

Flash Mob¹

Searching through your parted lips
suddenly everything
will fade to dark
crimson as your lipstick near Red
Square. This is stranger
than its sounds, spilt through crowds

as someone's parting words crowd
in my mind, scatter on my lips
(my voice will sound strange)
not saying a thing.
Dubbed over mine, yours will colour
fleeting thoughts nearing dusk

as slowly it will dawn
on me: we've allowed
ourselves brief moments, blue-
prints drawn through a kiss
of a future, scattered amid everything
of the world we revel in. Strange

to find myself estranged
from you now, feeling left in the dark
for anything,
not seeing people for the crowd,
right lips for the kiss.
It's the detail memory colours

over the lines. In the snow, the red
of our noses, a visible breath of friends
weathered fairly, our coats tight. Was our kiss
searching or searched through? Light
footed, fleeing from this we swarm,
shards networking into one thing;

and I tell this thing
to you, like something I've read
and it is: love is like a flash mob
that brings together strangers,
cued in moments of darkness
where anything can happen. Mouthing

this around the dark. My tongue
feels something. Hot and red
veins crowds of strangers.

¹ This takes a loosened sestina form, where synonyms, antonyms, homonyms and rhymes are allowed to stand in for the repeated word. For example: dark / dusk / dawn.