

Dinner with Morse

by VICTORIA KEENAN

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Pizzicato piano on the highway,
Blinking shadows and sunlight.
Jerky dappledness on stately elm trees,
The feline motor hums.

The softness, a gentleness.
The quiet honesty of a vulnerable man.
One who has known exquisite pain,
Whose hopes have been trampled by fate.

His voice is low...a gravelly somber gift.
A soothing accompaniment to an anticipatory drive.
His gold tie gleams against the dark blue suit.
His electric white hair invites a lover's touch.

Elgar winds his bittersweet melody.
Puccini enthralls. Wagner drones on.
Pounding rhythms, soaring crescendos,
Melancholy ear candy.

There will be wine and candles,
Roquefort and philosophy in equal measure.
A night of peace and purloined escape,
A blessing well deserved, well received.
Cherished...like a smooth, pressed kiss upon silky lips.