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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.