

Quella notte

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QUELLA NOTTE

I hurried from the cornfield, perplexed yet strangely wild.
and ran along the quiet lanes, as I did when once a child.
You went your way and I went mine, beneath the flickering stars.
The only other lights we'd seen had been some passing cars.
An hour we'd lain in each other's arms, naked 'neath the moon.
The night was warm and passionate, Oh lovely month of June.
I reached my home with beating heart and trembled by the gate.
The time was well past midnight's hour, I'd never been so late.
I lay in bed and hated you and then began to cry.
But they were tears of happiness, I felt content to die.
I tasted doubt upon my lips, a taste both sweet and sour.
and in my mind relived again the love we'd made that hour.

D. A. Johnstone

JUNGLE CAT

The young man who came in the door was not what I expected. Usually, when Mike sent one over from the gym, they were somewhat run-of-the-mill. This one was not. He was no taller than I, and I am average; but there the likeness came to an end.

«You'll like Angelo,» Mike had said over the phone. «He's from Puerto Rico.»

«How much?» I asked.

Mike told me. Then he said, «He's got a pachuco mark on his inner right calf. Had it on since he was a kid. Wants it off. Think you can do it?»

«Hardly,» I said. «That's a doctor's work. I can put another design over it.»

«Nope,» Mike said. «He doesn't want that. He's a weightlifter, and you lose points if you have tattoodles. But you can talk to him about it.»

«Okay,» I said, and Mike hung up.

And sure enough, within twenty minutes Angelo was there. He stood rather tentatively in the shop, near the door. I looked him over quickly—and rather excitedly, my eyes tumbling happily up and down the crests and troughs of his blue-black hair, and noting the careless little lock so carefully arranged to hang down on his somewhat low forehead. His lashes hardly belonged to a man's face, they were so long and black; and beneath them intense dark eyes looked just as thoroughly at me as mine at him. There were good male planes in his cheeks, and the skin stretched over them firmly. And what skin! Clear and unblemished, and tawny with the residue of the Caribbean sun left underneath it, with a darker red on the cheekbones where the summer sun had rested with contented familiarity, recognizing one of its own.

But it was the eyebrows that caught and held me. They grew in a straight and heavy line clear across the bridge of his nose, dipping slightly downward at the middle. They were the sort of thing that arrests the eye without at once