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Silliness

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As I sit there, behind the waterfall with you, I play Casanova over the internal soundtrack (of my fretting the exposure of past sins, the drum of the heartbeat, and the rhythm of that nervous pulse).

I casually comment on my appreciation of your appearance, to which you respond with polite gratitude and suggest how grand it is to be inside this little cave, looking out at only beauty, beauty you can reach out to touch, but wouldn't dare interrupt.

"How true," I'd laugh, hiding my hands behind me, pretending I wasn't a smitten Astaire fumbling for words beside a Ginger divorcee.

You're watching the stray drops curving along the ceiling as I remain affixed to how calmly they pet your hair, or how they trace your skin down past the edges of your fingertips, or slipping slowly to the lovely limits of your lips, sticking like dew atop the gentle rose petal—

Your eyes catch my stupid gaze, and in the nervousness of the moment I dive away, scraping my skin against the rocks, hoping and fearing you understood me, as you giggle worriedly at such silliness.