

Lover You Then

Was it orientation day, so help me,
when her Frisbee dropped at my knees?

Me a freshman — well, I let it be.
She was seventeen, green eyes and daring.
Callow freshmen knew her name,
ready-made jocks took her grip.

Two years her card filled with tiny dancers,
never favored or cheek-to-check.
Full of glory, loving her show—
Shown up, and never in her arms.

Manhattan's slam, so long Phil and Sam.
She was the sun, cub reporter, network conductor.
Soon, we made love and other ironies—
Still new-moon me with low flying adored.

We were over the hill seconds before
my meat-and-potatoes start.
Through the years popped by by phone,
intermittent signals, finding a way.

Promises made at 30: free me at 40.
Now older loafers nestle between lovers,
waiting on a compact: catch me up when...
we're looking better towards it.

by Paul Turner © 1997 - 2006