

The woman swimming

past whose perfume
I like and who is pretty has
cut her hair. Where it was longer and tied up,
now it is a small light brown waterfall
as she swims away
ahead of me.

Her twinkle is as bright, though,
as we pass eyes-front.

And today there's another scent, much darker.
It's a woman with her daughter, laughing a lot,
and it takes me back half my life
to a park late at night, in high summer,
a happy once only on the grass by a lake.
That shiver and now

as we swim past each other
the memory hungers me
again and again.

David Hart