

A Legato Passage

I never wanted to walk on
water, the undersides of my tissue-
paper toes skipping its surface
like pebbles. I wanted to sink,
ankle to knee to thigh-
deep in the dream of me, I want to close
my eyes and see flecks and fragments
of skin, rough-edged walls sloughed-off.
A lily pad sighs contentment in shimmies,
the umbilical dropped with a shrug . . .
swims the river familiar
to foreign to stand banked
again by the current.
Imagine: these little pieces of me: microscopic
yeses and nos floating downstream, maybe
catching a rock to bathe in a day of sun
or thumbing-down a twig to
the ocean, maybe
trapped in a wading bird's feathers,
gliding aerial, looking slant
at me: my maybes, my self-conscious float,
my drift down hard cuts of light.

.