Dear Stranger

Diana M. Raab

Your eyes spoke
a language I understood,

the only rope stretching
between us, everything else

separated by a universe
and droves of years.

Your tall, dark and handsome
youth wanted me in a big way

and a bigger way when I sat alone
as my husband meandered into the w.c.
and you gave me a moment of you.

I pushed to ignore the short-lived
intensity of our magnetic attraction

because in the end it wouldn't matter,
but as a woman entering her sixth decade

your desire ripped me from my complacency,
until there in The Naples airport you put on your

sunglasses and wheeled your suitcase out
from baggage claim, turned around

and slid them to the tip of your nose,
licked your lips from side to side,

smiled and walked outside, thrusting into your
world and sending me back into mine.

Fearsome Fascinations, Whitney Scott, ed.
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