

**BEFORE WE MEET AT OUR HOUSE**

I get this explosion of enthusiasm  
an oozing of sensual adrenaline,

excitement, thrills, and appetites wet—  
as my palpitations become audible

and my nervous system searches  
for a break in its fired neurons.

I flip my body around to notice your arrival  
in the mirror of my mind

and during the next few hours  
it all passes in such slow motion

as I watch your every move  
and listen to each synchronistic whisper

when suddenly without the earth's warning,  
your visit evaporates

like the steam from my morning kettle  
into an untouchable and nearly forgettable ether.

I slip around and wonder  
if your visit was merely a dream

when the phone rings,  
and your ghost appears

across oceans as silence ensues  
and normalcy chooses to follow suit.

**By Diana Raab**