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