

Still

It might be that speck of glass
windowpane facet turned diamond by
angular planes of light, cascading from
the weary sun
that possesses you to stop along
the waterfront.

Sliding over stainless steel,
landing on a wooden dock
staring at shadows.
Ancients,
boarding elongated canoes
traveling from summer cove
into autumn Atlantic...
The waters, still.

Today, reflections teem with chaos
on paved Benevolent, Hope
Providence Place—wily winds wind
through crowds, snatching receipts, plastic bags
chocolate cheesecake containers
abandoned upstream
in a plastic grave, crushed under the
webbed feet of Canadian geese.

You stand, watercolor's muse—
Since when did a reflection
make you still, not bring out the
restlessness in *your* eyes?
Perhaps restlessness is uncertainty.
Providence Place covers itself with
symbols, slogans, shifting ads.
Will Providence bless business?
We've named streets Hope, Benevolent
never Quiet.
Who will shop on Quiet Street?

Even the silken river—
by day, adorned with red rubies
from withered winterberries
by night, gilded with crimson threads
from WaterFire wisps...
Even your reflection is always
what is missing, what is needed.
Who notices?

Entranced, you lean forward
reaching for
the unattainable.

Splash

Windowpane speck tumbles,
water colors dissolve, and
stillness descends into a turmoil
of ripples that carry the stranger,
the refraction staring back
past Hope and Benevolent,
past Providence Place
past winterberry blooms, plastic graves
past Cove Basin and evaporating memories.
The moment drifts by
and though part of you longs to retrieve
that submerged speck of glass
Still, you rise
Still, you retreat
Still, you relinquish
Still