

## A TIME FOR TELLING

Fate, in a sudden summer shower  
sent them tumbling from city streets  
through unfamiliar Gallery doors.  
Unlikely lovers - watched by disapproving eyes.  
Scuffing their sneaker soles across the seasoned floors,  
the sound rising on sacred air, like bubbles bounced  
from bright-lit walls  
to burst against the stuccoed sky.

They scanned each frame within a glance,  
scant thought for the artist's wild intent.  
Smudges of green, waved lines of blue,  
a triangular shape of saffron hue,  
but turning caught the sculptor's spell...  
A pair of circles in upright spiral, like a wheel within a wheel,  
entwined at the beginning or the ending who could tell?

She touched, imagined the coolness slipped upon her finger  
and, in this small token of eternity, found  
the promise of bright new tomorrows as slowly within her  
the tiny circle of new life began to turn.

    This night would be her time for telling.

He also reached to touch,  
felt the smoothness of the bands  
tightening around his feet and hands  
and in that moment - shackled - enslaved,  
knew he must be free.  
Free to swim in lines of blue,  
to cross the smudged green jungle,  
climb the desert dune.

    This night would be his time for telling.

Together they stepped into a sun-washed street  
beneath a fading rainbow arch.  
Each hugging their secret like a shawl.  
    Biding the time.