

pond metaphor:

in languid afternoons,

amoebalike,

magnified
by humidity

we floated formless

lazily different

every

day

holiday incarnations:

two June peaches in a green bowl

two pale crescents, afternoon moons
reflected in the water

two cast-off wedding gowns laced with

pond

scum

two little pearls in a jade cradle

until:

each sun burned the pond down
and we found
through the night.

silver walks home

-- Erica Viola