

## The Reading

I wait by the door and watch him court  
women mesmerized  
by a firestorm of words that wave  
upon us, moved by undersea earthquakes that shake  
from the sweet music of his voice.

A busty blonde lusts  
for him through a thin blouse that begs  
in a stray-dog way.  
A quiet woman who no longer dances  
dreams of waltzing  
against his broad chest and wishes she could tell him  
that June is the best time of year  
to listen for meteors.

He tosses verses that ride  
rough and rowdy  
over emotions that quickly evolve  
into creatures yet unknown to nature. I ache  
with each syllable that pours  
from his soft lips. I know I should say  
*goodbye bad boy*  
but all I want to do is cross  
this jungle of desire and pull the space between us together.



