

Lisa II

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Another view of Lisa

<https://www.lushstories.com/stories/love-poems/lisa-ii.aspx>

I see her again, a cardinal in the snow. Wild black hair is tufted up beneath her hard hat. Layers of flannel and Carhart swathe her against the cold. Steel-toed jack boots stir dust and dance across gulches of debris. Gloved hands tear down and best a pounding jack hammer. Dark eyes glint behind shades even as her smile sparkles me. Will her eyes see through me or invite me in? Does she have nails inside those gloves to rake my back? Can bathed and warm wet hair drip further than her breasts? Could I kiss her feet having soothed them with oil? Would she bite me with those pearly teeth and where? Might she straddle me pneumatic and also hammer? Wrangling lumber and steel, wrenching tools and tar; I see her lithe frame, as wirey as the rebar she wrestles. But I feel a woman, gentle and light as her laughter; like the wings that loft my cardinal in the snow.