**Wet and Black**

The T-shirt clung to her body, wet and black.

Obviously, a look of self-defense-

Carrying a plastic bag, and an antique glass picture

wading in a fountain. She watched a child play.

I sat on the pink sofa, listening to rock music, waiting-

She passed by the window. I watched from the inside.

Female voices faded out as a dog barked inside.

She looked at her reflected image, the glass was black.

Spending time in New York is a sure defense,

rapping and jiving, singing as you take a picture.

I dance as you adjust your rhythm and play-

Love at first sight, standing and waiting.

Cars and trucks move right, waiting.

The love of a lifetime begins. I remain inside.

My dress covered with red roses on black-

Tucked away in the pink room. Children pass my defense

And I look towards a new picture.

You load up the car to leave for the beach to play.

The melody blends, the drums slowly play

from the past, forever waiting.

Can we return to the 60's with a lifetime inside?

Woodstock was overflowing in defense.

The movie captured the pictures.

Drugs, laughter and mud - crying in this picture.

Grown children longing to play-

Fans held back, bands waiting.

as the rain poured down. No one was inside

The mood fades to black-

A shift, a defense.

Yes, the soggy wet mud-soaked defense!

Fragments of a larger picture.

sliding in the rain-soaked mud-play.

Miles of traffic waiting.

Hungry people with tickets inside,

on the road, traveling the USA, wet and black.

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Featured in YAWP Literary Review, 2000.

Revised by the author, April 2012.