

you came running

wind song sifting your hair
cool blossoms, perfumed and plenty
cas

ing cad
 ing mas
 quer ad
ing

un jour
your smile pirouetted
(wasn't there a brief fandango, a minuet of graceful wonder,
a sudden symphony of surprise?)
your breath
rushed gently across the sun-drenched room
your eyes
dark child dashing through wild geraniums
opened bright

yes you came running
and the day burst madly
 can't you remember
 when the city went wild with springtime
 and poppies paraded gaily down the tree-lined boulevard
un jour
 incroyable
 dans un jardin
 de pluie

now let me tell you about my complaint

you came running

once
a child/girl/woman
came rushing to the door

that night
there were wild strawberries garnishing your hair
that is to say there was red
and a flame of reverie swept through my mind

you came
a bouquet of roses redolent with wonder
and the doorway swelled with you
on that drizzly drowsy summer day

as for me
under the dim naked light
heartstruck
then as now
stood dazed in that graffiti-filled hallway
(the scent of dreams
can it persist so long?)
now as then
with you forever running
in that diamond brilliant moment
when at first at last I knew