

Ode to the outline of your right ear

and the way it perks up
at that fatal slurp
of your raspberry slushee
or at raindrops
the way your eyes peer up
at me.
Finally
the nervous moment
we've danced around for years
 (with the occasional bachata, even)
waltzes in on us
except we don't know how to waltz
 (I'd rather bachata anyway)
we just twirl each other smiling
our friend circles dizzied
by the friendliness between us
politely seated now in the
three feet of couch between us
 (plenty
 room
 for
 Jesus)
We exhale:
it's pizza time.

Usually
the curly drapes of your hair
tease my eyes
from seeing the shape
of your lobe slope
beside your cheek
carrying that cheetah
print earring
that peeks
below its curtain
like its sizing up the audience.

A view
I'm already used to
is you
persuading me
to order pineapple
knowing you'll grapple
it off
like a heathen,
but I haven't told your ear

what you want to hear,
the sound of me figuring out
without a doubt
what's past due
something I already knew:
that I love
pineapple pizza.

You know?