

BLUE MOON

On this side of the lake I look across to the veranda
of the Blue Moon, where she would be dancing
with someone, her back bent to his glistening palm.

Phrases of a Latin tune carry across the water,
and lights clinging to the trellis wink on and off.
I can almost see her in her shining gown

moving smoothly across the dusty floor,
and conjure her expression—hungry? amused?
She always held something back.

Even with her head on my shoulder, I could see—
as in a mirror—her eyes roving the crowd.
I'd send a letter in a fish if I could,

a persistent fish, flopping a wet trail
through the couples to her, scales
glittering like the spinning ball overhead,

then fluttering on its tail to gasp out
my silver message, its frantic mouth
pulsing at her eager ear.