

Anachronism

by Jenni Faulkner-Jones

You smelled to me like the thin
yellowing pages of an old dictionary
but in my favorite way, cleaner somehow.

Like you would have been on some mahogany bookshelf
next to some brick fireplace. The kind flanked by

empty cowhide chairs. And goldie-brass candelabras.
I was an aura of pipe tobacco trying to saturate
your pages. I was stiff, cool, bleached cotton

sheets spread on a bed like a field of crystals in
January waiting to be strewn about like those images

of storm clouds taken from the window of the moon.
We were a bacon-scented Sunday morning
and stubble burn from a tangled Saturday night.

You were strong hands & the staticky fizz & the pop
of dust on vinyl. I was always the one

seduced by the needle. You were sharp hipbones
and whispered nothings. And you breathed my name
in a way that made it sound foreign & unrecognizable.