

Overflow

Adrienne Eberhard

At the edge is damp earth,
scatter of leaves and twigs
a coded message,
the dissolution of frog call
caught in this brittle tinder's
linear hieroglyphs:

mric mric mric
mranght mranght mranght
ng ng ng
right now right now right now

cacophonous counterpoint
to the artist's mark-making,
scribble and scratch,
castanet clack,
riff on rat-tat-tat

their infiltration
a ratcheting and tightening,
an orchestration
that ricochets, grates,
files and rasps;
leaking sound at our feet.

This place is wrapped in wind,
a hymn sung in muted voice,
soughing, shifting
sliding, scudding,
catching on branches
to hurl noise, like a ball,
across the lake.

Lines of grass, serried rows
like markers,
uprights in the water
denoting time, rhythm,
their heavy shading
a scratching of insect legs
in strict tempo,
the phonetics of frog call
a metronome's sustaining heartbeat

like the hurried kiss
of water against skin,
each footfall

a release of air,
soft "o" an implosion
of sound
as sand stirs
and settles,
the reeds' camber
a colder reach
of shining paths
where clouds fall in
and drown.