In Bloom

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Hutchison Road, University of Rochester, early spring
(for Francis)

We always walk
like that--two trees who teeter
towards one another
in the breeze.
Your shade and my shade
overlap, make silence
in our wake.
Following behind
our friends on the way
to dinner, it’s later
than I would like it to be.
And you are closer
than I would like
you to be--whispering
thoughts in broken Russian,
hands in pockets, not daring
to turn too far
in either direction.
This gentle flirting
on melted down pathways is
like a ticklish finger
on my kneecap, or your head
bowed gently to my shoulder
in fatigue. And no one sees this
but us, or me, or the pink
flowering branches above
whose tongues aren’t
yet awake, and who will
keep this secret
once we’ve made it
safely to the car.