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400M Hurdles as Metaphysics; Dock at Finisterre

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JENEVA BURROUGHS STONE

400M HURDLES AS METAPHYSICS

—*for Edwin Moses*

Curve in the track like a giant sail. Lines one must stay within
make the rules, and everything becomes measurable.

The mind clears, an open field. Running through tall grass
giving way on either side. In the night sky, constellations
wheel, hurdles of sorts, leaping its long blue-black arc.

Life is filled with obstacles, none of them haphazard. Rather,
these line up as ordinals will. Sequences map a way to grace.

Know your steps, then forget them. Your body remembers
the number, remembers the leg forward, the trailing leg
cocked and flicked behind.

A ripple, a wave. You are gloss and weave. Tidal, as the
moon waxes full over a low fence, then wanes on the other
side, throbbing across the low hills, stride by stride.

JENEVA BURROUGHS STONE

DOCK AT FINISTERRE

August darks slip in under a bank of clouds. Such a deep iron gray, the color of my grandmother's hair. Flecks of silvered rain that fleeting glisten as they slice toward earth.

I love you has become routine. Blessed are those who check the weather forecast at the beginning of each day. Who understand that chance makes a poor umbrella.

Don't make it complicated. How many more seasons will lift a skirt above the knee? Wade out with me as time pools in the harbor before a current carries it out to sea. I waited for you. Never forget that. I waited.