Waiting for Kathi

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College of DuPage

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Waiting for Kathi

I sit at a center,
One collecting point for infinite directions,
You are up in the air somewhere,
possibly descending.

The plane follows and invisible line
and the cord of connection stretches out
from my mind and the ends of my fingers
to you,
up in the air
somewhere.

All around me leavings and arrivings occur.
A kid in a tie and a pale pink shirt
clutches a few flowers
wrapped in tissue paper
and pierces through the glass wall
to the empty, waiting concrete.

The beam of his eyes shoots forward,
careening off obstacles
in tangents that seek the beloved face.

Dark business suits, jeans
a military uniform sharply creased,
starched collars and tank tops,
sandals and high-heeled pumps,
intersect and diverge
weaving strings across this sounding board.

What is the tensil strength of those fine cables?
Distance does not diminish
their power
to pull,
to hold,
to resonate with music.
The pitch changes
but the plucked string will not break.

move toward me again for a while,
a little while.