At Work

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At work

Bobbie stands outside the window
collecting my movements
with his
hot summer night eyes
done up in
angelic brown desire
adorned in
dark passion brows

Silently he reaches for me
with flaming
passion-painted fingertips
and touches only cold glass
he is so far away
and so very stoned
he forgot about the window

NANCY CUMINALE

Twenty-Three

the mood of your voice
in the evening
like the color of the sky at sunset
decides the mood
of my following day
there are times when
I could easily
wave you away without words
and move you into my memory
disguised as a souvenir of myself

but this picture shows
your eyes trying to smile
and your beauty surrounds me again
ravaged with the power of
your solitude and desolation
looking more haggard than
twenty-three

NANCY CUMINALE