

Meditation at the Kitchen Sink

The movement is not all at once;
parts shift, in islands of motion,
as shores of stillness catch,
tremble, slip, join currents
to make themselves small islands, too.

It is a delirium to watch as
things move, reluctantly,
never all at once, as one would hope
they could. O no, at the heart
of a ponderous inertia, a shadow
is devoured, in a down-suck
that is stealthy as breath,
causing a small water-screw to form.

Only the light tells you it has
happened, and slides where the dark
had spread, now riding slowly
like a floe, icy and pure,
causing other plates of stillness
to dissolve. Not at once, slowly,
the way a crowd of girls ages
and drifts singly into marriage.

Or trees, in their sombre mist
of spring, some budding, some cankered
and leaning on their neighbors
with small, imperceptible dying gestures.
An old class photograph. Attics.
The yard in a season of patient vigil.
My own face on the marbled water,
each part slowly unfreezing
to move toward its fulfillment far away.

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