

Ninotchka

Indifferently, her eyes would trace your hand
that stooped to smooth the graceful serpentine
ceasing a moment only to define
the faithful boundaries of that strange land
that bred her silence: Egypt's lazy sand,
the River of Sleep, shapes more or less divine,
perpetuations of our world. Her spine
rolled gently as you paused before the grand
arch of her back, her taut tail like mast
that lengthened, it seemed, endlessly. At last,
she'd settle, daringly, upon your knee
in effortless elegance. How many
lives had suffered as painlessly as yours
to ponder beauty in its briefest hours?

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