

ASIDE

Must I believe
that to understand this man's
impatience—in time—

those fingers rehearsing—
pulse now steady, now
tense—the lyre and its taut

strings giving way just
before the last lap—out
the cave, forgetting all too soon

the future, ours—
so much more of what is *now*
behind him—is it mine

lips, eyes he steals,
wants to—how, from the beginning
to be betrayed thus, I must

have known? I did not.
If he is to turn that head, and
look—I shall live forever.