

Maximum Earnest for Dorothea Tanning

She plays foxy chess
with Max — her Miller, her — his Nin.
Copulation is decalcomania.
Lovers' secrets are on-and-on doors.

Her nude feet, her braless tiny eyefuls:
soft dinners for the marmoset-griffin?
Creamy defendants for the trowel?

She sees what Dada saw.
Knows the deadliness of a birthday
the bowed back and throaty neck of the subdued puritan
the evil upward hair of sexualized high-heeled children
the hunger of the crawling sunflowers
that the wall is cracking open to reveal selfless interiors.