

Remembering the Stop by a Lake

First, the words behind which lies the scene;
Recorded wind that fills
The room; water, sand, eroded hills;
The disappearing screen.
Hanon next, the lens beside the shore,
A stepping to the land that lives between
Silver and bright air.
Children's cries within the wind . . . , the car,
And voices leading over waves and swells.

Now a second labor draws around
The child as words surround
And straiten fire that it may have no end
Upon the textured land.
Wet sage and sunset, the wind's sound,
The sea, and all roads look to home where peach
Leaves vibrate on the wind,
The trill made flesh.

—Kathryn R. Ashworth