

Crooked Lines Are Straight Now

I drew a crooked line
to signify a change of subject
the end of an idea
the beginning of something new
not yet formed in my mind

I drew a straight line
from point A to point B
as if to illustrate a fact
and draw a conclusion
at the end of an arrow
but it was only a form of anxiety
the fear of being exposed
and revealed to the world

I looked at the horizon
waiting for the sun to set
and could see how the earth was
once believed to be flat
like a plate of bonbons
of different colors
but individually and securely wrapped
and not mixing well.

Now that our earth is definitely round
And the sun rays are parallel lines
Now that you can travel in any
direction and find yourself where you
started
Even a straight line is an arc
With more flexibility
Lines can be drawn to be inclusive
The bonbons can be mixed
And the flavors multiplied.

I wrote lines that spoke of love and
friendship
That have been left unread.

They were preempted by words of
importance
That suggest bonbons should not mix
For there are sour and bitter ones,
they say
While we only like sweet ones, so
Fences should be erected.

More lines are drawn to exclude
Invasive species threaten diversity
As if the earth were slowly flattening
under the weight
With new edges defined
From where you can fall off.

The words of love and friendship
Come in convenient packages
Their meaning blurred
Following a straight line of thought
That I can no longer follow
And at the risk of falling off
the edges of the earth
I continue exploring new directions.