

Wind on the Water

John Timothy Robinson

Blasted by noon sun, I had given up with nothing caught
except a loose curve of line,
my mind, somehow held by cross-winds,
lost in grand figures of Big Hollow;
titanium blue, cumulus tuft,
steep, sloping, April hills rung with cow-paths.

On water wheeled and purled recurring circles,
the sudden angle, whirled and gone.
Calm would settle. Turtles sunned their necks on deadwood.
A chulp of one fish come to surface;
smell of manure and mud drifted down from pasture.

Midway, directly across the pond,
at a shallow place beside honey-combed hoof-prints,
damselflies hover over sunken branches of algae
where snags of severed line
became floating ghostly forms in water.

Bank to bank, lines cut almost of an engraver's knife,
stacked contours in tight movements over the pond.
Breeze-warped, wide arched patterns
slipped through shadows almost unnoticed.
In the broken arc,

little washboard ripples formed, then disappeared.

I stood there all day, alone,

carefully walked the narrow ledge

beneath Box Elder, maple and locust trees.

As languid waves receded, Bulrushes shifted in the light,

their stained-glass green of leaves, an old secret I was never told.