# Mathematics and Language

Lisa C. Taylor

Four magpies huddle,

black tail feathers twitching

as they alight on Balsam fir,

forage for remnants.

A stranger driving past

might see a dusting of snow,

pinecones spaced randomly

like ornaments.

How will any of us know

when it is safe to mingle

over a meal or bottle of wine?

Is there an equation for kindness,

a formula for equity?

The cure for loneliness

is kinship, a fractal

carried in memory,

tone of voice.

Love’s geometry, distance

and relative position.

Your night, my day.

My hand, your thigh.

No one would blame us for marrying voices

or inventing language

without touch.

We are tethered to this morning,

watching the birds,

and their tiny conquests,

our bodies humming and poised.