

AMSTERDAM

I took our first-born for a stroll,
Her, not yet two;
Me - naïve, unworldly.

We turned down an empty side street,
with little to see,
An infrequent storefront,
A few faded facades,
All so drab in the damp Autumn air.

When a curious sight caught my eye.
I stopped. Across the street, an art dealer?
A large picture window,
framing a painting of a near-naked woman
Seated, in a red velvet chair,
A leather-bound book in her hands.

A life-sized nude from the European Renaissance,
Or, so I supposed.
So calm, sensual,
Dark hair and eyes,
Mesmerized by those leather-bound words,

The white of her skin,
The black gauze of her robe,
A loose-fitting gown, flung open,
The fullness of her femininity exposed ...
All at rest on a richly-hued carpet of the Orient.

It so stood out from the façades all around,
All the drab, damp greyness of this part of town
I stood, wondered, who could it have been,
what might it cost, the date, the artist ...
My daughter and me, staring, examining ...

Then she uncrossed and re-crossed her legs ...

Shocked, embarrassed, ashamed
I hurried off, ran on our way ...
To the anti-nuclear protest held in the Dam Square that day.

[long pause]

I remember little of the protest ... but that Lady in the Window ... !

AFTER THE PARTY, I DREAMED OF YOU

After the party, this beautiful young woman and I went back to my place.
She was so voluptuous.
I didn't even know what that word meant,

but I knew it applied to her.

We went back to my place.
And before long, she was doing this dance,
A striptease, unrequested 'tho not unwanted.

Did she know how to move her body.
Nothing – and no one – is perfect.
But she knew how to move in such ways ...

God ... god ... oh, my, god!

I dreamed of you last night.
And of your friend.

The three of us sharing a bed.
It was sublime.

I woke this morning,
Sat on the edge of the bed,

The vision of us,
still so ... real in my head ...

And penned these lines.

ON THIS ROAD BEFORE US

Undress me with your eyes.
Fondle my breasts.
Fill the space between us with hyper-charged air.

Caress me.
Smother me.
Touch me gently,

‘Til my skin glistens,
With the sweet scent of
desire.

But say nothing.
I won't mind.

I'll savor you. Cherish you.
Long for you.
Rehearse these rhythms,

as chance and charity permit.

I've done the same with you.
Felt feelings I dare not name.

With pulse pounding,
strong and warm,

I've imagined all sorts of things,

Save one.

That you enter in,
Beyond this door,

Which protects me, and you,
From breaking a troth

I, in youth, so unwisely gave.

I am here, my love, if ever we be one,

On this road before us.