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Syllable

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SYLLABLE

Unseated, the pond is the place to rest,
a place to hole up, a way in, a place

to hold out, a way out, a place
to remember that other life form,

a place to float outside of the migratory
self. It is the gift of water.

It is the gift of deep,
though not ocean, nor sea monster.

I set my cubed self against the cat tail.
I walk a horseshoe, rest an oval

as deep as ferns,
as bottomless as high grass.

Here is the envelope of water.
Here is the signet, the fold and the stamp.

This pond fits the letter.
This pond fastens the seal.

Here I send self to self, keeping
the lines light in my hand; I sight the serpent,

seeing the stories shed, watching the end
bite the beginning, hereafter to heretofore,

furthermore to evermore, amazement to amazement,
tooth to nipple, claw to lip, and later, the again to the again.