

Lake Woodruff

Wild: a tamed breeze

a - broken - maze -

. . . green polka dotted water . . .

canvas = live flesh, feathers

open sky —
a solitary hideaway,

mud in scaly toes,

the blade of a yellow beak,

the swaying reed
holds a body's weight,

the silent sound,

the punctuated noise of planes —
today
people pay to jump.

I remember that some
assign dollars elsewhere:

————— here comes the otter ———

how much are his furs?

Silence / sliced /
by childish fantasies,

the sun's swift silhouette
hides the burning blue bird,

a tangential rustle,

the seeping of the day,

reflections fall into water,

sinking.

Who will pull them
up in the morning?

I still await
A soundless answer: _____.

[This open untouched land]
/ this peak of silence /

until black pavement.