How Do You Know a Line? (White Pelican Review)

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HOW DO YOU KNOW A LINE?

How do you know a line
is not a circle
that let go in a place?
How do you know
the whole of what used to be
didn’t just burst open, its fat
emptiness spilling out
in each direction to level
all semblance of curve
now lying flat on its back
and looking up at the stars
for the first time, open
to everything and liking it,
relieved from the itinerant life
of slave to slightest-slope
sending it on a roll
god knows where?
What makes you think
you can look at anything
and know what it was
or will become?