

RISHMA DUNLOP

## Soundtracks

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Summers I lifeguard at the pool,  
blue as a canvas by Hockney.  
Weekends I iron my hair  
like Ali McGraw in *Love Story*,  
dab Eau de Love or Love's Baby Soft  
on my temples, between my breasts.  
My California boy and I  
in his father's Buick.  
Above his heart, a scar I bless  
with my mouth,  
as hands reach through the radio  
strumming us to divas in long white gloves,  
singing *baby love oh baby love*.

I learn more  
as I lie with my first love  
in our first room,  
his other scars,  
his knees and palms,  
while Clapton sings  
in a white room with black curtains  
where shadows run from themselves.

I like to imagine it was like this  
for mother and father—  
making me in a cool room,  
in a bed of heat.