

EPHEMERAL LAKES

No blank space anywhere here.

– Thomas Tranströmer

though I look for it everywhere in the newfound margins of space
that blankness where the cosmic run-off of the stars runs out

or where darkness turns like soil aerating or oxygen waits
invisible for fire to speak to it its one syllable of *fwoosh*

if blankness is anything it's the place where memory fails us
like those ephemeral lakes I've read about absorbed by a next

season's heat their emptiness a contour they sit like monks
cross-legged wearing dust holding the bowls they beg with

as if they were full of sky as if they held largesse or grace

by Jeanne Wagner