

# Steam Seams

*Terese Svoboda*

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Today's white plume of steam  
becomes Miss Success D'estime  
in a nightie  
if you look and look away  
into the queque of satay-  
loving coupon-holding tourists  
expelling their reviews of bream  
baked à la Manet.

Tomorrow's plume might be dream-  
proof, a caterwauled ghee  
of electrons in play by Faraday  
you breathe in  
only once, Saladin-  
suspect, no believer.

Make hay  
as if the meme  
of chance fled with your nightie  
and left your wrists  
tied, and your fingers dream-  
ing, while the teapot gleams.