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.
