



# Distance

The texts  
are insistent:  
it takes two points  
to make a distance.

The cubit,  
for instance,  
is nothing  
till you use it.

Then it is rigid  
and bracelike;  
it has actual strength.

Something metal  
runs through  
every length—

the very armature  
of love, perhaps.

Only distance  
lets distance collapse.

Kay Ryan  
*from*  
ELEPHANT ROCKS

