

After

Today again that whirring  
and I turn because all bicycles  
are your bicycle

After

Sappho

after some secret cloth  
some lining of the world  
got caught between your spokes and twisted

everything: leaves and streets  
went swirling in your wake,  
tall strange lady

whose brilliant spinning  
made all light fly from that  
untouchable center,

the stillness of all turning fixed  
by the cool gravity  
that pulls me to it always: oh

Maggie  
Colvett

if you could hear my voice go low  
to speak of you,  
even here, even now