

Fleeting

In gold waters tall shadows sink
Quenchlike burying their following colours.
Limbs, heavy with histories of trees, fade
Quietly, dark at the rinsed edge of the lake.
A girl on the shingle bank arches her back
As a bird scoops like a sea-student on
Its narrow track, paralleling the tall glass,
Striking, lifting rapidly in one cadence,
A circle of fast-moving intent.