

I FELL IN LOVE AGAIN

It makes no sense—
what makes us smile:
the balcony jump-roping
to pop-rock stop and start.

Your feet bounce on rubber,
chin pointing high,
eyes glistening in morning light.
Right and wrong subdued by delight.

My heart pounds—watching, and why
I feel a child again,
as love's fluttering reawakens,
shaking off the hard, dry crust.

It makes no sense, unless
undressed, the mind returns
what yearns to center stage,
and age subsides to moment's grace.

The rope slaps the pavement,
your feet sometimes trip,
but then again we're skipping,
syncing hops back to rocking beat.

PHILIP BOLD