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## Silliness

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As I sit there, behind the waterfall  
with you, I play Casanova  
over the internal soundtrack (of my  
fretting the exposure of past sins,  
the drum of the heartbeat,  
and the rhythm of that nervous pulse).

I casually comment on my appreciation  
of your appearance, to which you respond  
with polite gratitude and suggest  
how grand it is to be inside this little cave,  
looking out at only beauty,  
beauty you can reach out to touch,  
but wouldn't dare interrupt.

"How true," I'd laugh,  
hiding my hands behind me, pretending  
I wasn't a smitten Astaire  
fumbling for words beside a Ginger divorcee.

You're watching the stray drops curving  
along the ceiling as I remain affixed  
to how calmly they pet your hair, or how  
they trace your skin down past the edges  
of your fingertips, or slipping slowly to the  
lovely limits of your lips, sticking  
like dew atop the gentle rose petal—

Your eyes catch my stupid gaze, and in  
the nervousness of the moment I dive away,  
scraping my skin against the rocks,  
hoping and fearing you understood me,  
as you giggle worriedly at such silliness.