

Tangled Tango

Moonlight spotlights through the window,
darks and lights mingling
to show figures in a timeless tango.

Hands clasped,
the music tempo swells
constant as heartbeats,
feet perform a *corrida* and *enrosque* and *gancho*.

Dissociation and reconnection,
again and again,
returning to the shelter of the *embrace*.

Legs scissor into fans and then
caricia the other.
Bodies and chests together
in *tango acurrucado*,
heads looking away.

Tangotonin fills the air
before dissipating
before separating
before bowing to the
early dawn filtering in.

The stark light of morning separates
them as they go their ways,
lights to lights,
darks to darks.