



OBSIDIAN

Literature & Arts
in the African Diaspora

Call & Response: Experiments in Joy
Furious Flower:
Seeding the Future of African American Poetry
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BARE

Tiffany Austin

after Jonathan Green's Bathing

She has the smell of almost,
wants to see the sound, a hand somewhat close.
Planted somewhere, and here
the covering towel like the cut and white smalt of sugar tits.

There are no secrets, the supple of back—
mouth on suckled plum.
In the south, old men don't choose slow
and flowers stutter.

She is like Degas's towel—
still muddled breasts lotusing milk;
I can't see her move her lips
only bellied muscle.

Her silence is all sound
I don't know the names of.