

## The Thread of the Sentence

### Rosmarie Waldrop

Etymology is one of the choices. The other, wearing your heart on your sleeveless.  
Cross my.

Even the straightest road conceals detours and forks. Thirst. For physical presence in  
tight succession. All week I concentrated on the hopeless accuracy of anxiety.

A line made to incorporate circumference. What the snow falls on. The very deep of  
a labyrinth, its poorly lit fortnights, its views without domain so like destiny.

Her beauty was called foreign. In relation to terms whose absence is felt. The foreign  
in one single thrust, absence felt elsewhere. Is self?

Not snow, but its blue shadow. Exchange of rather and disintegrating not made  
complex by the transfer of money. Thirst eddies.

Tie is the invention of past snow. The thread I walk like a tightrope. The maze in the  
shape of a straight line.

Given to conclusions, I admire awkwardness in love. Open my clothes. To what  
stands outside my tongue.

The labyrinth is a ruse. Already passing into something else. The thread, swing,  
syncope life hangs by. My already share of nothing.