

*John Low*

## STRANGE TOWN

While street lights  
melt on to wet roads  
and sidewalks,  
we have woken together,  
hands moving gently,  
dissolving words  
into sounds,  
kisses into dark flowers  
that taste of flesh.

We float in the scrubbed  
blue darkness  
of the motel room,  
listening  
to the grunt of a semi,  
exploring the sounds  
of a strange town.