

# AFTER

*by Adam Sifre*

You haven't lived until she dances just for you,  
under the kitchen lights,  
naked except for the gray cotton shirt;  
Southside Johnny demanding  
'Talk to meee!'  
Freedom, love and light -- the trifecta of bad poetry--  
She embodies, makes holy.  
She laughs, arms waving above her head.  
The gray cotton shirt pulled higher...  
Magic.  
Her joy calls out, and even the stones respond.  
She leans closer  
still dancing, singing;  
noses touch, more laughing.

You haven't lived until she dances just for you  
in the small hours under kitchen lights.

Sifre, Adam (2012-04-28). My Little Black Book (Kindle Locations 55-57). I've Been Deader Publishing. Kindle Edition.

