

Spring Forward
Tom Squitieri

If you want to kiss me again
Like last night
And I hope you do
Just say "Tom,"
Then look at me
And pull my head toward you

I'll get the message

You don't have to ask

what you are thinking,
what you are gazing upon,
Before you do that.
If you pondered
How I would be looking at you right now,
as the street lamp posts enjoyed
Providing entrance lighting

In quiet percussion
to the
Stillness all around
Smiles on my shoulder
No darkness, no sunshine
no clouds, no lapse of the moment.
I'm ready for you to dream. Or at least
Translate my thoughts.
As the muses, fairies, and elves
Are playing and dancing inside of me,
unseen, except by some
very perceptive eyes

Consider your head pulled,
she said.