

Crescent Plaza At 4:00 P.M.

It was at the fall fair that I met her first:

A tall, thin shaft of light,

With a sprightly step and a haunting gleam in her eyes,

My eyes did the flirtatious jig and she responded coyly.

Then we met at gardens and malls and cafes,

We talked like a streaming rainfall hitting the patio roof,

We held hands and travelled into each other's eyes for hours,

Spawning meaningless dreams and silent sighs,

Love's primitive language held us speechless for long stretches.

It has been two months since I have seen her -

She disappeared suddenly one day like a storm changing its course,

Leaving me blank and dark and cold,

Every day I go to Crescent Plaza at 4:00 P.M. hoping she will show up,

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Suffern, New York, 9.21.10