CROSSING THE TABLE

That Olympic couple on ice with their satin swoopings. No, it's not ease I'm after.

I hate table talk Pass the salt, tomorrow rain. Goodbye tired bodies trading clichés.

I want the language of lovers before they touch out loud, when their eyes telegraph verbs only, because each word costs.

The way they startle and contract: have they given away too much too soon?

Across the table you're a foreign city where the natives always talk fast.

A whole swarming life to tell, no time to tease the words out, crazy to connect, we strain like children breaking

into speech.

You look up: I step out in frantic English into the traffic.

