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Meeting in the Library

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Meeting in the Library

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JODI ROWLAND

MEETING IN THE LIBRARY

Him:

Frozen in the moment,
Her eyes turned toward me, intensely brown.
And my eyes, in turn, melted over her rosy lips.
With a sweet singsong voice her words became
My ears melody.
"You read poetry with no passion,"
she uttered. Her rosy lips read word for word
what my eyes could not see,
only the gloss of her lips was real to me.
The song continued on through her motions-
lip after lip.
Swarms of sound swept my stiffened body,
each letter stretched into a string,
pulling me into her web of words,
into her lip, through her mouth,
into her world-now my world.
Her last note, and
enchanted with her song
I reached for her rosy red, glossy lips.
A red forbidden fruit I savor in my mouth
Strawberry sweetness

Her:

Was it Hemingway?
Or maybe it was Frost?
Either way, he was lost.
And I was lost, in the words
spoken like a true speaker
would with emotion, or was it passion?
the page jumbled as each tone spilled
out of my mouth, into his ears
went vibrations, alluring
syllables of beauty, from the page
in an old torn brown book
where my lips pressed against, the thought
in his head was sinking, in his eyes
he was seeing the words float from my
mouth, off my tongue, pass by my lips
and stretch for his welcoming throat
which held his heart, eager to strike
softly towards me,
I felt him move his soul inside me.