

Encounter with a Stagnant Pool

Mary Arnolds

Coagulated beads of jade
scab the water's skin;
unyielding to the brazen fingers
of the playful wind.

I drop a stone - a tremor blooms,
ruptures brilliant green;
I startle at the stygian wound -
the sudden gaping deep.

Abyssal black and still as glass,
it stares with my own face,
'til swift the perforation heals
as if it never was.