

Dramaturgy

PHILIP DACEY

It was my idea to stage
a classic romantic scene
roadside for the benefit
of black leather, a caravan
of motorcycles I could see

would soon pass us as we stood
on the wetlands bridge
listening to the frogs
celebrate the mud.

I said, "Kiss me," and bent you

back and sideways, Broadway-style,
my arms cradling you, who leaned
like an actress into the role
just as the gang of Angels
roared by all wheels and steel

and helmetless turning of
heads, their critics' approval
signalled by no commotion
of hands but, better,
non-stop honking to outdo any

opening night standing ovation,
for we were seasoned thespians
who knew just how to move
to triumph in the play
(long-running!) called spring and love.