

# 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.

