

The Twirl of Her Curl

She sat on the beach like a timeless sculpture,

Finished and smooth, silent and serene,

An icon and an emotion,

Flash of beauty, reservoir of love.

She moved through the world in graceful silence,

Unconcerned of its roughness, unmindful of its dead ends,

Like a ray of light she had her path cut out,

Skating her way on the curvature of time.

Moving her eyes away from the surf

She floated her gaze on me,

I drowned in it without any imaginable rescue,

Exploring its shape and plumbing its depths.

At last both of us returned to this world

And I felt the immense beauty of her soul,

In a mindless moment the breeze disturbed her coiffeur

And I waited transfixed for the twirl of her curl.

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