine
and smooth consoling touch
communicates as if flesh to flesh.
The faucet gleams like the beam of an eye,
winks provocatively in the sun,
and the shower pours and streams with rapt devotion,
probing every fold and pucker.
The towel rubs its pell against my body,
hugs me tightly and stays put.
Lather licks my face.
The razor nicks, drawing blood
with little bites of mischievous intimacy.
The mirror embraces me.

I know that I am blessed.

I know that I am loved.

David Solway's newest poetry volume, *Installations* (Véhicule Press), was released in the Fall of 2015.

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