

Kepler's Discovery of Elliptical Orbits

Ken Poyner

That much for a meal
Undercooked and the spice last year's,
But the serving girl not bad
And a slap causes her to leap
Over the bench, but smiling,
With a giggle that says *slap me*
Again and the lace of her bodice
Just becoming bedraggled, the bow
Already undone and for the change in my pocket
No doubt a room could be rented with her in it,
Laughing and spicy and all the energy
Of a fresh horse whipped, and whip
I might. Whip, and she goes over
The table, her wonderful two-hands rear
In a plate of hash, dusted off with the backs
Of her fingers. A man might be pressed
To last an hour with her, or even
Three men: a woman who never winds down,
Water rushing from the mountains at flood,
Yesterday's bread crumbs in her hair and stew
On the last of her arms and nothing about her
Held firmly in place, but strong,
All the strength and the understanding of what
With a gentleman or any man or the boy
Taken by the inn to draw the water,
She could do, a citizen needing
Only a solid bed, good flooring,
Air in great bites and an earth
Immobile.