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A Prolonged Metaphor

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A Prolonged Metaphor

"Who dropped diamonds in the water?"

I am observer.

I mediate the busy bustling chatter of the lake.

The wind puts its two cents in-
wins the topic of the debate.

Several ducks add their points of view,

And all is chaos for a moment,

Then the currents from behind the island restore order.

I bring up a new topic of interest,

And the sun, taking the thrust of the water's argument,

Gives a shimmering answer.

Sentinel trees skirt the edges of the conversation,

Seldom even causing ripples in the flow of things.

One of the ducks,

A mallard with purple on its wings,

Transfixed by something hidden
by the rhetoric of the ripples,

Plunges after it,

Making everyone turn and look at him.

The ripples, embarrassed and sliding quickly away,

Apologize to everyone else.

The wind, still in a jolly mood, changes the subject...

Satisfied, I gather my books and head for home.

Rich Miller

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