

**Letter to a Friend, 5 Poems for Sixfold 6/ 3/15**

**Sitting Still**

*For Mario*

Alone, by the lake,  
I watch the waves roll in,

as another, then another,  
rears up, slides into itself,

flattens against the shore.  
A wave of air moves over the water,

tosses in my sleeve.  
Beyond that, a wave of cloud.

And what moves that?  
A wave of heat and light

falling upon my hands, my knees.  
Now a shadow sweeps slowly over the mountain.

Night moves down through the trees,  
a few planets gleaming.

The wind picks up. The air goes cold.  
The tide rises against the shore.

Each wave rears up,  
slides into itself, retreats,

undermines the next,  
until waves are thoughts

until thoughts are waves.

## **In Plate Glass**

Outside the steady drum of rain.  
Across the road, a gray mist among ferns and maples.

We sit inside, the five of us, around a table,  
Laughing, arguing, drinking wine.

Slowly the air turns violet. The light from our cabin glows  
On wet trunks, on the undersides of leaves.

As the wall of windows goes pale with steam,  
Blackens into night, we are all there,

Doubled in the glass; our transparent selves,  
In some bright and distant room,

Beyond touch, among the lit drops,  
The floating candles.

Above our heads, glasses shine with darkness  
And we drink it down. All of it.

Good wine.

## Spending the Day

Rain thudding on the roof all night.  
Morning and a white sky,

sweet smell of damp earth, fallen leaves.  
A breeze brings a small shower of drops.

Off in the distance, the purposeful sounds of hammering,  
high grind of power saw.

Doing nothing; how gracefully the wide hours brighten  
and dim into afternoon,

the rain tapping the leaves. Then  
one golden slant of sun,

the lit drops shining out of thickets  
of laurel and raspberry.

The raspberries, their red crowns still wet.  
Delicious.

## At Turkey Neck Cove

*For Joe*

Out in the kayak, the wakes of far off boats  
Toss us gently.

Back towards the cove, in the west.  
High then clouds

Catch the sun's last rays.  
Each wave tipped in yellow flame.

To the east, one cloud  
Burns red and gold,

Swirls into cold fire  
As we pass.

Out on the open lake, without a word,  
We lay our paddles down.

All around us, the air goes blue.  
The first stars tremble in a breeze.

Across the dark cove,  
Our lit up house

Burns  
Bright

Among  
The floating leaves.

## **Letter to a Friend**

O the mist rising from the dark water,  
Waves lapping the pilings,

You and I lying on the dock, looking up,  
A bottle of wine between us...

A moon cresting the tree line.

