

Curve

*By Elisabeth Dahl*

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.