

For an Old Friend

I

A film adds depth
to the flickering shadows of her eyes' alien blue.
There thoughts are born.
They skitter in millimetre leaps,
unsure what to be.

When at last unleashed
earnest words attach, tangled in the limbs
of fantastic beliefs,
of flexi-truths that most certainly
are, but then ... oh

no, not at all actually, and, oh ...
Uncertainty deflates her
entirely, and yet
nevertheless, everything
is still made of love.

II

In her calmer moon,
when her calibrated song rings true
attention from her on you,
you may bathe for weeks, months, years,
till tears and rage

explode and her blue
flashes into fists and gusts
and the heat of her ire
is all
and her face is fire.

Afterwards
in her useless slump
you may not help, you may not even look.
She will sigh alone and deign
to love you still.

III

In Bombay Sapphire Gin, Jeff Buckley and The Shins
her meek escape, her tamed ecstasy.
In that dizzy fizz
her blue smiles wide at horizons
lit with romances

that will never square with reality,
with or without love.
Her poor blue throbs rich
as truth about to be revealed,
twitching on one side of her eye, right there,

forever
just slightly
out of her reach.