

it only happens once, maureen, that someone
lonely finds his one and lovely in
Los angeles; it does not come again.

it only happens in a decade's spring
that boy meets girl and wonders what will summer
bring and beds are not for sleeping nor

the smallest lips for small talk nor is
anything an ending. and when it happens
(and it never ((in this city)) happens twice)

it is a thing worth waking up a little early
for, a morning that will never mention
night, a sleep within another's sleep

that one should never break with jealousy
or promiscuity or bedtime headache.

so take from me my self, maureen, for we
are well forewarned that only once in cities
of this size do lovers kiss for hours

with their eyes and only for a little
while does someone only at his someone
smile, and when we kiss a little less

and when, in public, I no longer try
to touch your breast, love will no longer love
l. a.: it will not ever come again.

The Ledger

Maureen, like many women you are often
tired at bedtime, indisposed at rising,
early to antagonize, too Irish
to apologize, indiscreet in
showing off your legs and much
too sweet to everyone you meet.
These are your liabilities: this morning, however,
you are snowbreasted, a vaguely bedded dove.

-- Gerald Locklin

Los Angeles, Calif.