

STRIDER

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Hard seed suspended over six wire legs
The strider creates a most playful
Wake as it sculls, leaps, skates
Across the river. At night branches lengthen
Plants increase in height-- and below air
Below transparent films of water
More atmospheres – upside down interiors
That we could float if we knew more of birth
Or death except sublime rehearsals
A body carries an extra heart
In each wing if it needs to go deeper
What is the smallest life in a great river
The wisest -- where the skipper stops to clean its whiskered
Feet—little round shadows cast on dimpling water

--Sandra Alcosser

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