

Delicate Stranger
Aram Snyder

The way the early evening light
slants through the open balcony doors
caressing the smooth, worn tile

She comes downstairs with a bottle of wine,
A light breeze catches her skirt and hair
As she draws a veil across the night
with measured ease .
Perhaps we , entwined , will die a little
and perhaps we shall walk together afterwards
quiet and close , up winding cobblestone streets
two souls lost in the big city night .