5-1-2003

A Sense Of Close Uncertainty

Becky L. Delaware  
Concordia University - Portland

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THE POEM WAS ITS CLOTHES

Anne Woodward

I saw it getting out of the water and putting its clothes back on
I saw it ascending from the surface of the water
I saw the sand clinging to its wet feet
I saw it stooping, naked, to gather its rumpled clothes
It shook the drips off

I saw it before it could look up and see the light of day from underneath the water
It held its breath, big-cheeked and bug-eyed like in the movies
Like I never thought it looked in real life
I felt its lungs almost bursting as it struggled toward the surface
It knew others had never reached the top

A SENSE OF CLOSE UNCERTAINTY

Becky L. Delaware

Ambiguity is a feather floating in the wind.
Do you know where its destination lies?

I don't.

Maybe it will fall in the pond close by
And give away its nature.

We can only hope.

We can only hope that it won't travel to some distant land
Creating a trail behind itself.

A trail behind itself that no one can follow.

No one.
Not even you.

Not even me.