

## *The Shape of Your Elbow*



all roads lead here so it's no surprise  
under a hot sun the wad of gum  
on the cobblestone rebecomes its chewy self  
everything's milling the everything grist  
of the big city so dark so inky on the map  
how could you have missed its eddying current  
above the sucking of the drain just days ago  
I stood with the dish soap in one hand  
scrub brush in the other when it happened  
just like that—pigeons bloom  
newly unique from their milling  
like the flock of bubbles caught  
for a second in my kitchen window  
before I flung myself car-first  
down the interstate to see you  
apparently in a park  
surrounded by pigeons in bloom  
the metaphor long pollinated  
some pigeon kits survive the shift  
withstand that sudden jostle  
and some can't bear the pull  
of all that impossible space  
the new shafts of light on the cobblestones  
every time I blink I'm sure you're gone