

# Flirtation

By Rita Dove

After all, there's no need  
to say anything

at first. An orange, peeled  
and quartered, flares

like a tulip on a wedgewood plate  
Anything can happen.

Outside the sun  
has rolled up her rugs

and night strewn salt  
across the sky. My heart

is humming a tune  
I haven't heard in years!

Quiet's cool flesh—  
let's sniff and eat it.

There are ways  
to make of the moment

a topiary  
so the pleasure's in

walking through.

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