

Liaison

She'd phone the office
and ask for him in a throaty voice
that I doubt she used with the tax man.

He'd pick up the extension
and I'd resist listening in,
though once before I could hang up

she blurted, "I want you now."
After one summons
I followed him outside

and down a couple of side streets,
turning back when he stopped
at a black door and let himself in.

He was my boss and friend; I liked his wife
but felt bound to let him have his fling.
When I think of him now,

with fondness and regret
at how quickly we lost touch after I moved on,
I mostly remember his sleazy side,

which makes me what—a prude?
honorable? envious?
It was a hell of a voice,

and I can't say I didn't
put the phone down
dreaming.