

Sentiment Profonds  
by Debby Waymire

It was those long, late summer nights  
sitting in that sticky, humid heat  
that we lost ourselves.  
And that insanely silly porch swing  
that was holding us both in check  
while we wasted our time on each other,  
taking for granted what was left.  
And no one told us we were wrong.

It was those talks of Hawaii  
with its black sand and palm trees  
that kept us on that swing,  
while the raindrops splashed us, and I froze.  
And you with your raven hair and dangerous eyes  
forcing me to stay with your laughter and kisses  
when the sun rose along the horizon.

And it was you being like piano keys  
allowing my fingers to dance across your ivory skin  
while I read from some old book that you didn't care about.  
But you listened anyway, promising you knew what I was saying,  
though you were only listening to the sound of my voice and I acted like I didn't know.  
And it was you calling me a pianist, even though I couldn't play a chord.

It was the half moon on the puddles and reflecting in your eyes,  
watching it slowly swell each night, never saying a word.  
And me turning away, leaning into your caresses,  
ignoring the silver beams playing on the deck beneath our feet.  
It was the sway of that swing on those creaky, old chains,  
our toes scraping the wood as we passed.  
And it was us being in love,  
but too afraid to admit it.