

LAUREN, LAUNCHED

Around the pond among the gravestones
Lauren is launched on shaky wheels.
Between the trees that sprout from bones
her wobbling figure reappears.

I feel her grinning as she moves,
elation lights her helmeted head.
Before she's done she'll wear a groove
into this path among the dead.

From where I stand, point on a line
to count her steady revolutions,
I know the fixedness of time
marked by motionless solutions.

Keep rolling, girl, and never stop,
fly over bush and planted stones,
a reeling will from toe to top
will pump light air into your bones.

Then centrifuge out through the gates
onto an ever-widening track--
pedal to Egypt and the Magellan Straits,
or Melbourne, Singapore, and back.

And even when dismounted move--
that's my prayer, you wobbling speck,
for bodies at unrest will have
eternity to catch their breath.