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## Dragonfly

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## DRAGONFLY

There is a mist rising over a trout pool  
on the Elwha where a blue dragonfly falters  
on a broken stone  
on a broken wing near the gate  
to Woodrow Wilson Cemetery now  
almost taken by the river  
as the dragonfly will be taken, its wings  
translucent in the tangled sunlight.  
One light  
bounce and it disappears. The river  
glows with its catch  
like the luminous bones clacking  
against each other in the silver  
current, caught in the rivernet  
like the homesteaders'

cabin timbers growing soggy,  
crumbling downstream, coming to rest  
in the pool of a German  
Brown which would have pleased  
the man whose family spread a checkered  
yellow cloth on the bank, silent  
in prayer before their lemonade and shoo  
fly pie, the mother dressed in patience,  
white organdy and lace, her hair  
high and golden as the German Brown,  
the children's laughter haphazard  
as the river. The War  
in France hesitates  
in a trench taking a man  
whose eyes close on the Olympic  
Rainforest, on the Elwha and the cabin,

now deserted, but for a cup  
on an oak table catching the rain  
through an open window as the river  
rises on their headstones  
patient as the trout  
waiting for the phosphorescent  
blue dragonfly.