

BOWING TOWARD CLEAR WATERS
(VARIATION ON A LINE IN MENG
HAORAN'S "LOOKING FOR DAOIST
MASTER MEI")

Like you, I keep wanting to go there,
place of rippling, clear waters, to dip

a canoe paddle into depths and pull
toward the rickety bridge at the lake's end,

zone of the kingfisher that takes wing,
rattling away, and the otter, sliding from its den,

little concerned as it eyes my passage.
The bright October day companion to all.