

MARSH

It is the hinge between
lake and land, where
blackbirds sway on rushes,
and herons rise on stiffened wings.
Where water is a form of darkness,
and the choir of wild iris sings
with meadowsweet and willow.

It is neither solid ground,
nor entirely melt, but shifts
its state to what is found, matching
creature and season. Giving us, too,
relief from absolutes, a fate
where we can dream ourselves as
sway, or rise, or earthly song.

1/1/17