

Midtown Romance

Perched above the seasonal rush,

The Rainbow Room, top of the Rock.

Peering down on the midtown ebb and flow.

The 5-piece band's saxophone solo,

drowns out the honking and swearing from far below.

We share a table,

an appetizer,

another bottle of wine.

Surrounded by man's finest buildings,

on guard in the bitter winter bite.

The colors of dusk evade our castle in the sky,

the sting of January air vanishes under the heat of your grasp.

Cosmopolitan women in black patent leather pumps,

Are fed cocktail after cocktail by their Armani clad Wall Street
execs.

The distractions of the restless city pull my gaze,

before they look up into yours,

as you smile that crooked smile I love.

Gently holding my hand in your palm across the soft white linen.

Whispering under the big band's cacophonous ring.

The candle flickers under the heat of our breath.

Salty tears wet my dry lips.

Smiling, looking up to meet your stare.

Let the world around us disappear,

let us dance in this moment everlong.