**Bathtub**

Filled with fire.

The white-gold blaze illuminated

argent claws, spouts of adamant, a body

of black opal.

Incandescence

melting jet-marble

floors, walls

causing amaranthine ambrosia to pool underfoot,

cascade, swirl,

towards the tub.

Incidental human toes,

my toes, tapping the surface.

Cool, lighter than water; poured witch hazel.

Where ripples rolled vibrant colors of dusk, wisteria

and jasmine, followed. Scent,

faint. Stars riddled with skyscrapers.

The room, a night sky

mirrored onto the surface of a serene lake.

The moon, simmering at its center.

Standing in the doorway, looking back,

seeing a rumpled bed, a frayed phone charger,

then turning back toward the exultant dark—

*Where’s my toothpaste?*

A warm breeze, the breath of something anciently kind,

ripples the surface of the running marble,

coaxes longing eyes, cold eyes, from the tub.

To a baldachin. That isn’t there.

The room: liquid night, elemental and sage,

just a reflection. Harbor

before launching into a sea of fire in the sky,

constellations connected by a poet’s nature.

Looking back down, feet drifting

forward, fingertips

brushing the soul of the universe;

I climb in.