That Talented Homosexual

The people early in the evening wondered
Silently or maybe to a neighbor
Whether we were familiar friends
Or, revolutionarily, recent lovers.

Surely the Ferris wheel attendant knew
When I paid for both tickets
And got one cabin for the both of us
In which direction our night would go.

After a few rotations (I remember counting 4)
I gently suggested to him exactly
What needs to happen when we reach the top
On the last ascent.

And of course it did happen
And his lips were forgiving against mine
And his hands were firm
And I told him he’s quite talented.

He took me to his favorite bridge
Proved to me that his lips were still forgiving.
I remarked that the lights on the next bridge down
Make it look quite like the bridge built in memory of my father.

But it wasn’t sad
Because I saw a light in him
That made me feel as though my old loss
Let me discover something new.

He took me to his favorite plaza
Where the flowers in summer will be beautiful
Proved that his hands were still firm
Even when we weren’t hidden among the spokes of the Ferris wheel.

There I knew that the people of the late evening
Didn’t need to wonder
Whether we were just friends
Or, revolutionarily, recent lovers.

I hope he has more favorite places
In which I’ll tell him
That he’s quite talented.