

L' TANGO INCONCLUSIF

Every fifteenth moon or so I think of you

--now forty-more ages of pale glowing moons adrift--

and I remember misty humid fog of May,

the perspiring glow after a spring dance,

anxiously smiling arms claspt around smiling waists,

distant translucence of street lamps over a

silent walk through the grounds

of a campus.

Your fingers entwined mine.

Your lips entwined mine.

Fleeting, a buck startled by lightning.

You ate of my heart, its' plum-coloured juice

flowing down our chins.

Ahh, thirst, --parched thirst quenched.

En-robed in the silvery mist of night

in the humid still warmth of May-day's evening;

Fleeting, a buck startled by quick rain.

Empathetically, the doe darts.

Still might I recall? Do you even remember?

The lessons of life are many.

Fleeting, a buck startled by fire.

– J. F. Lowe