

Annunciation in Play

Into the 3rd second, the girl
holds on, determined not to
meet his gaze—

She swerves her blue sleeve,
closes down the space,
while his eyes are intent,
unwilling to relent and

late into the 5th second, they are still
fighting on, their feet sinking into
the slippery grass—

Approaching the 6th second,
he can't repeat the sweeping in,
and each time he tries to clear
the way to her thorn-brown eyes by the gesture of a hand,
it is easily blocked by the turn of her cheek.

By the 8th second, she is still repelling
every attempt, still deflecting (you can see the speed,
the skillful knee action) his gaze.
And she must know (she has to think
every second, there's no letting up)
this is only
delay, but the delay

is what she has
before his expert touch
swings in, before
she loses her light, clean edges, before she
loses possession—

before they look at each other.