

May, 3:00 AM, After a Late Night Email

The subject line read:

Are you bored? Consider having an Affair! So I did.
I chose to love everything. And everything complied.

My heightened senses, sentries against sleep, embraced the night's
chill:

Linens crisped by the cool,
Down pillows expanding - plump,
The bed's contour foam, enfolding.

Velvety new moon darkness arouses widened eyes.
May's tree frogs rehearse in unison - Cantata in Squee Squaw.

Jealous winds kick up a fuss; crescendos of stiff leaves scrape
windows.
Shrub branches bow cedar house-shingles, sul tasto.

My thoughts percolate fear, brew its tastes and scents. Aromas
overwhelm.
A Guardian Angel Chorus chimes: Fear Not!
(Isn't that what the angels always say?)

At their direction, I quit, and choose love.
Night noises morph from ominous to sensuous
Touching and teasing in surround sound.

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