

TOUCHE

by Angelica Teasdale

translated from the mythical
duologue tongue by Oscar Treadwell

He said,
I left her standing
on the sidewalk, slick
with patchy ice
and soaking rain,

to show the other
side of tenderness
and soft regard
I plied that afternoon.

I drove off satisfied
and gratified my outburst
had been justified
to calm my ire.

She said,
when my response to
"were you with me?"
was a shrug and some
annoyance at your quest,

I mentioned a small;
and speed displaced
endurance, with little
else to take its place.

Oh well, I see when
you are done, you're done,
so sad the case;
so like the master race.

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