under a photo of TS Eliot and Vivian knocking cocktails together, the baby and I one body, the baby twisting on my lap.

In the Commonwealth Room, under the gaze of the waiters, the baby twists under the *Boston Globe* I’ve tented over us.

Try to think abstractions. Outside in the courtyard a fountain choked with blinding silver white, the shiniest dimes.

Brunch drifts on without me into the afternoon, the baby twisting my nipple until it burns. A buffet table, a tower of salmon and crushed ice, champagne flutes. Try to think. My mind is a shuttered window, snapped shut and sealed against light. I’ll never return to the table. While she feeds, the baby rests her fingers on my tongue. I’ll never return. I’m tired of the poet’s own voice but can’t recall any others. Just an instrument, this body my daughter knows. I haven’t practiced. Eliot smiles and sips his drink and I’d like to knock the careful circle of daisies to the floor. I’d like to write about the club’s Women’s Entrance.

Vivian used. I’d like to write about kept silence. I’d like to flip on searchlights to sweep the elegant drawing room, and set every corner burning. And here is my daughter’s hand inside my mouth. No metaphor can transport me into the water of that fountain. Or inside the glittering display of ice.