

EMILY YONG
Suite 4A

A steamy fragrance, peracetic—
and two young women intimate,
dressed in disposable paper
in a field wiped out, almost entirely,
of teeming life. Under bright-beamed light,
one of them as if dead. The other, hovering,
her emotions fluid, contained,
like what you have seen in Vermeer's
milkmaid, pouring out of her hands.
Each gentle pinch poke scrape
of the blade: swift sure pressure.
The effort to heal becomes what it touches.