

1973

Untitled

Julie Martin

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Julie Martin

He waited her within,
 watched her timeless hair
glow from the hardstone walls.
Covering sight to the breath of her swing.

On the spring's side, he rehearsed the insects'
 swarm of his racing bike
across the hot walks
 upon where she lay,
osmosis of the sun's brilliance,
 across her chest,
 always there.

He pretended the call of a newsboy,
 and his performance was finished.

He had wing-tipped his tennis shoes for her,
 planted seeds to plant and give to her,
All stared back at him,
 black in his room.
They had always sweated apart,
 his body for hers,
She, to escape his vulgar beauty.

He still waited to rain with her.