

First the Little Squeak

First the little squeak of suitcase wheels, and then
the muted jangle of keys.

She appeared, smelling of other rooms, and for a moment
he saw her as others saw her

And beyond: she seemed the way she did when they were seventeen,
in silhouette against the sun

Young and laughing and unlined and leaning back
onto both arms in the grass.

It was enough, almost, to overwhelm the present ---
For two entire days

It was as if they were children again. They let their legs
intertwine beneath his sheets,

Ate with chopsticks. The blinds down, illuminated,
blue screen in black night,

Clothes piled, and when they touched they *felt* one another.
Ravenous fingers, eager

tongues, teeth, tearing at buttons and waistbands and
giving over to multiple intoxications,

And afterwards the innocent rebellion of sleep without
visiting the toilet.

Some years later, he had forgotten much. But he always remembered
this first after-moment:

The suitcase wheel,
the scent of her neck,
the line her hip traced against her stomach as she lay naked,
breathing evenly,
and how

It was enough, almost.