

Ponds

1.

a heavy bog
latticed by blooms
quickness of
young spiders

lotuses quiver
ripples secret beneath them
we come ashore with armfuls
saving long mauve stems
for our hair

2.

hopeful, I crouch over the water
scouring for my visage
no, only distortions of sky
lingering above
bright salamanders

I curse this infidelity
my mind a whip
flashing, vapid
the pond is red, I decide
it is violet,
then clotted oak sap, then rain
it is mine
it does not shiver when I demand
to speak