

# Acquiescence

(Trần Nghi Âu Cơ)

I yearn for the curtains of night--  
the soft comfort of street lamps,  
the lone screech of a speeding car,  
the rhythmic footsteps of a stranger.

In the embrace of darkness,  
we are dancing in a circle  
riddled with uninhibited fantasies,  
liberated by an unspoken anonymity.

When day comes,  
we retreat back to structure,  
to familiarity and stability  
resigned to just waiting,  
waiting for that embrace.

(Feb. 10/2010)

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# Intimacy

(Trần Nghi Âu Cơ)

Michael taught me  
rhythm yesterday. *One  
two, one two* His hands  
on my waist. His feet  
sweeping me across  
the floor. *One two,  
one two* Elvis Presley  
is crooning. *One two,  
one two* Inhale. The cool  
air of the studio  
is trapped in the back  
of my throat. *One two,  
one two*

And The King coaxes  
gently. *It's now or never*  
I'm perspiring. *Come*  
*hold me tight* He draws  
me closer by the slightest  
of distances. *Kiss me*  
*my darling* His hand  
moves against my  
cheek. *Be mine tonight*

Exhale. *Tomorrow*  
I pull away, cold  
with sweat. *will*  
*be* Muttering apologies.  
*too late* Shocked,  
he just stands. *It's now*  
*or never* The sultry  
voice follows me  
out the door. *My*  
*love won't wait*

(Feb. 7/2010)

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## Simplicity

(Trần Nghi Âu Cơ)

The florist watched him impatiently,  
twisting the cheap bead bracelet  
'round and 'round her pudgy wrist,  
as he wandered up and down the aisles full of  
gardenias, lilies, orchids, roses,  
vibrant with all the colors of life.

Their soft petals brushed against  
the back of his hand seductively as if  
beckoning him to take them.  
But, their silky caresses were never felt.

He had drifted in front of the daisies,  
slightly wilted and long forgotten.  
The stems, limp and pathetic,  
felt frail in his hand. The white petals  
drooped down toward the floor,  
ashamed of their dullness.

Carefully, his fingers touched the  
spongy patches of yellow at the  
center of each daisy.

These, he thought,  
these she would love the most.

*(Feb. 5/2010)*

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