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Two Days In A Lifetime

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Cover Page Footnote

This poem is available in The Angle: http://fisherpub.sjfc.edu/angle/vol1992/iss1/12
Together we tumble, we titter, we
Fall -
Into and within one another.
"I hate chemistry" you whisper . . .

Our bodies mold to perfection
under the coolness of an Indian blanket.
"I love you" presses against my lips,
urging to pass.

Jack crawls about the heaps and puts his soft paws
on my cheek,
His tail swatting your nose.
I giggle, and instinctively you pull me into your
safe haven.

I feel we've existed for centuries:
like yellowed words of a poem, or
the blackened moss upon a decrepit
headstone.

It's hard to believe we're worlds apart
now.
Your sun falls while mine is rising.
Written and spoken words cannot replace
steaming mugs of tea, soft pillows, or
Belinda's song.

Thousands of miles away, Jack peers from your bedroom window -
dreaming . . .