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## Was I

Was I  
just thinking about your forever brown eyes  
and luscious smile

Was I  
A humid June stroked on summer's piano a tune of late night  
word exchange teetering on the edge of destiny different  
from now on

Was I  
Wanting the whole of the piece I Was given on a night where  
Hail Mary played and Alize stayed in the bottle no longer  
than the tipping

Was I  
wanting you, inside of you, and next to you, Was I  
To do what a kiss premeditates like a senior prom night  
is the honey moon while it's still too soon to say "I do,"  
Was I  
A gentle reflection in the eye when last we talked and played  
the role, you mentioned your meeting me half-way so  
maybe now we have a goal.

My sales pitch was neither too deep or shrieking high,  
My speaking for what my seeking my thinking for fine hairs  
and layers of lust and flares for lovers to see the way it's  
done and not have to try, but  
Was I

What luminous reflected black face leers down between the  
trees? Is it Mr. Destiny leaving us frozen at what if . . .  
I have heard the others were but  
Was I  
a tipsy conversation  
a drunken no hesitation  
Am I more?