

Diagram

the lines we drew with ourselves
 were angular,
the words deflecting from our bodies
 in perpendiculars.

it was not long enough
for our strokes to curve
 and curl
 around our corners,
for our outlines
 to include the arch,
 the arc of the unsaid
 that cupped our vulnerabilities;
our sketches were based
on the set square.

if i see you again,
 i would hope
we could turn the compass
 of our meeting
 in concentric circles,
and within them
circumscribe each other.

—*Leona Gom*