Italics

Volume 2001
Issue 1 *Spring 2001*

Article 7

11-15-2012

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Recommended Citation
Hardy, Myron Jr (2001) "Lindsay at Dawn," *Italics*: Vol. 2001: Iss. 1, Article 7.
Available at: http://scholarworks.gvsu.edu/italics/vol2001/iss1/7

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Lindsay at Dawn

Myron Hardy Jr.

I lie limp, limbs bare.
Drawn into a visiting, wanting brown stare,
transfixed. My chest rising, falling, thumping three by three.
I'm anxious to measure a sorority heartbeat,
unwilling to wait on another spring break.
Because she speaks of catching a 7:00a.m flight
I refuse dawn—tracing curves, stars, and moons,
Stretching the night long, warm and holding.
Strong again, our breast meet.
Together our rhythm pulsates in sync.
I know you now inside and out;
and you know how Michigan feels mid-March.
Twice limp I lie less youthful than before,
aware of your life, after a short while, wanting to know more.
Bodies in bed become one flesh.
Basking in sweat twice tired thinking rest,
a thought I repress to hold back the sun.
Against the light of morning I fight, bobbing and weaving resisting sleep,
a rest that will modulate the music in me.
A rest that will transpose jazz tunes into blues
if I awake to the sound of my own heartbeat.