

She smiled right on him, viridian eyes, soft green wash;
 Her blue fountain upheld him. The boys so slowly moved on.
 He must see to it she understood he was not some clod,
 He knew things, he was polished like her obsidian, he offered
 His thoughts on geodes waiting eons to be opened,
 He talked of earth, edged toward philosophy.
 She called him poetic, rich blue ran over him like ointment.
 He stuttered a little, rummaged for a witticism,
 Drew his lip over the tooth vacancy. Presently
 He would pun about her fossils and tell her he was 83 today
 And she would not believe it, but first there was so much
 To say about life and other people were coming