

Curve

So he
took me,
held me, &
left for his trip,
while two drunken
lovebirds did the tango
across my ripe floors, &
by 9 weeks our chickpea
sent out a heartbeat in 4/4
time, reason enough to start
naming names, especially at 20
when the screen showed all boy,
& at 30, with drumming brrrrr-tatts
from his steel-toed boots when some-
thing cramped his style, which seemed
substantial, but mostly there was rest for
the journey ahead, which began in a flood
at 40, after cold New York strip and a lame
French movie (hardly a worthwhile end for
our salad days), and we drove my fat ankles
to the hospital, where monitors made pain
into sine curves and women wailed like
feral cats and one huge day later they
coaxed him out, cleaned him and
walked him toward me, his eyes
anchored and wise, telling me
we'd be okay, confirming
that considerable
style.

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