Virginia Bach Folger – Two Poems

One Night

One night in a rented room
in a suburb in New Jersey
we were lovers, playing
at wildness and freedom.
We pretended it was Paris.
The streetlight peeking through the shade
was the gleaming Eiffel Tower
and the River Seine
lapped at our naked feet.

Fade To Black

I once had a lover, a man
I pursued because he had
a habit of wearing bright red socks.
Those socks were mostly invisible,
hidden between dark pant legs and
well polished oxfords.
Without warning a crimson flash
would peep out on a long stride
or a crossed ankle, intriguing,
endearing, defiantly bold.
He is old now, and
the red socks
are gone.
"Too hard to match the reds"
he says. "Too much time."

Virginia Bach Folger lives in Schenectady, New York. Ginny has worked as a gas station attendant, paralegal, switchboard operator, claims adjuster and corporate learning and development manager. When not writing poetry, she dotes on her seven year-old grandson. She has previously published in *Horticulture* magazine and *Misjudge Your Limits* and has poems forthcoming in *Constellations: A Journal of Poetry and Fiction*, and *Still Crazy*.