

## **A Double Portrait**

by Ed Frankel

### VIII

I have a secret, I can tell you  
now that we are alone here  
and I am a grown man in my forties.  
You are the woman in the painting  
*A Double Portrait With A Glass Of Wine*,  
wearing the grey dress, Molly  
with the slit up the right front leg,  
plum-colored stockings, a necklace of raisins and almonds  
the bodice is undone, loose and laughing,  
a crescent moon in the creamy clouds,  
breasts of Susana and the Rose of Sharon,  
You are dancing with me on your shoulders,  
Hossana, Hossana ,Oh Susana, I sing  
in my thick, greenhorn accent.  
As we laugh.

I hold up a glass of ginger ale and cherry Kiafa.  
Is that a jester's cap I'm wearing,  
or my love for you, dressed up in purple,  
descending in an emerald cloud?

I sit astride your broad bare shoulders,  
one hand over your right eye as you dance.  
What are you holding in your hands,  
Playing cards, tickets to Coney Island, a bouquet of feathers?  
You smile, almost bursting  
as the laughter lifts us off the ground.  
Our heads turn upside down  
Your eyes are open, my eyes are closed  
as we curve into each other  
in the folds of colors inside of colors,  
fields of yellows, rough ochres and mustard.  
we are high over Zhitomir  
then back in the kitchen,  
for the kiss.