

## Once I Went With A Girl Too Beautiful

Once I went with a girl too beautiful  
for me. It was a relief not to have to haggle  
with the nickels and dimes of my poor heart.  
She was too much. I did not even make  
a pass I was that dumb partly out of my own  
nature, but partly having been struck so.  
I watched, rather, in awe at the way flesh  
transfigures itself by hanging right.  
Now and then I would wonder what  
is she doing out with me? I had no answer;  
so, when she got engaged to the co-captain  
of the football team, my hurt was real,  
but the ending seemed right, my sense of plot satisfied.

The scene changes. 20 years later. London.  
Wife and daughters in California – perhaps lost  
to me. I have started reading Jung. Sort of  
interested. One night in a dream my beautiful  
woman comes back, I again in college trying  
to do better. I meet her in the street. We talk  
politely, then I start to go. She calls out,  
*Look at me,*  
but I keep going.  
She cries out,  
LOOK AT ME  
I stop, turn,  
and see my old girl reclothed and queenly  
the dress of her desiring swirling about  
like a summer night when every star,  
wanting to be no less than itself, lets  
its light full on, and I tried, at last,  
my absolute best to look at her.

