

*Little Night Music*

Of neighbors' voices and dishes  
Being cleared away  
On long summer evenings  
With the windows open  
As we sat on the back stairs,  
Smoking and sipping beer.

The memory of that moment,  
So sweet at first,  
The two of us chatting away,  
Till the stars made us quiet.  
We drew close  
And held fast to each other  
As if in sudden danger.

That one time, I didn't recognize  
Your voice, or dared turn  
To look at your face  
As you spoke of us being born  
With so little apparent cause.  
I could think of nothing to say.  
The music over, the night cold.