

# Beauty

- Lorna Crozier

*I*t's not the run of the slender-legged antelope  
her golden leaps across the grasslands  
but how she stops

at the barbed-wire fence  
drops to her knees and crawls under  
then springs when she's on her feet again  
higher than the highest  
wire

So too with you. The beauty's in  
your fall, your slip from grace —

everything  
turning on  
the hinges of your neck, waist, and knees  
how you bend —