

Hiding Brings Me Home

Remember playing hide and seek on a grayish summer night?
Hiding means scrambling under prickly summer-ripe bushes
And dodging the ghostly moonlight, ragged breathing quiet
In the hot, dark night – hoping to be soon found and touched.

At a stoplight in the city, a glance to the right catches her –
Angel hair in a hasty pile on a sadly beautiful child-like face.
If she would just glance over here and just for a moment
Notice me, hiding brazen next door with a twisted heart.

Sitting on the toilet, I have plenty of time to study the tile floor.
Random markings reveal a dog's head, with two pointy ears,
vicious teeth and a snarling mouth, but only one eye – the right.
There is only one side to the dog's head – no left side at all.

In the close-hot midnight of my semi-shared house, it's summer
And just time for hide and seek waiting. Pouring the vodka
Is a very small motion that plays with the memories of what?
When? Some time ago in the cricket-steaming summer.