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Annunciation in Play

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Into the 3rd second, the girl holds on, determined not to meet his gaze—

She swerves her blue sleeve, closes down the space, while his eyes are intent, unwilling to relent and

late into the 5th second, they are still fighting on, their feet sinking into the slippery grass—

Approaching the 6th second, he can’t repeat the sweeping in, and each time he tries to clear the way to her thorn-brown eyes by the gesture of a hand, it is easily blocked by the turn of her cheek.

By the 8th second, she is still repelling every attempt, still deflecting (you can see the speed, the skillful knee action) his gaze. And she must know (she has to think every second, there’s no letting up) this is only delay, but the delay is what she has before his expert touch swings in, before she loses her light, clean edges, before she loses possession—

before they look at each other.