

## tropical dreams

Tom Brinck

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at the river's edge

I would weave a strand of flowers for your hair;  
a man's eager and hasty weave: broken filaments hidden  
in a cluster of tiny leaves,  
with each leaf symbolizing  
a moment in the night  
when I woke, fresh and perceptive,  
my heart doped by memories of your inflections.

but you are too beautiful for flowers in your hair,  
too beautiful for dust upon your cheeks,  
and I am paralyzed  
by the distraction of your walk,  
the sway of thin delicate arms at your side,  
the several soft fingers that I would cup in my hands  
and kiss

and kiss.