Last Night on Lake D’Arbonne

The moon fell,
and I couldn’t find it,
the sun slept late, and I demurely
brooded along the shores and inlets
of the timeless light of dawn: I saw
plants and animals dead and dying, I heard the choir
from New Hope warming up, “Blessed Assurance”
and other maternal murmurs of a universe in transition,
like the slow patient descent of candleflame
into a greater disappearing whole.
The sky did not fall, I watched
fisherman ply their craft and style, stirring
the still waters with rhythmic oars as sure as any
stalking, a bird sounded a blue-note of alarm,
a car passed on the bridge beyond.
I came unarmed, for solace, with
the necessity of finding something, a Great Idea, perhaps,
or scaffolding for a new avant-garde poem about
the flimsy nature of mankind. Imagination, I think it was,
and other sights and sounds that snugly fit together
in the syntax of the system given us,
that mirror-image in the water
and the perennial melody
of all the comings, all the goings.

ERROL MILLER