

7-22-80

The wind blows the thoughts away,
Chromatic blue gray sky curves the
Irridescent blue of the water to the
Right or left, more mentally perceptible
But easily seen as the eye scans
The line on a clear day.

From above down to the line the
Differentiations of a good watercolor to the
Monochrome frame of the line.

The peace of the encompassing scene
Makes lies of the stirrings of the times,
Reality masks in fantasy the earths
Peoples screaming for death, each
Supposedly righteous in thought or god.
Like a child the horizon asks the eyes,
"Will I too then be gone?"

This lake has not seen a war;
Infantile pushings in a time long gone
And men returned from foreign fields
Are the only presuppositions it holds.
If it had a face the face would hold
The dark eyes of a new bride painted
By an old master that look at and follow
The viewer across the room,
The horizon will flatly curve
As it does on this day when
We are all finally and forever gone.
The eyes of the horizon will change
As the question has been answered,
Changed to the eyes of a long bereft
Woman; small, narrow, unlooking.