

Postlude

poetry by Adrian Potter

Tonight, the song within me aches
with anticipation. All the world offers

is an earful of excuses and a mouthful
of longing. Melodies overflow my mind

like rainwater spilling out of a clogged gutter.
Her back arches to answer my body's question.

We cannot recall love's lyrics, so we lip sync
cover versions of its ballad while our bodies

dance under the moonlight. The music sounds
exquisite. Afterwards I listen to vinyl records

turning like doubt against the needle of my soul,
blues spinning towards their inevitable silence.