

Dowser

“... to search with the aid
of a hand-held instrument
for anything ...”

you come probing
pen held poised
 patient
 limb-like
in hand

the dip
 pause
and release of it
a huge yearn

something inexorable
tempts me
to your touch
something that
remembers
 everything
 is enacted
 exactly
 once

but for
now
I will rest
with this steady
tracing
my quiet welling
to your sense

the hushed
affirmation
that long ago
we moved through
land and water

bonded
beyond all doubt

LAURIE ANNE WHITT