FACES IN A ROOM

She smiled at me
As she lit a cigarette…
Another woman,
With eyes of flame kisses,
Wanted to know my name…
And another, gently slipped
Her hand into mine,
With her lips pressed against
My ear saying, "May I have
This dance…"
Smiles, eyes wandering
Here and there, and glances –
All faces in a room
Trying to touch
That silent moment when
Those we have truly loved
Move out of our reach…
Is this a way
To take care of that memory
We've made-up in our thoughts
And our dreams
Still tasting the scent of yesterday?
What is this I ask myself?
Is there a sign on my shirtsleeve
Saying, "He's laughing on the outside,
But he's crying in the inside?"
Is there a secret sign language
I know nothing about?
How can this be
When the weight of my remembrance
Is in another face
Of the poetry I hold?
A soft yearning, a bare back,
And a hand, which recalls
What it was I held…
Faces in a room, lonely
And searching
And often punishing the lovers
Who have hurt them…

Smiles grow quiet now,
And tomorrow the sun
Will surround you
In a familiar embrace…
But for me, there will be
Nothing but clouds,
And faces in a room…

Speak mischievous lover, speak –
tick-tock time
a parable waits
our brevity so entranced
Advent from avarice
dark from idyllic light...