“Her Eyes”

He kisses her but only with his lips.
His eyes digress-skid-dart-deflect,
Waterstriders on a summer lake
Moving by the grace of being
Moved by something
Smaller than themselves.
Or larger: hunger.
(What is he looking at?)
Does lake hang from the tips of their stubborn snappable legs?
But the fine
Surface halos where, after all, the legs dip, touching it, not
Entering. He kisses her, love looks
Like this: A man
Inside himself
Fiercely, where the kiss
Originates.

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