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Being Towed Along

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Being Towed Along

A portrait of Sarah at five and a half

Robert J. De Smith

Her bike is powder blue
With flared chrome fenders,
Tires semi-balloon.
It's a cheap antique
Renewed for the purpose.

She rides it relentlessly,
Sitting upright,
Peddling non-stop
(Hasn't mastered an easy coast),
A purple helmet
Lurched forward by a high ponytail.

She scribes large circles,
Rolling against the grain
Of lines freshly painted
For orderly worshipers.

And me?
I'm towed along in a smaller orbit—
Worried about Yeat's gyres,
Harking, Donne-like, to an arc
Of which I make a wobbly center,

Staying close.