

## The Kiss

I

He was tall, tanned and lean  
with brilliant eyes,  
turquoise almost,  
Adonis handsome.

I was just sixteen.  
The rain had stopped;  
the oak bark glistened,  
the air was shimmering,  
with scent,  
redolent  
of lilac,  
the earth lay singing.

II

I saw him recently  
with his wife and grandchild  
there on the front page  
of the *New York Times*:  
a hero belatedly

discovered  
in the vein of Ellsberg,  
a burglar for peace,  
the tall frame stooped  
and angled  
the once lean face,  
now jowled and mottled;  
could have been  
any white-haired  
octogenarian.

But it was the turquoise eyes,  
that caught me,  
now hooded, but  
unmistakably bright.

And, ah!  
the lilacs.

~Sheila D. Collins