

IT IS THE CURVE THAT INTERESTS ME

*—the supple curve somewhere between
the stiff insistence of birth—the bloom
—and the sad, brittle break of withering.*

*I have heard some call this curve
a droop.*

*They must know nothing
of what a tree knows
when it grows
delightfully heavy with its own fruit,
when it whispers
through its wet wood branches:*

*"This is that message for which
you have waited
—that full, finish of things."*

*You see it in the smallest ripple
caught in the curve of your palm
or in the hollow of your belly.*

The ocean's surf.

*There is something
in the relaxed curve of willows
overhanging a still, clear pool.*

*And in the taut, concave backs of two lovers
when their bellies are busy,
or in the tender curve that is the expanse
between the hips of both sexes.*

*Sometimes I think of all those silly
imaginary lines that trace the calculated
orbits of planets,
the graphemic representation of the
curve of the cosmos.*

*It is the same curve that is
the flight of a shooting star,
which (after all) is the same
as the shape of the moon
in any of its stages.*

*And so you, too, might see
the curve of your own life:*

*that long, defined ellipse
arching across the darkness
—you past its apex,
a few progenitors far ahead,
perhaps a child or two
at the tail of the comet,
and (if you are lucky) your lover
near you in the light.*

All of us on the arc of some curve

*—the perfectly consistent curve that
caught your attention years ago
—that holds you in
like the winding of a river's bank.*

—Brad L. Roghaar