

Streaks of Light

Mirror clear and new
with morning rain, the cove bows
before us as we stand
on the sun-bathed ledges.

With morning rain, the cove bows
and we fling what we do not need.
On the sun-bathed ledges
jeans, blouses, bras snag on ferns.

And we fling what we do not need—
watches, hairpins and earrings,
jeans, blouses, bras snag on ferns
as we glide through the silver rainbow.

Watches, hairpins and earrings
can never shine like we do
as we glide through the silver rainbow,
the sun polishing our bodies blinding white.

Can never shine like we do—
two streaks of light and cool water.
The sun polishing our bodies blinding white
has itself become only this:

two streaks of light and cool water.
The cove rippling with you and me
has itself become only this.
We are sun and rain,

the cover rippling with you and me
before us as we stand.
We are sun and rain,
mirror clear and new.