

## YOU

You're the sail on that white skiff  
Swelling with grace as the mast bends,  
Pulling the boat across a bay made choppy  
By the ocean, beyond the Golden Gate's arches...

You're the fine Irish satiric wit  
Of the "In 9/11 We Trust" fake currency  
You, that evening, in the City's Mission District,  
Deftly stuffed into the beer collection jar—

Sipping Coronas, a twinkling in your eyes,  
While my short film, it's montage of images  
For you, splashed it's moment on the screen  
At the gallery video fest...

You're the brown eyes beautiful as a doe's—  
And silkened with mischief—  
As you talk me into a sumptuous Italian meal  
On the Dine & Dash card...

You're the softly gleaming cheeks  
Lustrous with the blush of your love  
As I ease the fine gold of your hair  
To those trembling muscles of my chest

You so love to touch  
And trace, so gently,  
As, lost in your love,  
Finally, I cry...