

Dialogue

"You are my Springtime flood
after years of drought,
the cool evening breeze
after a summer day, affirmation
that the sky is up,
 the earth down
after so many moments of doubt,"
says the poet.

"I love you, too," she replies.

"I stroke your bare flesh,
hold your body close to mine,
explore your eyes, your mouth,
the secret place which lies
where a female belly curves away
to disappear between two thighs—
and forget, for just a moment,
that there is anyone else, besides us,
in the universe," he tells her.

"You are so wonderful," she glows.

"Your smile is all the food and drink
my soul requires, your caress
my shelter from the world."

She gently squeezes his hand, whispers:
"Thank-you so much for loving me."

And he stares into her face, unable
to speak again, awed
by the eloquence of her words.

Steve Bloom
April 2007