

I Caught You in the Park

Larry Kendrick

The shade seems gentle as you lie there,
its tide rising and falling up the hill
lapping at your auburn hair,
splashing the white bareness of your neck
with cool green

The sun reaches
across your calves
like a silk slip, playfully sliding through
the over long grass between your
eased thin ankles . . .

The sun has been hanging at four o'clock
for hours now.

The shade is harsh on my eyes.

And the sun impairs my hearing;

The wind is at my back

a low early autumn breeze

lightly combs through the soft blond

hairs of your arm, a wisp of fragrance

teasingly drawn up and away.

And I've caught you like a bad cold,

I'm caught, caged and helpless, hopelessly caught reaching

and not touching you

as you roll away crumpling the heart

in your hip pocket, I asked for it back.

You handed me a balled up

Juicy Fruit wrapper, and I wrote you these words,

and you hand me a toothy smile,

a mocking cock of the head

and the sun

casually stumbles across the thin gold

thread that binds your frail white ankle

to someone else.