

Anne Heaton, Spinning

You wrung out the washcloth/ The water is gone
Your prize for explaining is a dried-up sponge
I collected the drain hair from my tub
When I let out the water did I let out love?
I'm just spinning again, spinning trying to put my finger on it
I know what your problem is/ You always see both sides
This leads to indecision/ Gives you paradox pride
An oval never fit inside a round hole
Integration is the cross of your Gemini soul
She's just spinning again, spinning trying to put her finger on it
Two eyes, not the same shape/Twins play while I wait
Two eyes, not the same shape/ Twins play while I nervously await some symmetry
The man on the trapeze will stand and arrive
But it's the curve of the swing that gets the audience quiet
I may know this and still put on my fashion show of lust
The cleverness of my newest lines shows my ignorance