

Handball

Sweet dew of night
 Still nestles in Rhododendron Dell
 While a multitude of Orphic birds as if
 Conducted by
 Seiji Ozawa
 Welcome dawn into the park

Inconspicuous
 You stand there
 Tall and slender
 Cleverly hidden
 Tensed
 As if before a pitch

Young mustached face
 Seductive curve of
 Corded bronze forearm
 Strong delicate hand
 Cupping the ball
 Ready for action
 All suggest
 A night spent
 South of Market

You
 Swept silently through
 The Slot
 Last night
 Mesmerizing all
 Like you dominated
 Parisian salons
 A century ago

Luis Buñuel's young woman
In frustrated passions of
L'Age D'Or
Fellated marble toes
Of Apollo in the garden

Now many yearn for
Your bronze arm
Perpetually on display
In Golden Gate Park