Poem

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Abstract

Alone I wait. Quietness—and held blunt against it a page turned in the room leaves slip still outside girl’s voices a car moving a ringing phone feet in the corridor...
Come back, Warm Valley:
Touch me once again . . .

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In the middle,
the end is endless:
Beginnings are obscure, forgotten.

—Larry Mark, Ag. Grad.

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Alone
I wait.
Quietness — and held blunt against it
a page turned in the room
leaves slip still outside
girl's voices
a car moving
a ringing phone
feet in the corridor.

You come.
Warmness
a pulse pressing my throat
pushing down the quiet till it cries out
and I am laughing
pulling a comb through my hair
opening the door
walking softly to you.