

*Sidewalk*

**By Mark Low**

The brush was slight.  
You breeze by,  
a breath drawn  
between lips parting –  
all willowy armed,  
skirt flaring,  
the swoosh  
and fall of your hair.  
A lavender ribbon trails  
your polite smile,  
my backward glance.  
Shop doors open,  
a sea of faces close  
on the sidewalk,  
the whisper of you  
exhaled.



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