

## 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