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Encore

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Encore

Read between my line.
The one you've heard so
many times before.
Like the time in Paris
with Dexter, our man,
blowin' so hard we
thought the roof would
cave in, or was it
the stars that were shining

beneath us, with their
fine cut suits and furs,
smiling and posing,
on display for the bored
to watch. But not us,
as we sat in the cheap
seats, drinking scotch
smuggled in through the
flask pressed to my skin.

Listening to his
horn and feeling the
warmth pass through us, I
turned to look at you,
on the edge of your
seat, eyes shaded from
the stars. When I opened
my mouth you turned to face
me, and as you looked
away, I knew my
blank was already filled.

– William DeNardo '93