

Lisa

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I see her through the dust of diggers working harder than any man around. Her dreams, hopes and longings power sun-bronzed arms and thick-gloved hands. She reeks of femininity, but would never cop to that in a bar. Her scent cuts through diesel fumes even as she swabs sweat with her Tee. She is gorgeous and I want her in her sunglasses, mud boots and cascading black hair tucked up under her hard hat. I want her that way to start and then she'll, we'll, reveal the woman; the diamond in the rough and tramel through which I still can see her. I want to push back her shades and help her let one longing go. I asked and she graced me with a reply. "Tell me your name." "Lisa," she said, "Lisa." I think not. "Wonderful," it might be. In the deep of night it is "Muse" as she bends over my ear, clad only in her yellow hazard vest to whisper dreams of romance and lust. I can smell her; the fragrance she splashed on now tangy with sweat and musty with fumes. She will shower and I can see her. She unfurls her long, dark hair like a negligee. Water drips from all her lips like an elixir to wash away the ravages of the street. She caresses her body back to womanhood with eyes and strong, gentle fingers. "Lisa" it might be, but "adorable" to me. I know what she looks like by day when I can see her and by night when I dream of her. I do not gamble, ever; but I am willing to throw the dice to see if she would roll and manhandle me like the machines she wrestles, or, instead, lie still and waiting like the gravel she has pounded into an accepting bed. I do wonder every time I see her.