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 7:00 a.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.