

On the Volta

a roly-poly unfurled
on her back

in the middle

of my daughter's palm
we waited in the stillness

of a long moment

a few legs
tentatively lapped

at air

only to rest again
in an immovable

silence

before a sudden fury
of every leg

flickeringstrainingstretchingreaching

for ground or to initiate
enough momentum

to rock and rock and rock
to ease

over

into the turn

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