ALLURE OF THE TEPID

Dare a love that's static,

free of high and fast

discharges, ups, blue downs,

auction hammers, spending

binges and gossips's ammo.

We're not all screaming for love bite.

Dare just wavelets, dare

equilibrium — hot

water bottles, faded

photos, the said amiably

repeated. Then we'll swing,

but only in a hammock,

and mount the curve

of slow volition, to memory

of tea dancing, a Russian coin to wish on.