

# Gambit

by Philip F. Clark

Distance takes its time, the shoe unlaced, the shirt  
unbuttoned, in the bed or the embrace; and like the want  
of weather, we walk away or come close with conversation  
or desire -- both to which we turn an earnest ear  
or a hungry, mute mouth, buttoning and lacing, fast or slow  
either the one of us or the other.

