



Nest and Leaves, Karen Abel

EMBOUCHURE

by Elana Wolff

The sun grows garish, then gaunt.
A fading orange organ in the bedroom,

embouchure.

This is the way you've come to me this evening—

in a box, on the wall,
reflected.

Lodged in the slatted shadows of the shutters,
then not even there.

Before the orange ebbs completely,
into the autumn night

and you abscond,
I strain myself to listen for a tune

of your affections.
And one comes up from the loin of my tongue,

like muddy
waters onto my lips.