

WILLIAM TROWBRIDGE

Fool for Love

Fool finds himself smitten by a judge's daughter,
who's been reserved for someone like herself:
tycoon rich, Ivy League, Greekly statuesque,
and no fool. When he spotted her among the other
women on the planet, Fool's heart needed
high-powered binoculars just to see whether
she had blue eyes or brown. Fool imagines
that she loves old movies and city landscapes,
exactly as he does, that he's found his missing half
so he no longer has to stumble around on two left legs
like those down-the-middle amputees in *The Symposium*.
See the newly-rejoined on a balmy Union Square,
discussing the vault scene in *Citizen Kane*; in winter
see them snowball-sparring by the Flatiron Building,
in late spring dining on the Via Veneto. Divine
love, earthly love: fast as Chan and Eng? The calendar
flaps through the months as they choose the silverware,
coochie their first-born . . . who looks away like Hitchcock
in a cameo.

 The iron park bench chills beneath the cloud
just abandoned by Fool's violins and French horns.
Is that hail?