

**Such a Nice Night  
(or the Impossible Point of Tangency)**

That was such a nice night  
(she says)  
an evening we ought not forget  
but probably will  
(I say)  
given the trajectories  
or our separate sentimentalities  
converging  
but never nearing  
the impossible point of tangency  
which *might* exist

beneath the black bear rug that  
once scrawled across the cedar floor  
a perfect message  
written in the dead coded language  
of its dry white claws  
digging deeper and deeper  
into the fragrant red flesh  
for a tighter grip  
and pull.

Will she ever remember  
sprawling upon that rug  
and licking her lips,  
embarrassed by the incurious stares  
of the star eyes,  
not realizing that they  
have seen it all  
before and before and before?

Will I ever remember  
the lead hands  
that couldn't crawl  
fast enough  
across the tattooed wood,  
not realizing that they  
would never get there  
anyway?