Poem

by

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*Methods of Trajectory*

We play catch; we catch like breath, by surprise, like early birds with worms. Others drift away from each other, drift off. We wave and catch the drift. Most days, our plot is curved, our angle constant. We are amicable numbers, you and I; our differences add up properly. We love each other like there’s no tomorrow.

Then tomorrow comes, and the next day. Time lapses like memory. Mistakes are not regrets, but points through which we’ve moved in flashback. We have enough lightning left in the bottle to catch a break. We avoid the do-over and will not allow ourselves to be undone.

A path is a track, a trail. It takes as much time as it gives. We curve-sketch a life together, a graph of two variables. Our vertices edge each other, action on an axis—or so our story goes, multiplying in the direction of travel.