

NANCE VAN WINCKEL

Point of Entry, Point of Exit

The place made ready by waiting.
 The pond didn't need a swan
 nor the paper boat a sail.
 A person disrobed
 and swam. The place
 made readier and far
 nearer by its splashes.

The window into it opens if if I look up.

I look up.
 The swimmer's white legs
 wince on/off like a finicky light.

Only the best binoculars
 reveal the worst warnings: not
 to drink, and never to eat
 a fish. Though the place
 had one ready: pink
 on a plate.

Silver scales had slipped loose in a tiny fire.

I'd looked up—into *not*. Stuck eye
 in a stuck lens on *never*. Never no
 way, I shouted into a panicky light,

a sky of milky clouds

with a hole blown through

From a pond of cloudy milk
a man is wading out
toward the fish that is all
now, all ready.