

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*