

KEY STREET

by Anna Polonyi
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The back-lit sketch of a naked woman¹
Clouds hurry past the moon hiding in her hair²
The cinema of rue Clef, just closing³
And water, left over from a day of grey,
Taps out time on the scaffolding.⁴

Past the museum, the sky is bruising.
Inside, the spine of an ancient creature⁵
Rises black against the blueing pink.

“Ça va, t’es content, t’es content?” a woman asks⁶
Travel up the nerve, reach the epicenter:
there you will taste stillness, there you will lock into place.

¹ Inside out, inverted: I see through her.

² Cummings’ moon was a woman,
She has turned to gravel and stone.

³ A moon nearly full is more alive than a full nearly moon.

⁴ It teeters and talks in the night

⁵ As it weaves past the windows

⁶ Her voice rough like freshly sawed wood.