

Mrs. and Mr. Chewy do Valentine's Day

Larry Moffitt
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I can drive a truck between the moon and the pleasure of loving you. But even that says nothing. There aren't enough cocktail napkins on the planet to trap the scribbled words, longing looks and sighs that fly out of the jars and cabinets where they live when my heart gets too full. Thoughts of you and my silly poems dance around you, happy at last to brush your shoulders, neck, cling to you. Embrace.

Shafts of dust-filled sunlight deliver the afternoon to me on silver plates. I will put my arms around you, but I cannot be you, or do what you do. I can only marvel, as a gecko on the wall, looking down as you sleep. Somewhere in the other room, as my second son was born, the radio played Uncle John's Band, "he's come to take his children home."

We fall into our destiny, ripen and burst at once, me inside you and you in me, your hand cradles the back of my head. Insects in the trees grow silent, as we drift beneath a banana leaf, far away. Let the world blather on like an over-caffeinated talk show host, going faster and faster, higher and higher as the things on the ground get smaller and smaller. Nothing is connectable until the dew point of longing is reached.

One day I will say I'm dead now, thank you all for coming. I will have seen by then that when black man and white woman dance passionately, oblivious, while in the room old people sway, their knees touching under the table, that the good hats will have carried the day and the bad hats will return to the party, standing just inside the door, hoping someone will sweep aside the awkwardness, and put a glass in their hands.