CAVAFY'S CHOICE

A face. From smoky distance

or some dark, in slow-motion

acknowledgement of its nearing

the still androgynous image

collects itself. Proffered in sequence

are ambiguities of cut or sweep

of hair, curls, chin shadows,

silhouette of a shirt collar

or the sweet curve of its absence;

it is too dim or far yet for lips

or the telltale eye-cheek complex

to be seen. The expectant mind

awaits the spur of gender

choice to will down the prescored

nerves the imperative I-you

scan of softs that are or may be.

or...the unsexed way in which

this Alexandrian skips over

the woman's face, searching

behind and through her for the

boy of the long hard night.