

## Love at a glance

One hot afternoon, as I was crossing the parking lot,  
I was struck by lightning.

A goddess appeared,  
Beauty comes by chance, Love at a glance

Only moments before I had been coolly appraising,  
But Ah, now

The rapid descent into desire  
She bent to adjust her sandal  
And I heard a voice say, *Fool!*  
*You are in love*

What kind of sandal was it, you ask, that she'd stopped to  
adjust? I don't know, perhaps flip-flops from the drug store,  
or something *iridescent* precious  
a thing of *fine Lydian work*