

Hanna Teaches Me about Monkey Bars

When is she ever more beautiful than this:

shining, as hand over hungry hand
she crosses the ladder of sun
swinging herself forward
into day, willowy arms strong,
shoulders taut,

so in love with her own body
I can hardly bear it.

Now she grasps every bar, now every other,
her reach lengthening,
forward, back.

I have drifted naked in a bayou,
run marathons mile after mile,
burrowed toes into fine white sand,

but I have never loved my body like this.

She glides easy through this dance,
drops to the sawdust
and climbs to cross again, again, again.

My eyes follow as, clear-winged, she rises
and soars.