

# After Eliot

by Roberto C. Garcia

Her breasts rocked like a lullaby  
Her breath was on me  
Her teeth tongue and mouth were  
A symphony and I captive  
In her audience  
Our server hastily offered up the terrace

“It's warm and sunny on the terrace, quite warm and sunny.”

If I could break the trance and pull myself together

Perhaps we could make a day of it

