

JASON GURIEL

The Question

—for Sonya Thomas

After the dinner-party, I walked
the daughter of the village beauty home,
bothered by the question of a first kiss.
The universe strolled neatly past, explaining itself
with simple examples: a community's
worth of hats in a haberdasher's window,
an empty Portuguese restaurant's poised tables.
No single thing—it seemed—could ever
properly be alone again.
The moon shone down, belonged
to all the surfaces upon which it laid its
light, and all these surfaces—these leaves,
awnings and damp streets—belonged
back to the moon. We passed, finally,
a front yard's nativity scene, enjoying
its tackiness together, and as her arm
slipped into mine, my feet a little ahead
of hers, hurrying us however imperceptibly
to our moment, the question resolved itself.