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HESTER PRYNNE IN PARIS

A man on a motorbike propositions

An American woman screams
 “But I’m married”
 with a bottle of wine
 slung like a club by her side

The young man laughs
 all sharp chrome teeth against
 the silver sleek motorcycle

But I am upstairs
 waiting for the hours to roll themselves forward
 to the bakery from the way home tonight
 full of rainbow colored dough
 wrapped moist and soft
 around thick frosting
 stacks and stacks of sugar snowed pastels
 meant only for aching jaws
 the thick syrup of sweet
 crumbling down the throat
 leaving guilty sticky fingers and
 a sugar stung mouth

You told me
 “No”
 on the way home
 “We can have them in the morning”

I am waiting within the lines
 of propriety
 for morning to make his way
 through the crush traffic of people
 with their lanky hips laughing
 guttural slack vowel sounds

But
 the bakery is only a block away
 I can hear that man with the motorbike
 still wolf smiling by the slick metal
 I long just to
 assimilate