

BENEATH THE DISCO'S NEON RAINBOW

by Ken Anderson

You stood so close
I touched your arm
a feather's touch
to see
if you recalled the only night
last winter
snow would fall.

(We sloshed
through slush
till home, snowed in
in my snug efficiency, we slept
for a moment, buried
in the big, soft drift
of the quilts. The ghost
in the wind
groaned
at the window, weaving a crystal wreath
on the glass.)

You leaned back, rubbed your chin,
and smiled your silvery smile
the way
you always smile brightly
with your other lovers
(have kept on smiling
in my thoughts), and a flurry
of glittering flakes
sprinkled the bar.

We talked and danced. I tried
to mirror your moves
and, more, your easy happiness

until you joked
your sleigh was leaving. So, you had
to go.

I dreamed
all night
a snow had taken August
by surprise.