

SARAH GLAZ

What's in a Name

"I am in France heading from Poitiers to Paris."

Emily Grosholz, *e-mail communication*

The names conjure a train smoothly gliding
on tracks traversing winter fields.
On arrival,
garlands of light adorn the trees,
church bells clang and call
in crisp morning air,
car horns blare along cobblestone streets.
A taxicab pulls to the curb
in front of a hotel
and the stairway twists upward
to a minuscule room
with frilly white curtains lacing
the window pane.
My younger self pores over a page of equations,
a whiff of wine and brie from last night's meal,
a taste of the past.

Names bring the mind where the heart unravels
its own skein of logic.
It does not need more than that.
In this city Leibniz discovered the symbols
which guide mathematicians
towards new theorems:
*Lead with the heart, they seem to say,
first intuition and only later rigor.*
For a long time, I searched for proofs.

Now I am a bridge,
a citizen of neither here nor there,
nowhere and everywhere
across the gap.
Through me, far-apart worlds connect.

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