

HAROLD SKULSKY

## To Betty on Valentine's Day, 2005

In the twilit room searching for pajamas  
(The floor fan near you blanketing my tread  
In a white silence) I try to keep my promise  
Not to drop keys. Luxuriant in bed,

The Moonstone almost fallen from your hand,  
You turn your face up to the orange glow  
Of the reading lamp. Beyond the glow I stand  
A clueless while, not knowing what I know,

Or why I came if not to find you here,  
Head tilted up as if to catch in flight  
A tune a-wing in the lamplight's hemisphere  
In a soft corner of a winter night,

Where, in a moment I will not retrieve,  
I bless my queen of hearts and primal Eve.