

*EMILY GROSHOLZ*

**The Shape of Desire**

Tracing an airplane's pale trajectory,  
You always point, and finish, "Airplane *gone*."  
Waking from dreams about your babysitter's  
Dark-eyed, clever daughter, you conclude,  
"Lulu *gone*," and hurry to the door's  
Long windowpane to see her reappear  
Freshly composed from memory and clouds.  
Now you can say the shape of your desire.

Now you believe that each sidereal item  
Carries a left-handed banner to describe  
Through curl and dissipation how it was,  
That every friend is summoned by a name,  
Even in parting. You are wrong, and right  
About the frail parabolas of love.

From *Eden* by Emily Grosholz, John Hopkins University Press, 1992