

taking vows
by valerie senyk

we never spoke about the shape of things
that was left to chance, imagination, heredity

the road ahead was as littered as a winter beach
sadder because, in its twists and turns, no guideposts

the animals that crouched in our minds stood at the ready
the circus we created was as multi-ringed as DNA

we didn't know a thing beyond a snarled profusion of yarn
and not knowing was the only place to begin