

Pieces

The sun broke the lake
into thirteen portions and
in the first you swam as
mercury darting through water
and dark reeds bending in the wind,
the ripples ran across the second
and dragonflies danced on the third.
The fourth ran into a boat ramp
and shadows moved under the
surface whispering to the stones
keeping their secrets;
your laughter sang over the fifth
portion shimmering by the
wistful eucalyptus mirrored in the next -
the seventh all the while lay dark
and brooding over wiser creatures
slipping from the silver bait
and gentle fisherman on eighth's shore;
he looked across the ninth at our
light and the tenth was broken
by his line recast.
Eleven ducks darted below
and surfaced glistening
in the twilight settling
on the twelfth and here -
by the last I close my eyes
and wait for you to break the water
one last time.

Siobhan Reeves