

JOELLE BIELE

## To Katharine: at Fourteen Months

---

All morning, you've studied the laws  
of spoons, the rules of books, the dynamics  
of the occasional plate, observed the principles  
governing objects in motion and objects  
at rest. To see if it will fall, and if it does,  
how far, if it will rage like a lost penny  
or ring like a Chinese gong—because  
it doesn't have to—you lean from your chair  
and hold your cup over the floor.  
It curves in your hand, it weighs in your palm,  
it arches like a wave, it is a dipper  
full of stars, and you're the wind timing  
the pull of the moon, you're the water  
measuring the distance from which we fall.