

ON THE WAY TO GAUTREAU'S  
In New Orleans

By: Shellie Richards

I walk on up ahead of you

*On the way to Gautreau's*

Across the street the butterscotch Greek revival is ablaze

With hot pink and white azaleas

The glossy lime of fresh boxwood hedges

Caress my fingers and I hear

Your footsteps behind me

And somewhere in the sound of the grinding gravel

The promise of your touch on my bare shoulders

You take my hand like a young lovebird

The faint smell of your perspiration hangs in the air between us...

And I am humming our national anthem and

Looking at you in your navy blazer

- the *gravitas* with which you wore it -

Like you're the next State Senator -

And for just a second my mind wanders and thoughts of the maybe years and  
what if times...

And thinking there are few things in this life as sexy as a boxwood hedge

Except maybe you

On the way to *Gautreau's*.