

Six Miniatures

Adrienne Eberhard

sharp black lines
a musician's markings
wet world struck to stillness
by resonating chords

enamelled sky
where clouds stir
and soak, tumbril
of luminous blue

stippled light
bowl of fallen stars
their illumination
a soft pulse on the surface
like broken lanterns

reeds close in
their marshy stillness
a haunt of consonants
treading water

a seismograph's careful capture
of beating breath

this pond's song
of throbbing liquid
builds floods
fills the bowl
to overflow