

In the Dark Beneath the Surface

In the dark beneath the surface
Of the canal where giant rays fan,
Undulating soft fins, floating back and forth
Far beneath the hibiscus trees
The occasional bright petal
Is a distant star in the glance of the ray.
Beneath the drift of dark beige birds
And the meshed reflection of the trees
Swaying in the sky's fallen clouds,
Topaz and veined and frothy white,
The water flows over the silt
In this half-salt, half-fresh water canal,
Home of the barracuda, tin can and snail.
Wavering reflections are dizzyingly stunned
As dragonflies, iridescent darts, dip
And pursue one another through a netting of air.
Neglect lives here and is thriving in the home
Of wilderness, night nesting in the heart of day.
This is where one can return to know
The emptied self as moonlight clings
To the coarse leaves of the seagrape,
As moths, the color of parchment paper,
Beat and beat against any light to be found.