

## **Some Soap**

*for Amy*

You are cashmere bouquet,  
oil of olay,  
dove, joy.

I am bird's eye, deep blue,  
wheat and rice and corn chex  
over you.

I wish we had nine lives  
of suds and spin and tumble dry  
in a gentle heat,

my pears, my sunkist,  
my luckiest of all  
lucky strikes.