LINES WITHOUT EDGES

I am 50. Yesterday I spoke with my first lover. We spoke of place; of tropical climes and the desert; and New York City. Of grit; and age; and the importance of living examined lives.

My sister has come to stay for a time. I see dark liver spots on her hands. And mine. Her life is in flux; her boxes in storage. She put her own comforter on our grandmother's iron bed.

The mountains are old. The desert reeks of age and erosion. The wind and the dust soften jagged edges. I am hungry for water.

My father is moving. From Tucson to West Virginia. He has sent me his mother's furniture. The French desk curves around my body as I write. It is delicate, with its thin legs, the golden inlaid designs of ribbons and urns on all sides, on all the small drawers, on every curved surface. I catch my breath at its feminine beauty, the decoration, the sheer sensuality of it. I had not let myself ask for it for fear it would be withheld. It fits me perfectly. I touch the full roundness of the desk, a piece without edges.

I'm moving toward water. Toward shorelines and motion. ⊙