Dragonfly

Melinda Dawson
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
dle, 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.