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Water Music

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WATER MUSIC

Gnats orbit my face as we float
on our backs in the brown river,
eyes closed or half-closed to the sun
and building thunderheads.
We are trying to recover our luck
by surrendering our bodies
to the current. A current runs
through everything, yes, but here
it is explicit—we are far
from the clean black beetles that do
authority's bidding, far from
the toxicity of bank loans.
All we have is this chaos in our hearts.
And water trickling over the mossy
lip of the dam down there as surely
as money, or love, making an inhuman
music on the jumbled rocks below.
A big turquoise dragonffy lights
on a floating twig, freezes: it
flexes its four wings so slowly
I fall further into the world
of dreaming. I think this may be
one of those rare moments of transcendence.
Don't you believe it. The dragonfly,
though beautiful, is as inhuman
as a jewel; its carapace is hard,
its eyes compound—it must see in clicks
and segments what we see
as smooth and round; a live mineral,
it needs this water to perpetuate
its ancient genes, which we do
on dry land, calling it by other names.
In *love*, we say, somehow

