

Bounding

by Paul Turner, 2007

From me to her
immediately I'm unstuck.

Don't make a scene,
there was a transition
of being alone in my head
of being in motion—

Well, tracing my escape
on the subway, or a bus,
or a walk up the wrong lane.

Then we showed up in the same club
and kept appearing there on time,
and so a shape of things to come
a different story with parts believable.

A commitment to some facts, a step in time,
a possible fraction of life's continuation,
our story that stuck and such is luck,
and such is our stake, such is our love.