

One more round leads to one more memory  
as I am taught the many tastes of Mexico.  
Engaged in each other's eyes we trade stories like baseball cards  
and I hang on her every word.  
Look in my eyes as I look in yours  
*junto viviremos en noche nuestra interminable!*

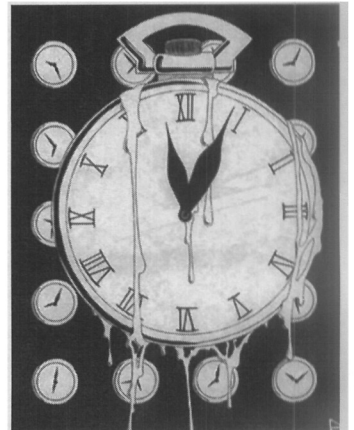
As all good things this night must end  
She drops me off at my Brentwood hotel.  
She gives me her number without being asked  
She gives me a hug  
appropriate for the moment.  
We reflect on the past hours  
what a good time we had—  
together.  
She sits back down and smiles at me one last time.  
Goodnight.  
Goodbye.

Looking back at these faded memories  
still seeming clear  
I am left to wonder why that night had to end.  
Now, I can only dream of that wonderful night  
with such a wonderful girl,

whose name I can't remember.

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<sup>1</sup> together we will live in our endless night



Jonathan Riddle