

I REST ALONG QUIESCENT WATERS

I rest along quiescent waters
run my hand through its body
not meeting my hand
nor feel where my hand is,
as buoyancy sways, currency plays.
I've capacity to sink.

When I return from my maiden voyage
into the cobweb smoke of waters,
I have a little clearing absorbed
than when I dipped my hand
into the still waters. I circle
back around ever center of ever circling
into light of silence as the hand
of my hand passes friends of hands.