

Pink Ray

Rosy light flashes on the buildings, color
Suffusing into stone while bright whites burst on blackened
Glass in an explosion of energy moments before
The sun disappears for the day. At street level, a beggar
Chews his hamburger, between his bites, repeating
A request for spare change. The scene is a fine
Subject for an etching or a watercolor
In the manner of Sloan, Bellows, the Ashcan School,
Documenting cities where inequality
Balloons. The sky above turns violet. Figures
On the sidewalk turn black. Windows turn orange,
Warm-hued stages for intimate expectations. Black strokes
Thicken around the frame, swallowing detail into
The black ink of suburban night. We kiss in the bathroom.
I take off her bra. Her breasts rest in my hands.
Another etching of intimate moments. Her hand reaches
To turn off the light, her smile invites me
To come into her once again. Our bones and flesh provide
A vacation from the sadness, the nothing, the black engulfing quiet.

After the orgasms, what is this path that separates us?
In the innocence of sleep you see the gardener scattering
Sand. You follow the pathway constant work recreates
Around the flowerbeds. Across the garden bursts of pink
Attract you, so explosive and intense, their warmth. Pink
Untinged with black, a pink of raw flesh budding, moving with life.