

Black Leather Night

Smoked glass, curlicues
smudges of rain on the windows.
The heavy clunk of glasses
on the imitation marble
a dull reality.
On the television screen
Canada and Russia struggle
in refereed athletic war,

and through the din and smoke
she moves, her black leather pants,
she moves through the fantasies,
the fuzzy tv screens filtered
through the after-work fingerprints
of the crowd. We watch, yes,
but there is nothing there to remember,
nothing to take away,

but see her movements, yes,
soft as midnight, graceful,
a thoroughbred in a moonlit field,
moving through our night
and, O, we should,
the whole world should
be holding its breath.

GLEN SORESTAD