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RACHAEL BOAST

COCTEAU TWINS

I’ve heard the phrase between you
and me too many times to believe
it to be true, but between me and you
there was Cocteau, wagging his testimonial
finger, as usual, while flat out on the floor
with my arms in receipt of the flower
of thought, palms upwards, I envisaged
the inside eyes of his hands remaking words
for a song that is a drawing that is a film —
that is, a poem; and in the middle of all this
the books on the shelves float down while
falling upwards, slipping out of their jackets
as the naked petals of their pages turn
into mirrors, which is to say, they blossom.