

## MARSH

It is the hinge between  
lake and land, where  
blackbirds sway on rushes,  
and herons rise on stiffened wings.  
Where water is a form of darkness,  
and the choir of wild iris sings  
with meadowsweet and willow.

It is neither solid ground,  
nor entirely melt, but shifts  
its state to what is found, matching  
creature and season. Giving us, too,  
relief from absolutes, a fate  
where we can dream ourselves as  
sway, or rise, or earthly song.

1/1/17