

**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?