Lines

(after Aristotle Georgiades' *New Old Growth*)

Horizon. A line, where the sun slides behind the ocean or the frozen Lake Mendota meets a blue-white sky. Sometimes what we need is quiet. And for the striving to subside.

In love we scale a ladder, falling upward. When one of us steps down, friends gather round. There’s never been a day more dark, a night more sad, their words more like a line tossed to a drowning sailor—a rope to climb.

For non-Euclideans, two lines may start as parallels, but somewhere out in space they either bend toward one another, or they curve away. And cleave our heart.

When this is so—sinking into clouds, treading water, stretching out across the plain—we are laid bare. Branches without leaves. Humility. Rich dark earth in which the crocus grows.

--Molly Wesling