

And the lake is a flirt

And the tea spills, cup doesn't shatter,
laugh is embarrassed, touch is not,
train can wait, sun can set
but doesn't yet.

Then light asks ripple to break for it,
just gently enough, room to nestle in,
bend into it, watch as it multiplies.
Tiptoe until plunge.

And the aria was beautiful, cup called it a song.
Can't order another, watches touch order two.
Where tongue won't bend, ear finds the bridges,
pulls closer anyway.

And the gates clang shut, keys turn world out,
windows glow golden, life stirs behind them.
Visitors hum through glass, watched at a distance,
will leave again.

Then the ducks will remain, fishbowl will leak,
dimpled walls release, back to mismatched postcodes.
Fortress claims the water, its reflections obey,
swirling faces glisten.

And the lake is a flirt, won't allow passers by,
without eyes stopping to dance with its lovers.
Belongs to no one, even those with turning keys,
but it's yours for now.

And time puts on a slip dress, chases the train,
holds on to our shaking breath, whistle misses us.
Heartbeats still, and the dark is a trickster
unless you kiss me back.