Nineteen in '72

by Derek Osborne

Sea-Bright Jersey midnight ocean
bodies running mascara salting
my cellist fingers finding your note
the small of your back l'Arc de Triomphe

Do you remember that summer solstice
far far away from the madding crowded
envious bar in that cloud-stained joint
high school undertow tugging shadows

A name never asked but what's in a name
more sweet girl than either imagined
memory epiphany joy and regret
to be so young once more in your eyes

Something unspoken some thing not offered
but given taken not given withheld
too soon we surrendered shining immortals
these days these winters I cuddle your light

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