

JOYCE RICHARDSON

HOW DO SEPTUAGENARIANS MAKE LOVE?

Without socks,
Without sheets,
Without counting,
Without apology.

After checking the mail,
but before supper.
After putting out the cats, but often
in front of the dogs.

After drinks,
After fights,
Afternoons,
Afterglow.

As delicate as butterflies,
As fierce as lumberjacks,
As clamorous as clowns.

With tact,
With the greatest of tact,

With no tact whatsoever.

MEET ME IN SPOLETO

If you should go first,
(as we always planned)
I being a woman,
and a little younger than you,
and I follow after...
Meet me in the Piazza Mercato...
I know you'll be waiting
under the blueblue Italian sky—lovely, but
not the only heaven we've known.

But if I should go first,
(as we've always suspected)
my being who I am, I mean
I could fall down steps
and be gone just like that.
Don't forget the Piazza Mercato
and the bar on the corner beside the face fountain...
I'll trip over the cobblestones to greet you,
to see again your blueblue eyes.
Meet me, meet me:
you, the only heaven I've known.