

Nude in the Night Breeze

W Grant Norman

The day's heat floated up our legs as we walked, side by side
down the deserted black top road, the 105 heat of the
Arizona night, licking the inside of our naked thighs

I reached behind you and ran my finger tips over the two sweet
dimples above your rounded, smooth butt —

Your words never stopped as a distant hoot from an owl perched,
watching for an evening mouse

We talked about the time we were back together — it seemed recent but so many
years had passed since Pittsburgh —

The day of the end of our 26-year-skin-touch-drought — where at the busy terminal
gate — we clenched like the jaws of some giant car-crane crusher (you used to play
about in bed — between hands of Rummy) - the energy pulsating between us

The long-faded ghosts no longer press our world with their sticky ectoplasm —
we are free to love, as free as the hawk that soared just hours before,
adjusting his gentle flight with just the twitch of a single feather

And now, I pull you close to me, and feel your warm breasts against me and bathe in the
warm, Arizona breeze under the stars we first watched

50 years ago