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The Tango

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The Tango

The ruby red dress
saunters in and out
of slender black legs.

The dim lit cafe
searches for her olive neck,
sensual beneath
a bun of dark earth,
pinned low at the nape.

Their patent heels
tap the rhythm
upon the uneven
squares of stone.

The rim of his tilted
top hat casts
a silver shadow
over their fallen lids.

He guides her arched feet,
pressing gentle fingers
into the curve
of her bare back.

She rests her forehead
on his shaven cheek,
apple red lips touching
the white ruffles
of his chiffon blouse.

Gripping her outstretched hand,
he pulls her closer.

—Hope Layne Morgan '94