

Strangers

She sits some tables away,
hair fluttering sideways
in an early June breeze,
as does mine.

She'd given it just then.
The glance, I mean: delicate,
hoping I wouldn't see.

Or maybe
hoping I would.

Eyes back down now,
as are mine.

And maybe it's the sun -
its warm reflection on dirty metal tables
that she leans back and smiles about,
as do I.

Or the city.

Or the squirrels in her mind
that tell her
we'd never been so old.

Mine say,
we'll never be so young again.
I glance.

She doesn't see.
I rise and turn away.

Lunch Break

She sits a few tables away,
hair fluttering sideways
in a gentle breeze, as
does mine.

And she does it again.

It's a delicate glance
hoping I wouldn't see.

Or maybe
hoping I would.

Eyes back down now,
as are mine.

And maybe it's the sun -
its warm reflection on dirty metal tables
that she leans back and gently smiles about,
as do I.

Or the city,

Or the squirrels in her mind
that tell her

we'd never been so old.

Mine say,
we'll never be so young again.

I glance.

She doesn't see.

I rise and turn away.

