

your patois movements arc

in the hot greased air of the kitchen

light and. anarchic

dancer she moves with grace, abandon unlike any other

the arm goes from A to B charting a lifetime,

a question—

you could try to replicate

her movements,

but could you reconstruct

the delicate mechanisms

which inform them, each

stormy relationship

rosebud

each eye revolving each

sound

multifarious and

running, running, away—

If there was truly poetry in motion,

structure dissolved and touch made sacrosanct,

If each day you carried yourself anew

with charm, with grace.

She lays

her cheek to the world,

to the quivering eyelashes of her Companion,

the plane grazing

soft violence,

understanding

she flashes, she turns; she plays

with the keys

in the mouths of her friends—

but with precision, each linguist lock

a promise,

how do you make your world?