

Idol

A tiny china Buddha
sits serenely
on my desk.

Outside the river
swells.

The rains stop.

I imagine a river
then I swim
the river.

When the wheel
of fate comes
drifting down
the river

passing a house
on the shore

the slender eyes
smiling in the window
will not be mine.

I will be the river
smiling as it slows.

— *Salvatore Difalco*