

**Pretty Dress; How Green My Eyes (February, 2004)**

**By: Larry Zack – Winnipeg, MB**

I saw you floating

Down the stairs

In a gown of shimmering white;

It had no straps or buttons

Just hung there in the light

Of a thousand crystal prisms

Reflected to my sight.

And the pearls

That lightly brush your breast;

Would it were my hand

That touched perfection

And not that iridescent strand.

This vision of beauty and wonder

Has caught me unaware,

And foolishly, with mouth agape,

All I can do is stare;

And regret that when

That dress comes off,

Some other man will be there.

