

Here in filtered light,
summer begins.
Supper outside almost done, warm air
slips an arm around her bare shoulders:
You could grow young again.
Toward seven she stands at the edge
of a golf course, watching
three young players, arrogant
with health, their chests stretch
their clingy polo shirts. Laughing,
they strut their game away,
knocking off those charged zaps,
tap, smack—who cares—
where that ball goes—
Where, a generation before
on that rolling green, she let
him kiss her in the dark—
his roughness at sixteen thrilled her.
She remembers his hoarse voice,
the anger in it, when he said:
“I’m gonna kiss you *right*.”