

Mapping the Familiar

by Richard Taylor

Something as willowy and insubstantial
as love cannot be reduced to instructions
because feelings are like habits of hands
schooled how to loop and stuff silk
into the knotted bow of a batwing tie
without the need or agency of words.
Or like appending a signature to fulfill
a promise, ink closing loops and forming
customary bridges over terrain
the hand can forage without minding.
Or like feet descending a stair, twisting
into darkness with perfect neural memory,
never missing the last uncounted step.
Like these, love intuits its own way.
Unlike these, it needs no rehearsal.