

in the deep silence
between us, the felt presence
of a mosquito

in a brass doorknob,
a tiny hand enlarging
as mine approaches

their iridescent
wings fluttering, butterflies
stuck in toxic waste

old churches ringing
their bells, old bath water ringing
my bathtub

gleaming
in an about-to-evaporate water drop,
the sun

an avalanche?
no, a ten-ton mosquito

their purple deepening
to black, plums soaking up
the graying twilight

its final splash
about to sink it, a rock
skipping a lake's surface

— William Woodruff

Pasadena CA