

RAN LEWIN

Sighting

Today, while drifting in the street,
engulfed by Northern wind and bleak indifference,
I saw someone I thought was you.

The angle of her jaw, her tilt of head,
and you came gliding back, your graceful symmetry
like an isosceles triangle.

But when I met her eye, she, as you,
blinked carefully away, avoided all insinuation,
and was gone.