

The Conversation

by Philip F. Clark

You leaned into me, close,
with the ease of years,
with the camaraderie
of touch; a soft laugh
at some common folly
we shared; you opened,
your voice a temptation --
low in the dark -- beset
 with this mundane act
of so much to say.
And it was that, you and I --
clothed and comfortable
 in the presence of random
thoughts and questions,
aroused by speech
and what might be spoken.
 Listening is loving.
What is more erotic than
these fathoms, skeins, words,
roping tight the ardent ear.

