Summer 2008

Pond Things in Drought

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Pond Things in Drought

Watch the agony break apart like an ice cap
in the having of a sandwich.
It will come back to drown you later,
Floridians, Brooklymites. Keep this in mind,
that cresting waves may illuminate a northbound cue of fish.

When we embrace, breasts move aside like iron gates opening.
Our hearts peek at each other like child emperors.
The sadness of immortal things blossoms,
a fragrance which draws international crowds,
and makes wounded birds of Maui hotels.
I deliver a little speech from behind my handkerchief,
since I hear that speeches are on the up and up.

I admire your beautiful South American hair.
But one day you and I both will
know the panic of pond things in drought.