

## ELAINE LOW

### Impatience, in verse form

At times I wish he were more impressionable,  
 more impressed  
 not yet past the years of flash and reckless steam,  
 still untouched by experience and  
 the wisdom of lovers before me

I can imagine their curves, stretches of torsos and  
 furlongs of hair cascading like silk,  
 relate to the wonder of discovery  
 in beholding flesh, flushed with new sex

I can picture a timeline of stories, anecdotes  
 of places and people and episodes conquered,  
 invincibility now given way to a quiet confidence  
 grounded beyond the arrogance of stags

My own mistakes are hardly made, battle scars  
 not yet etched in deep; how unfortunate  
 that rushing headfirst into fire yields little,  
 despite a willingness to be scarred for the sake of growth

It is a game of catch-up I will not win  
 being light years behind,  
 the inexperience of youth still smooth on the face  
 grace and wisdom still budded, emerging

and I am tugging at roots  
 waiting to bloom.

■