

Lines

(after Aristotle Georgiades' *New Old Growth*)

Horizon. A line, where the sun slides
behind the ocean or the frozen Lake Mendota meets
a blue-white sky. Sometimes what we need
is quiet. And for the striving to subside.

In love we scale a ladder, falling upward.
When one of us steps down, friends gather round.
There's never been a day more dark, a night more sad, their words
more like a line tossed to a drowning sailor — a rope to climb.

For non-Euclideans, two lines may start
as parallels, but somewhere out in space
they either bend toward one another,
or they curve away. And cleave our heart.

When this is so — sinking into clouds,
treading water, stretching out across the plain —
we are laid bare. Branches without leaves. Humility.
Rich dark earth in which the crocus grows.

--Molly Wesling