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