

## The Rose Marble Table

Adoptive day replenished by shadow  
chooses octagonals such as chatter  
and swimsuits at an angle  
where smiles become orange.

Sea whose translucence disturbs inferior atoms,  
that passage from ice to shallow removes familiars  
as glass changes to foam, the parallel lake diminished,  
combs drop into fur.

Between sea and lake a shape manneristic residence  
of blue, pool waits the diver shock. Sylphs  
luxuriate in ripples seasonal branches they tease  
the spread of trained water, their silks reply yes then no  
their dive provokes,

Gentle disruptions on certain days ruminating in  
clear water, thoughts trailing the slap integrating  
there with east of lake the westerly sea at heel  
pool repeats an omen in sky dip,

Emotive waters possessed by bodies their octaves  
glide on marginal air, light weighing its touch  
here and thither to an arc of shapes and drips  
from wings. Couperin wades to his rock,

Branches graze and sink, an unsettled stress  
pleads antic decline, let the dead limb fall  
imminence remains arms flung into dirt alarms.

Creative soul you hesitate, I with my hand  
on the rose marble table, like you a difficult creature  
ignoring the universe, igniting shadows. Gulls  
over porches, bamboo familiars mine.

Ultramarine is cold it shivers  
until the scumbled white of foam distributes  
wilfully from sea to lake to pond we watch  
heads level in occasional dips  
while background thoughtful water frames sestinas  
they repeat a sobriety like a rose marble table.

Supple nature declares texture lends  
formality to words a flight of marble  
can rearrange the speed of waters,  
we pass hands upon its surface and embrace  
the creative object, throbbing waves fly over.

### Shuffling Light

Dawn has other obligations  
and is preparing them for us.

That I can see, shifting in bed.  
There are ignoble thoughts running  
over to that corner and that.

Ideas of much simplicity,  
like threads in the sheet which  
tie it all together, obeying  
commands other than beauty.

The clock tick and the cat meow,  
a wrist above the coverlet.  
A book slides off a table,  
pages marking no page,  
unfavored literature.

Light shuffling across the ceiling  
with a careful tread, making mush  
of history. It reminds us a name