

the very first drop of rain just above her lips begins to slip.
i am excited.
an outdoor garden cafe in paris
at the home of rodin and the things in his mind
influencing mine
with the delicate women with strong ankles
chaperoned by ghosts
and ancient
passion
that is unchaperoned restraint.
her tongue flicks the drop away.
moving upward and curling
then retracting
without a sense of modesty.
wilder passion.
the table umbrellas vibrate in waves of wind.
the birds begin a nervous movement.
i begin to imagine a world without innocence.
delicate women with strong ankles
kicking up their heels
showing muscles of desire
chaperoned by torment
with a love that is chewing up the moon.
arriving for a reckless rendezvous
but pretending it is another
garden casual stroll
and no one will notice

the arrangement
of hidden secrets
and unrestrained postures
filling the space
with unmanageable storms of intimacy.

then it happens
more rain
and watching her moist tongue
 catch the second drop
 closing the trap
 with a distant smile
 is the reason to sit in the rain
 and understand the abandonment in love.

the idea that
 the thinker
 the gates of hell
 the cry
 the kiss
 are not integrated
 are not a singular response to all the separate whys
 means that you have come to the park
 as a tourist
 and not as a resident.

just above her lips.
wf.h.
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