

I danced with a girl  
Last night with  
Strong hands, I  
Was drunk,  
A huge smile  
And that muscular  
Grip, she must  
Have been a ball  
Player, just once,  
The second half of  
A song, in passing,  
And we weren't good,  
Necessarily, but fun,  
Surely fun, big smiles,  
And strong hands:  
I have a palpable sense  
Of the diminishment of  
My wardrobe, not that  
It says anything about  
Time, more a reflection  
On my laziness, but  
Those subtleties, the  
Craziness of ever-  
Lovely variation on  
A theme in humanity,  
Like the slow orange  
Of sunset, that, well,  
It's almost as nice as  
Knowing, in that strong  
Breath grip, that the sun  
Will rise again.